★ June 3,1950

THE NEW YORKER

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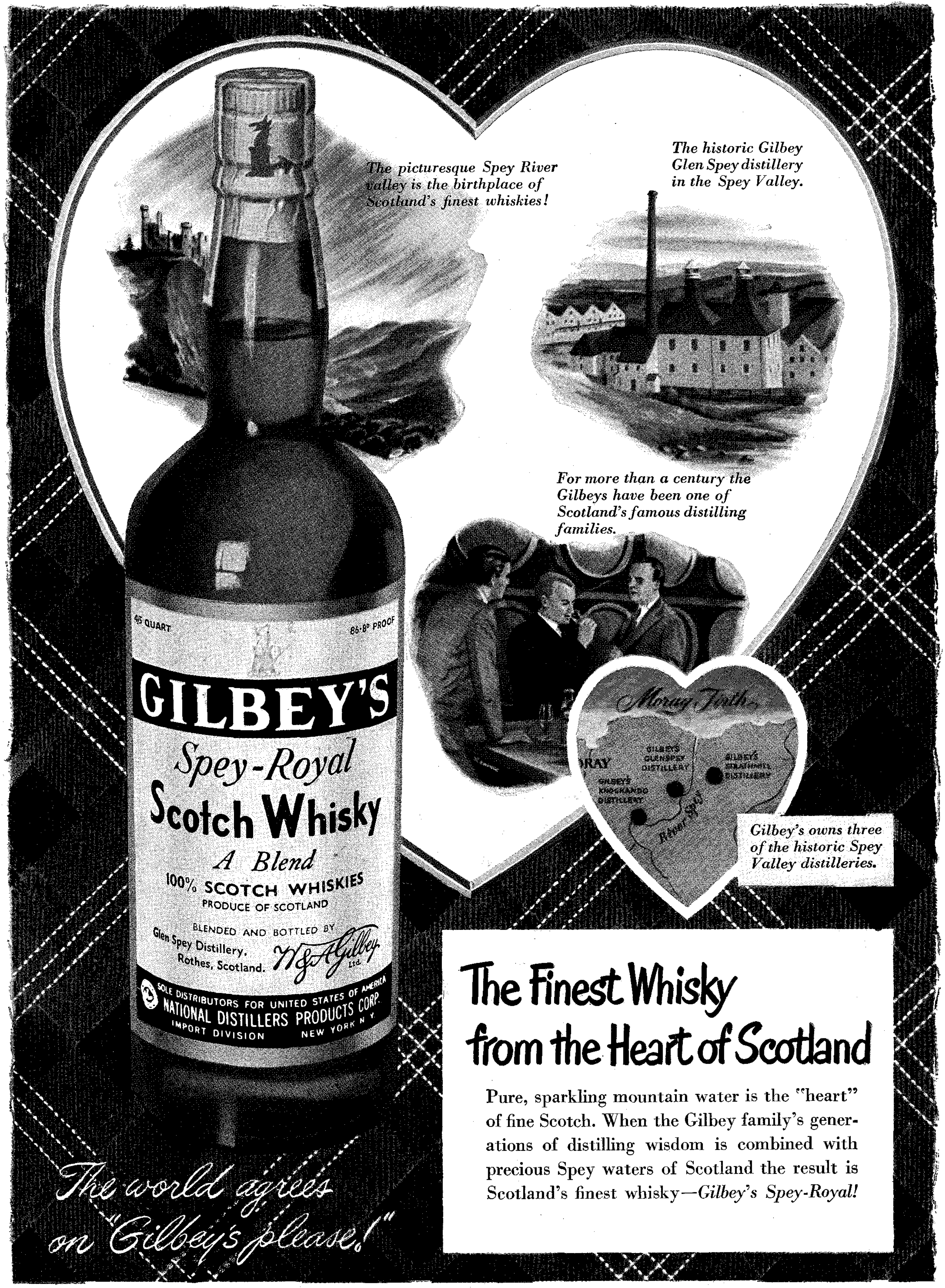
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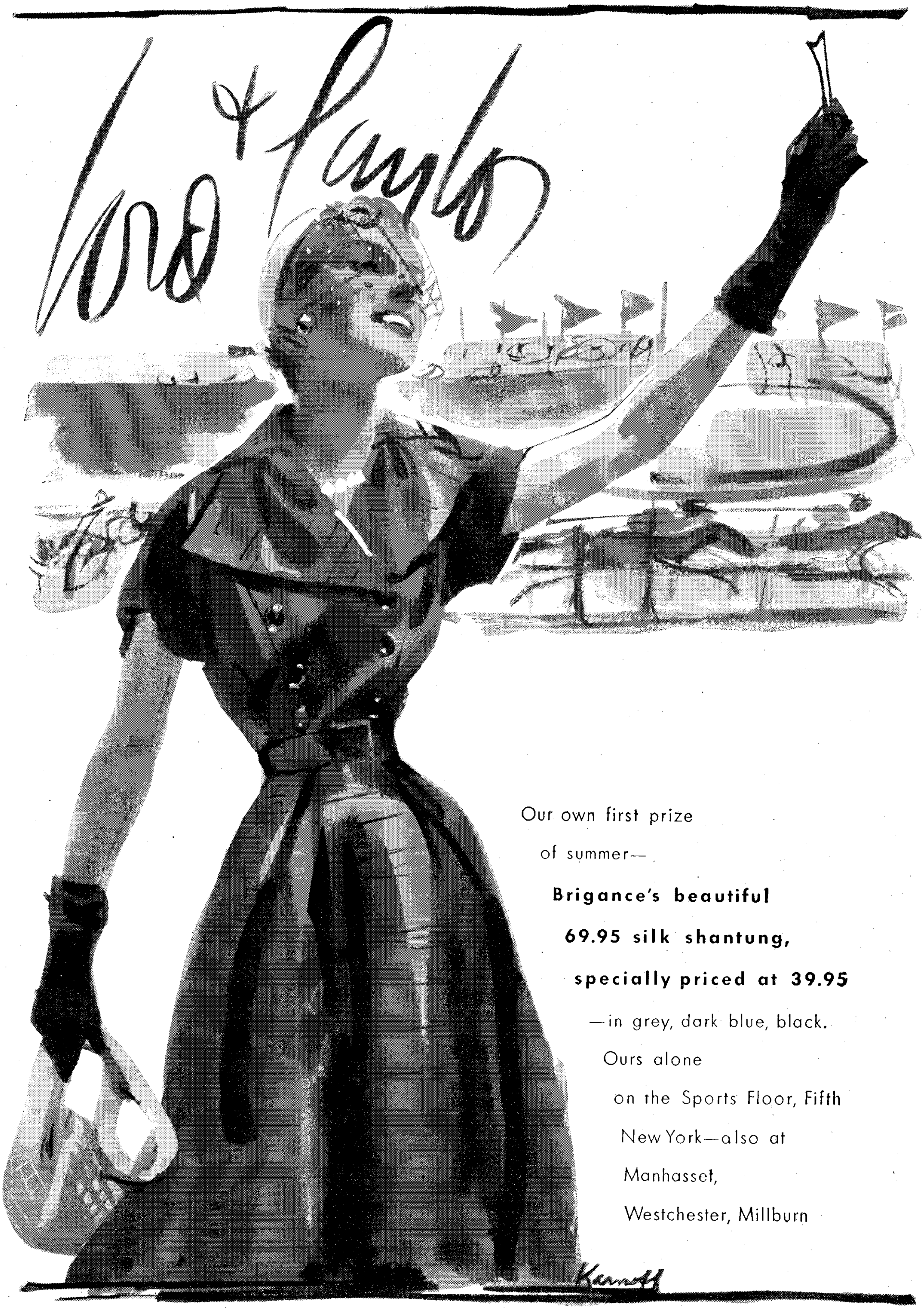

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

As You Like It—Katharine Hepburn playing Rosalind in a Theatre Guild production. William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity in the upper classes. Among the others whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. The fine English cast includes Alec Guinness, Irene Worth, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel. Mr. Guinness and Miss Worth will be replaced by Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips starting on Monday, June 5. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play that has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

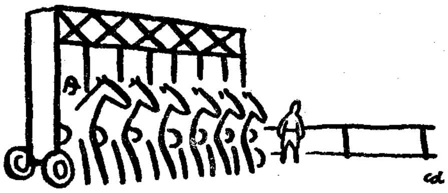
I Know My Love—The Lunts, concerned with matrimony in Boston. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

The Innocents—William Archibald's dramatization of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two gifted children named Iris Mann and David Cole are the mortal members of the cast, as distinguished from the spooks. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally compelling play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and impressive in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DETECTIVE STORY:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—This rendering of that old comedy about bundling called "The Pursuit of Happiness" is cheerful and lively, though perhaps a little silly in spots. Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian did the revised book, and Morton Gould wrote the music. With John Conte, John Tyers, Mary O'Fallon, and Delores Martin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and an exciting work of art. The plot tells of the frantic efforts the wife of a fugitive from a police state makes to rejoin her husband across the border. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Liar—A piece taken from the Italian of Goldoni, the Venetian, and put to music, a labor of debatable merit. Alfred Drake and Edward Eager are responsible for the book and John Mundy for the score, and William Eythe and Melville Cooper do what they can to keep things under control onstage. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has an arresting score by the late Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to those who thought highly of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan heads the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur as the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its admirers. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often worth while, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Betty Jane Watson, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**KISS ME, KATE:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter taming Shakespeare's shrew. Starting on Monday, June 5, Mr. Drake and Miss Morison will be replaced by Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 15, June 3, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

A Streetcar Named Desire—A return engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn heading the cast. Produced by Irene M. Selznick and directed by Elia Kazan. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

The Show-Off—Lee Tracy in a theatre-in-the-round production of George Kelly's comedy. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, and directed by Martin Manulis. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

Jack Benny—With Fred Allen, Mary Livingston, Risë Stevens, Phil Harris and his orchestra, Rochester, and others, in a benefit show for the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, June 4, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's band has moved downstairs into the subterranean yet pleasant Garden, where it plays for dancing every night but Sunday.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Harry James, uttering his clarion call, far above Broadway's madding crowd. Warning: Beware of youngsters underfoot if you dance to his music. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Through Saturday, June 3, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, switches to the Madison Room for dinner, and then goes back to the Palm Court. Starting on Monday, June 5, Mr. Nagel will play for cocktails in the Palm Court and for dinner on the Cascades Roof, which is closed on Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Wednesday, June 7, Teddy Wilson's magical piano, Mabel Scott's songs, Timmie Rogers' rather hammer-and-tongs comedy, and the rackety dance music of J. C. Heard. Next evening, Art Tatum takes over the keyboard, the plump comic called Jack Prince takes over the floor, and Charlie Parker's band takes over the stand. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's soup-to-nuts pageant of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Handsome is as handsome does. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—*Toujours la politesse* translated with considerable success into American. Bernie Dolen's orchestra and Artie Arturos' band provide appropriate sound effects, and (through Thursday, June 8) Alex D'Arcy sings. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, during dinner and supper, offers Georgie Gobel, a casual comedian, and the dances of Josette and Walters. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band are on the stand. On Sundays, there is a dinner show only, and on Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Martha Stewart and the Blackburn Twins, singing and prancing, and John Sebastian, a smart man at the harmonica. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras keep time for the guests' athletics. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, making the music go round and round. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, beautiful and serene and débutante, where the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz dish up dance music while those zealous Russian chefs dish up flaming entrées. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, Tex Beneke's orchestra holds forth. On Thursday, June 8, Blue Barron's band replaces it.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Taking their cue from "The Pirates of Penzance," the children in this cast grow older only once every four years. Downstairs, every night, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band; upstairs, on Saturdays, more dance music.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every evening, except when Heaven is filling up our reservoirs, dancing under the trees and the stars after seven. Inner nourishment, too.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Luba Malina, a spectacular Amazon, sings with great aplomb. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Vic Damone's lush *bel canto*, aided by Ronnie Selby's piano, at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, where Guy Lombardo's orchestra plays for dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter plays his disarmingly intricate piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper. On Sundays, Graham Forbes fills in for him. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight, the bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Bela Bizony's gypsy ensemble starts operations, except Sundays, as soon as the boys check in from Belmont, and Ernie Warren's trio helps out later in the evening. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Miss Hank Fort, a newcomer who sings, is the main event here. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Amateur nights Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Joan Bishop's cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Patricia Bright's sharp-edged parodies, the Golden Gate Quartet's spirituals, and Robert Maxwell's superb hot harp. Cy Coleman plays impassioned but absorbing piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): One of those it-was-only-yesterday reconstructions, made up of melodrama, singing waiters, checked tablecloths, aged movies, and creaky puns, enlivened enormously by the mad vaudeville interpolations of the ancient Jerry Bergen. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer's eloquent songs about love among the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Upstairs in the Empress Room, starting at eight o'clock, every evening but Monday, Louis Hawkins' all-night housewarmings, featuring, in about equal quantities, the host's table-side small talk and his piano. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Thelma Carpenter's brilliant exposition of quarter-tone singing, and the amiable piano music of Billy Kyle and of Laurie Brewis, who knows nearly everything back to and including "The Merry Widow." Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmy Daniels in a neat little Moorish palace of his own design, flanked by two of his stalwart compeers—Norene Tate, singing and playing piano, and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning. No noise, though, until after dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Don Abney's piano from seven to one, except Sundays.

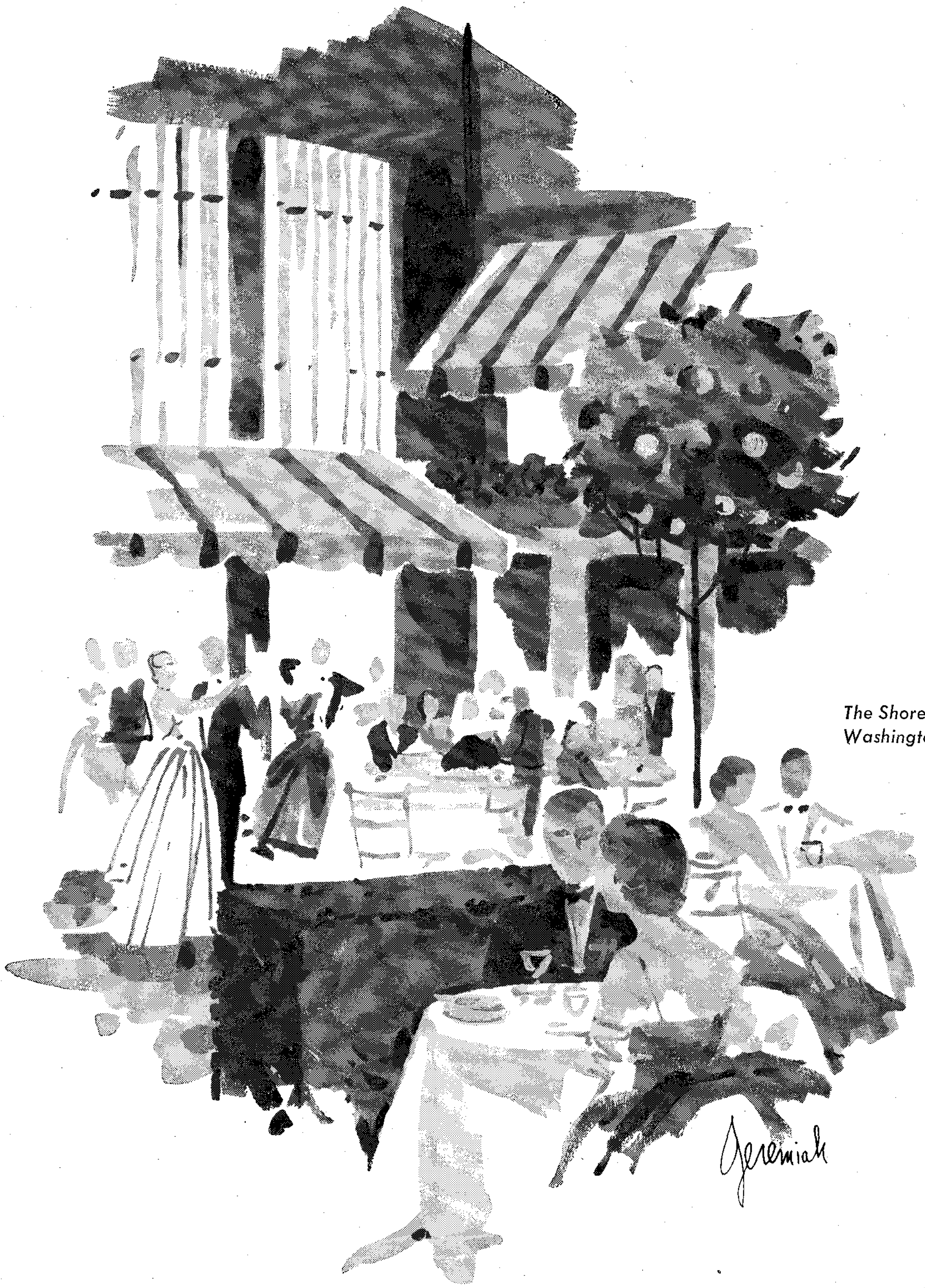
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are pretty funny fellows, in their peculiar way, and Betty Bruce's dancing has a visual appeal even greater than that of the Copa line of girls. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Broadway now ends on the Palisades, where Tony Martin sings and a lot more goes on, including dancing by the customers.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's spellbinding piano duets; every weekday, John Kelley, Jr., provides dinner music. . . . ¶ In the back room, nightly, Phil Leeds is the funnyman, Marilyn Cantor and the Billy Williams Quartet are the songsters. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Gigi Durston sings sweetly, George Hall makes jokes, and the tots known as the Four Lads contribute their engaging treble pipings. Julius Monk is the catalyst for this mixture. The Norman Paris Trio spices everything with its music of the day after tomorrow. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Forecast for the rest of 1950: Intermittent thunder and lightning every evening but Sunday. The thunder: Wild Bill Davison and Cutty Cutshall. The lightning: Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Freddie Moore, and Lloyd Phillips are the quartet here now. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Some splendid sounds emanate from the piano of Mary Lou Williams, heading her trio, and the saxophone of Herbie Fields (heading his band). Billy Eckstine's voice heads the lovelorn department. On Thursday, June 8, a new show checks in. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON**, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin's trio gives the Mermaid Room the time of its life. Through Tuesday, June 6, Anton ("The Third Man") Karas plays guess what instrument. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Errol Garner and his trio, which is all you need to know. Jam sessions Mondays, when the Garner crew is off. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On June 2, the visiting firemen will parade in two brigades—Wild Bill Davison's, which will include Edmond Hall and James P. Johnson, and Sidney Bechet's, which will include Oran Page, Joe Sullivan, and Pops Foster. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another carbarn for the young ones' Friday flings. On June 2, Joe Marsala, Big Sid Catlett, Max Kaminsky, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, and others (as if others were needed). Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—Paintings by one of the leading Italian abstractionists, in his first one-man showing in America. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through June 9.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Its annual exhibition, containing over a hundred and thirty works in various mediums. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through June 30.)

BYRON BROWNE—Paintings, done from 1945 through 1948, when this vigorously inventive American abstractionist was interested predominantly in circus subjects. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through June 5.)

CHINESE ART—An agreeable showing of scroll paintings, statuettes, bronzes, pottery, and other objects from the Sung and Yuan dynasties. (China House, 125 E. 65th St.; through June 12. Closed Saturdays.)

LILLIAN DUBIN—Small oils, that make attractively stylized patterns out of such everyday objects as a lamp, a chair, and a floating leaf. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 2.)

EAST MEETS WEST—Paintings, curiously similar in style, by the American Wallace Putnam and the Chinese San Yu. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through June 15.)

EUROPEAN—Paintings by Matta, Magritte, Ernst, Miró, and other modern European masters. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 10.)

FOLK ART—A handsome assortment of old weather vanes, decorative carvings, and other Early Americana, collected for a museum and now being shown as a group for the first time. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through June 2.)

FRENCH—Modern French masters, from Monet to Picasso, in a small but well-selected collection. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through June 2.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, including Eakins and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson and Elliott Orr, of the twentieth; through June 2. . . . **DELIUS**, 116 E. 57th St.: Twenty paintings, in a random but generally worth-while selection that runs from pre-Renaissance Italian to modern French and American; through June 20. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through June 30. Closed Saturdays. . . . **EGAN**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by several artists, including Josef Albers and Willem de Kooning, together with some delightful new constructions by Joseph Cornell; through June 3. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, among them Vaclav Vytlacil and James Ensor; through July 22. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasantly varied collection of oils and other works by such gallery members as Joseph Foshko, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through July 31. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Oils by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through June 30. Closed Saturdays. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and sculptures by the gallery's artists, among them William Kienbusch, Russell Cowles, and Robert Laurent; through June 30. Closed Saturdays. . . . **PERSPECTIVES**, 34 E. 51st St.: A number of assorted objects—guitars, masks, mobile paintings, chess sets, and so on—made by Calder, Hayter, Man Ray, and other artists, in moments of whimsey. Weekdays, noon to 6; through June 10. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Water colors by George Laisner, Cleo Lambrides, Dorothy Sturm, and others; through July 28.

DONG KINGMAN—New water colors, many of them of Brooklyn, and all characteristically crowded with lively little pictorial incidents. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through June 3.)

PAUL KLEE—Two exhibitions of his adroit and incisive abstractions. One, at the New Art Circle (41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 1; through June 30), is devoted mainly to his earlier pieces. The other, at the Buchholz (32 E. 57th St.; through June 3), is somewhat larger and covers his work from 1915 to 1940, the year he died.

CHRIS RITTER—Oils, water colors, and prints done in the last year or so. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through June 9.)

SCULPTURE—An outdoor exhibition of works by members of the National Sculpture Society and the National Academy. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of the painters from the more or less ascetic sixteenth century through the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 2.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Edvard Munch, graphics; through June 30. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: The annual exhibition of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily, 1 to 5; through June 22. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Sept. 30. Closed Saturdays. **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, 1949-50, by the gallery's group; through June 17. **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French and American; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.

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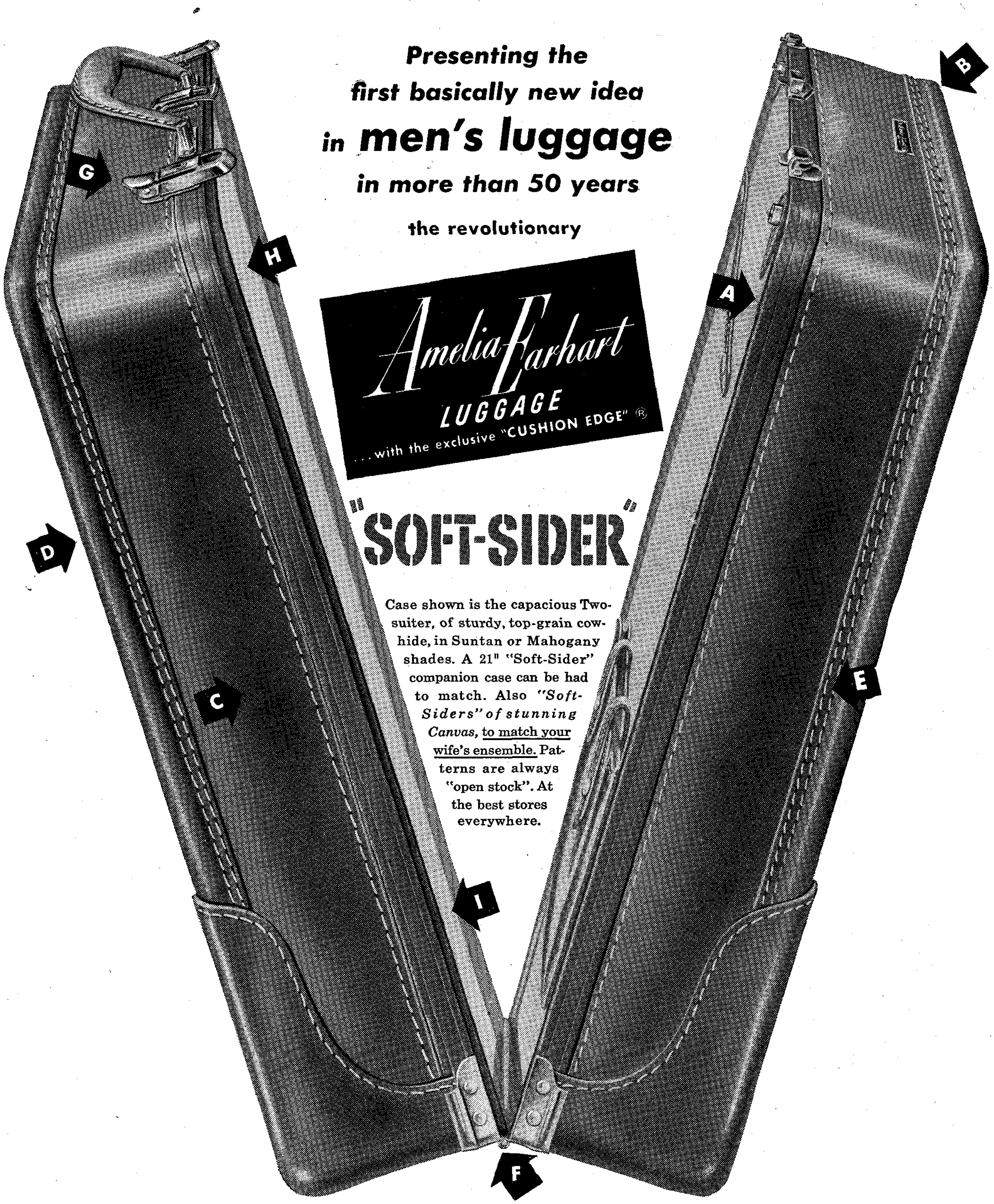

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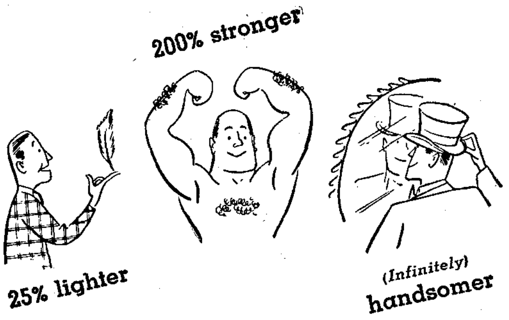

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton Square will be on view daily, from noon until dark, through Sunday, June 11.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions until Thursday, June 8, when recently acquired American Indian material will go on display. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An anniversary show, consisting of works of art looted by the Nazis from Jewish homes and synagogues, along with woodcuts by Ilya Schor depicting the prewar life of East European Jews. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through Aug. 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twentieth-century American and European glass, with pieces manufactured by Steuben, Lalique, Orrefors, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and spirited showing of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth.... ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

MUSIC

After Dinner Opera Company—Three one-act operas: "The Jumping Frog of Caleveras County" (New York première), by Lukas Foss; "Triple Sec," by Marc Blitzstein; and "Grounds for Marriage," by J. S. Bach. (Master Institute Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. Wednesday through Sunday, June 7-11, at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 6-9388.)

Outdoor Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, William Steinberg conducting, with Helen Jepson, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; William Kapell, piano; and Zino Francescatti, violin. For the benefit of the American Fund for Israel Institutions. (Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Saturday, June 3, at 8:45. In case of rain the program will be postponed until the next night. For tickets, call TR 3-2700.)

SPORTS

Automobile Road Race—Latter-day Barney Oldfields, doing their best to get no place in particular in a hell of a hurry. Among the events will be a hundred-mile cross-country dash by members of the Sports Car Club of America and similar organizations, and a race between some antique cars. (Bridgehampton, L. I. Saturday, June 10; first race at 10 A.M.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 1, at 8:30; Friday, June 2, at 2:30; and Saturday, June 3, at 1:30 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sunday, June 4, at 2:05; Monday, June 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, June 6, at 2:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Wednesday, June 7, at 2:30; Thursday, June 8, at 8:30; and Friday, June 9, at 2:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Saturday, June 10, at 2.

Fencing—National Championships, through Friday, June 16—Friday, June 9, at 8:30: Men's Sabre Team. (Salle Santelli, Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 W. 57th St. CO 5-6100.) ... ¶ Saturday, June 10, at 10 and 2: Men's Foil Team. (Saltus Club, Y.M.C.A., 215 W. 23rd St. CH 3-1982.) ... ¶ Saturday, June 10, at 8:30: Women's Foil Team, preliminaries. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, June 8-10.) ... ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair. Thursday through Sunday, June 8-11.)

Horse Shows—June Fête Horse and Pony Show. (Huntingdon Valley, Pa. Saturday, June 3.) ... ¶ Fairfield-Westchester (P.H.A.) Horse Show. (Stamford, Conn. Sunday, June 4.) ... ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 9-10.) ... ¶ Greenwich Horse Show. (Green-

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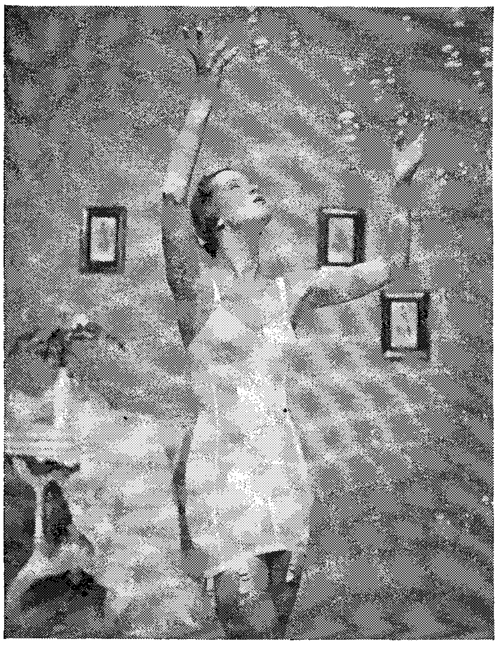

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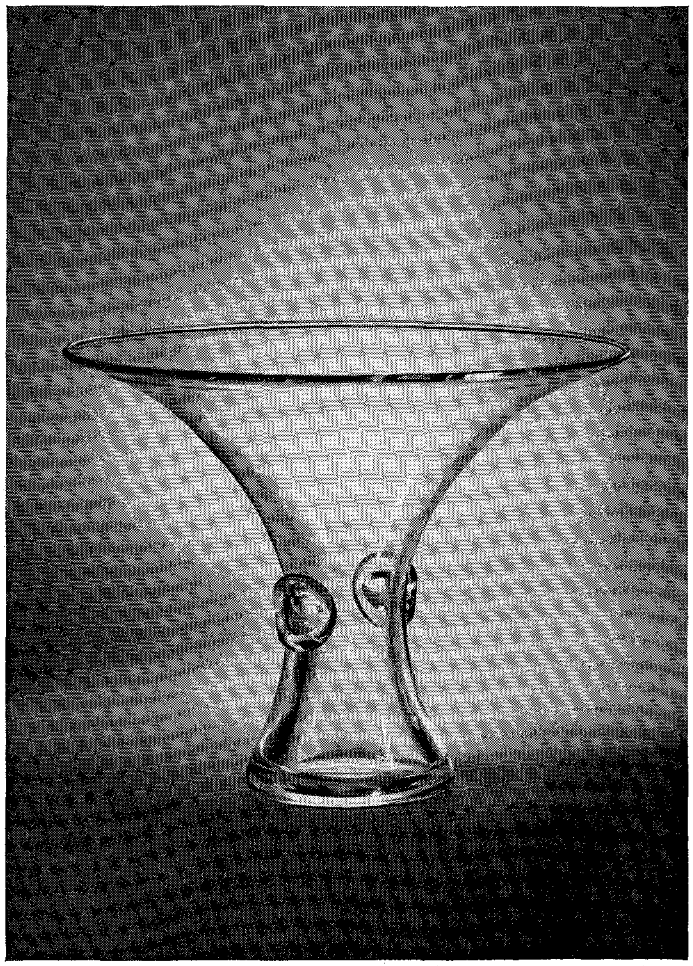

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wich, Conn. Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—**BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At Belmont Park: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 10. The National Stallion (colts) and the Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, June 3; the Top Flight Handicap, Wednesday, June 7; and the Belmont Stakes, Saturday, June 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)

Tennis—Sears Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore. Friday and Saturday, June 9-10.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Trusteeship Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, general or detailed questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—English and American furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Early American silver and glass, Staffordshire and Lowestoft china, and other decorations, owned by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., and others. (Thursday and Friday, June 1-2, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Garden and other furniture, sculptures, and paintings, owned by Mrs. John W. Cutler and others. (Exhibition, Friday and Saturday, June 2-3, and Monday through Wednesday, June 5-7, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, June 8, at 10:30 and 2.) . . . ¶ French and English furniture, tapestries, paintings, and other decorations, the property of the late C. Ledyard Blair. (Exhibition at Blairsden, Peapack-Gladstone, N.J., Friday, June 9, from 10 to 5; auction at the same place, Saturday, June 10, at 10:15 and 1:45. A limited number of persons will be admitted to the auction. For information about tickets, call TR 9-8300.)

Hayden Planetarium—The show for the month of June is "Color in the Sky," which deals with rainbows, the northern lights, and such. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

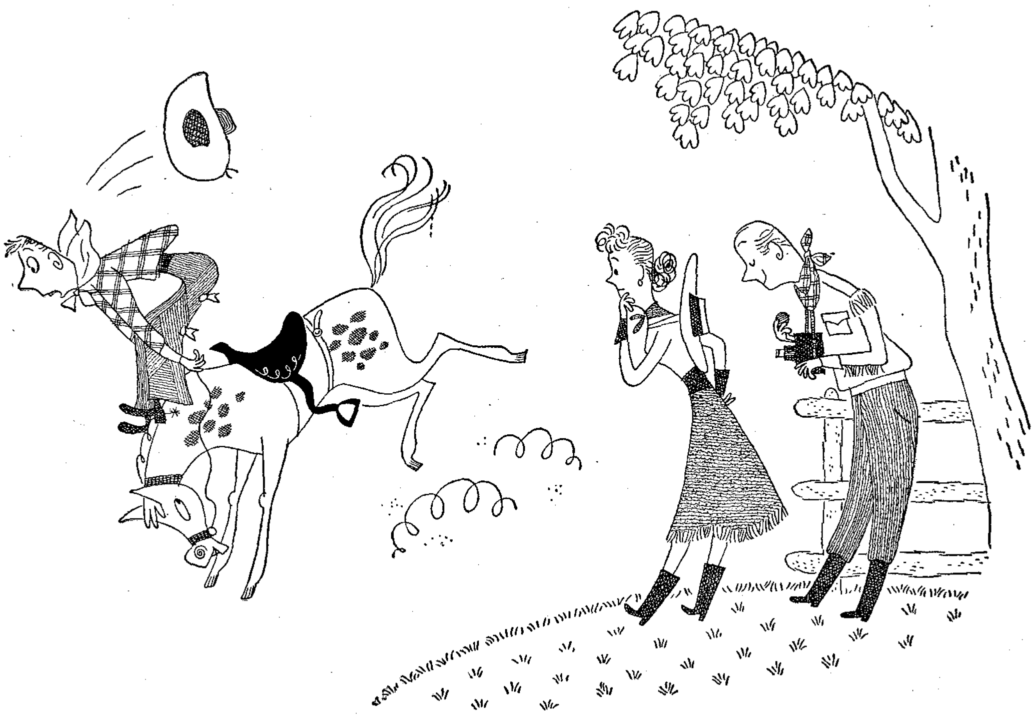
Transatlantic Liners—Washington: Sails Thursday, June 1, at noon. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Tuesday, June 6; sails Thursday, June 8, at 1 P.M. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Sails Tuesday, June 6, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ America: Sails Wednesday, June 7, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Ile-de-France: Sails Thursday, June 8, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Friday, June 9; sails Saturday, June 10, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Sails Friday, June 9, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Sails Friday, June 9, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ De Grasse: Sails Saturday, June 10, at 11 A.M.

Commencement Dates—Annapolis, Friday, June 2; Smith, Monday, June 5; West Point, Tuesday, June 6; and Barnard and Columbia, Thursday, June 8.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: June 11, June 27-29, July 5-9, and July 13-15. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: June 13-25, June 30, and July 1-4.



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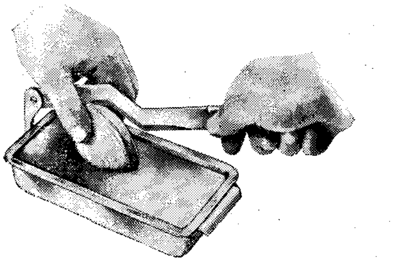

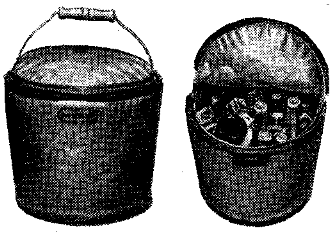

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

... EBBETS FIELD: June 13-18, June 20-25, June 27-29, and July 5-9.

BOXING—Jake LaMotta vs. Rocky Graziano, for the World's Middleweight Championship, at the Polo Grounds, June 28.

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Marietta, Ohio. June 17.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. June 23.) . . . ¶ Royal Henley Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 5-8.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Intercollegiate Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. June 13.) . . . ¶ Palm Beach Invitation Tournament. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. June 15-18.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. June 20.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton, N.J. July 6-8.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. July 11.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. July 12-14.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Golf Club, Garden City. July 12-15.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 16-18.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. June 23-25.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. June 24-25.)

RACING—Aqueduct, June 12-July 4. . . . ¶ Ascot, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 13-16. . . . ¶ Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J., June 16-Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Empire City at Jamaica, July 5-15.

TENNIS—Wightman Cup Matches. (Wimbledon, England. June 16-17.) . . . ¶ Church Cup Matches. (Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia. June 16-18.) . . . ¶ New York State Championships, women. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City. June 26-July 2.) . . . ¶ Eastern Clay Court Championships, men. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. June 24-July 2.) . . . ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 26-July 8.) . . . ¶ New York State Championships, men. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. July 1-9.) . . . ¶ Eastern Clay Court Championships, women. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. July 3-9.) . . . ¶ Veterans' International Team Match. (Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia. July 8.)

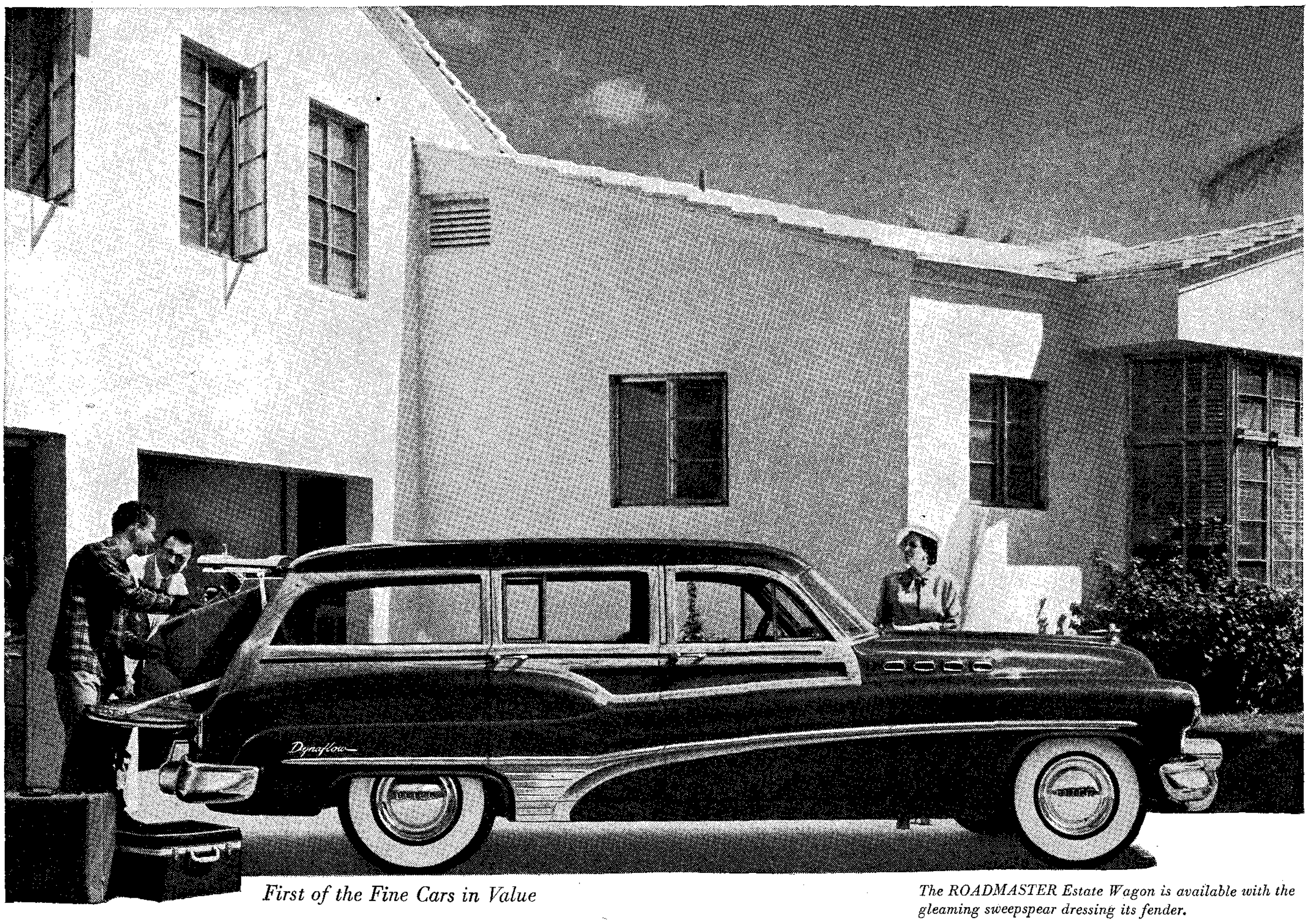
TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway. (Saratoga Springs. June 19-Aug. 26.) . . . ¶ Historic Track. (Goshen. July 3-7.)

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 18. . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week. (Noroton, Conn. June 24-28.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 15-22.)

MUSIC—Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, June 16-Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Salmaggi Opera Company, at Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Friday and Saturday evenings, June 16-July 22. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concerts, nightly, except Fridays and Sundays, June 19-Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert on the Central Park Mall, July 4. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, at Lenox, Mass., July 8-Aug. 13.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next few weeks—A return engagement of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," with Martita Hunt and John Carradine, at the City Center, June 13-25. . . . ¶ "Michael Todd's Peep Show," a new revue. Bobby Clark is directing sketches by H. I. Phillips and William Roos, and the songs are by, among others, Bhumibol (the King of Thailand), Harold Rome, Raymond Scott, and Jule Styne. . . . ¶ The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, at Lee, Mass., June 30-Sept. 2. . . . NOTE: The Passion Play is being presented twice weekly throughout the summer at Oberammergau, Germany.

OTHER DATES—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 11; Vassar, June 12; Yale, June 12; Princeton, June 13; and Harvard, June 22. . . . ¶ Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due June 15. . . . ¶ July 4 falls on Tuesday.



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It is endlessly handy — and effortlessly easy to handle — on shopping tours, jaunts to the beach or club, pick-up trips to the station for week-end guests and their luggage.

It is as casual and comfortable with tweeds or jeans as it is impressively correct with white tie and tails.

It goes in harmony with "getting away from it all" — on fishing and camping and back-country trips — and provides storage space for gear and supplies, even a carpeted rear area that can take a mattress large enough to sleep two.

With all this, of course, goes Buick Roadmaster performance and prestige. The Fireballing lift of 152 hp. The liquid smoothness of Dynaflow Drive. The buoyant, ever-level Buick ride of all-coil springing. The room and styling and distinguished bearing set aside for this Buick series.

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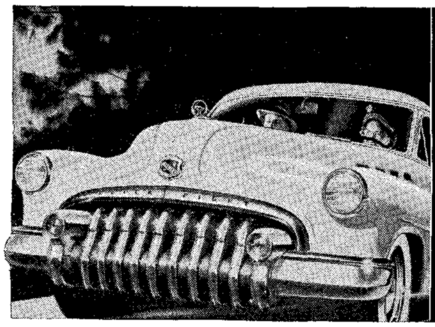

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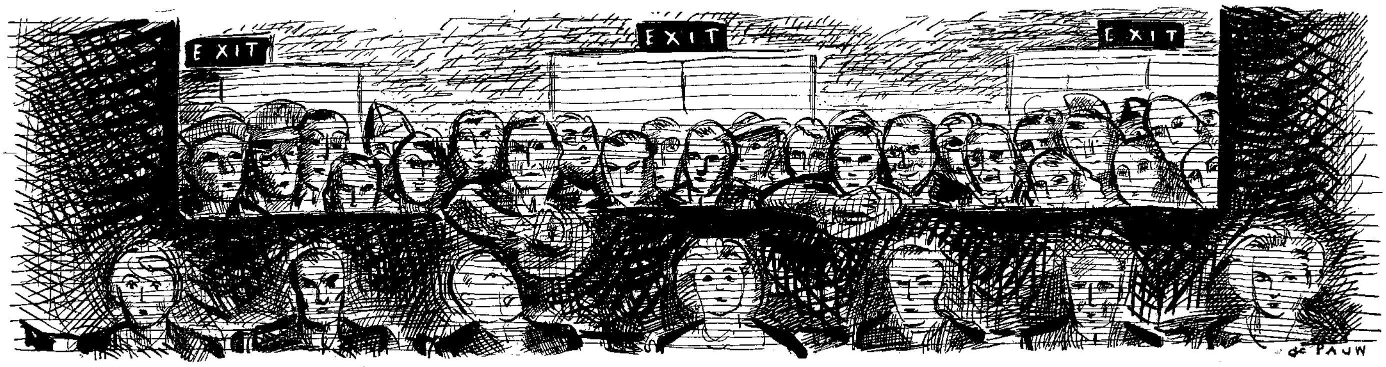

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annie Get Your Gun—Show business, Wild West division. A lively translation to the screen of the Irving Berlin musical. With Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, and Keenan Wynn. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Astonished Heart—Noel Coward on the perils of extra-marital romance in middle age. An English picture, starring the great man, that has plenty of witty lines. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 3.)

The Bicycle Thief—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Fallen Idol—A British film, as good as they come, about a small boy who gets involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish woman, and violent death. *From a short story by Graham Greene*, and with Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through June 5, last showing at 5.)

In a Lonely Place—Dirty work in Hollywood, with Humphrey Bogart playing a screenwriter, more hysterical than most, who seems to be the bounder responsible for doing in a harmless hat-check girl. Diffuse but diverting. Gloria Grahame is Mr. Bogart's beloved in this one. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; through June 6.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. *Reserved seats only.*)

The Third Man—A fast, melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. A Carol Reed-*Graham Greene collaboration that* has its moments. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Tight Little Island—An extremely funny English film about Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. Wet or dry, the cast, led by Basil Radford, is wonderful. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Under My Skin—Even if you never saw a horse race, you should enjoy this adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's story "My Old Man," which describes the ups and downs of a crooked American jockey and his son on the tracks of Italy and France. John Garfield is in the saddle, and Micheline Prelle is around to comfort him when the going gets rough. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 2-5. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting June 6.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda in a moody but absorbing film that depicts the activities of a Frenchman who, having fled his homeland after indulging in *a bit of homicide, joins up with a lovelorn* lady and her impressionable daughter in a bombed-out section of Genoa. The daughter is portrayed with great sensitivity by Vera Talchi. A French-Italian production. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through June 2.)

The Winslow Boy—A competent adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of a small son unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; starting June 5, at 8:45 P.M. *Opening night by invitation only.*)

REVIVALS

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers on a houseparty. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through June 4, tentative.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's *famous triumph*. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 7, tentative.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; through June 2. . . . ¶ Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; starting June 3.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 7.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 6.)

Henry V (1946)—Sir Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through June 7. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

Klondike Annie (1936)—Mae West in a Salvation Army bonnet. With Victor McLaglen. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through June 4, tentative.)

Love on the Dole (1945)—The troubles of the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 2-6.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The film version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, *with Wendy Hiller. (68th St. Playhouse*, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 2.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through June 4, tentative.)

Quartet (1949)—Four of Somerset Maugham's short stories pasted up together in an English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 2-6. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; June 3-7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 4, at 3 and 5:30: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), with John Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting June 5, at 3: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), with Mary Pickford. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, *after noon on the* day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Jackie Robinson Story," Jackie Robinson.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through June 4 (tentative): **animal crackers**, revival; and **million dollar legs**, revival.
From June 5: To be announced.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
the red shoes.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through June 7: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor.
From June 3: "Singing Guns," Vaughn Monroe, Ella Raines.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Rocketship X-M," Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through June 2: **city lights**, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Border Street" (in Polish).

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through June 2: "Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.
From June 3: "Rock Island Trail," Forrest Tucker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through June 6: **in a lonely place.**
From June 7: "Winchester 73," James Stewart, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Love That Brute," Paul Douglas, Jean Peters.

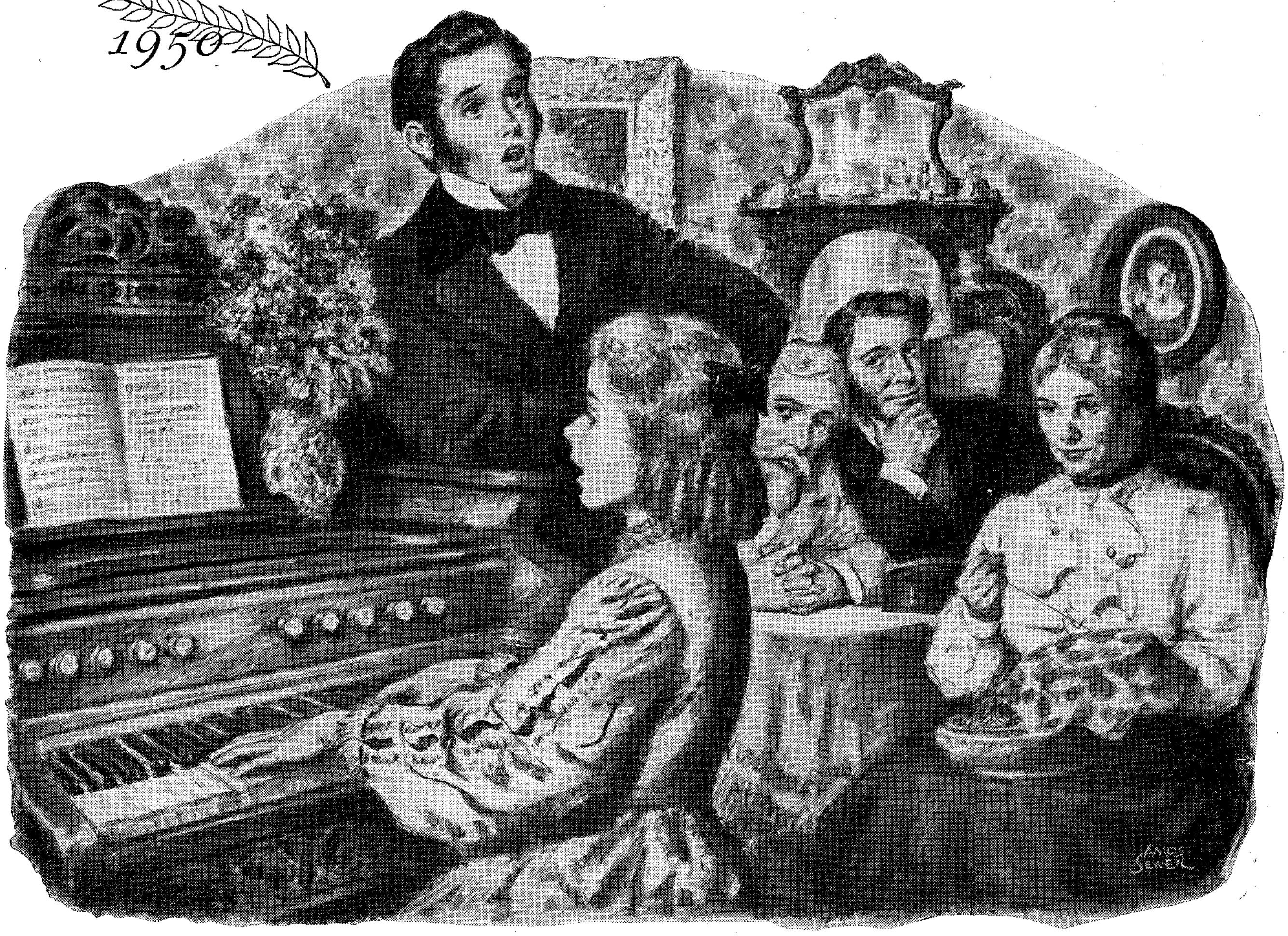
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
annie get your gun.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Caged," Eleanor Parker.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
the third man.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
the bicycle thief (in Italian).

1850 "FOR 100 YEARS PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME" 1950



"*All up and down the whole creation . . .*"

. . . wherever Americans roamed, they took with them the lilting melodies of Stephen Foster. From prim eastern drawing rooms to the roaring gold-rush camps of California, men lifted their voices in praise of the Swanee River, Old Black Joe, and an unforgettable girl named Jeannie, who had light brown hair.

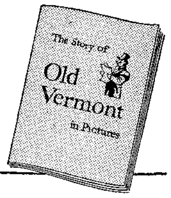
Starting in 1850 with his *Camptown Races,* the songs of Stephen Collins Foster became an American tradition almost overnight. Today, the "Old Folks at Home" (and young folks, too) still gather round to sing the simple tunes and tender lyrics which welled so freely from his heart.

Just as Stephen Foster, a century ago, made an enduring contribution to American harmony, a group of Vermont visionaries made another even more vital and enduring contribution to the American family when they organized that same year to form the National Life Insurance Company.

Their idea was a simple one — many people, banded together, can accomplish what few, as individuals, could hope to achieve: security for their homes and families against the uncertainties of the future.

For a full century now, American families have found security — protection designed to fit exactly each family's requirements — in the characteristic thriftiness of National Life's management and the friendly helpfulness of its agents throughout the nation. 200,000 people, the policyholders who own this mutual organization and its billion dollars of insurance protection, can say with pride, "The National? That is *my* company."

Accept this Free Picture Book with Our Compliments *— "THE STORY OF OLD VERMONT" — new edition of National Life's popular picture book. Features famous figures and events from New England's historic past — interesting, educational, inspiring. For your free copy, address a postcard to: National Life Insurance Company, Dept. 51, Montpelier, Vermont.*



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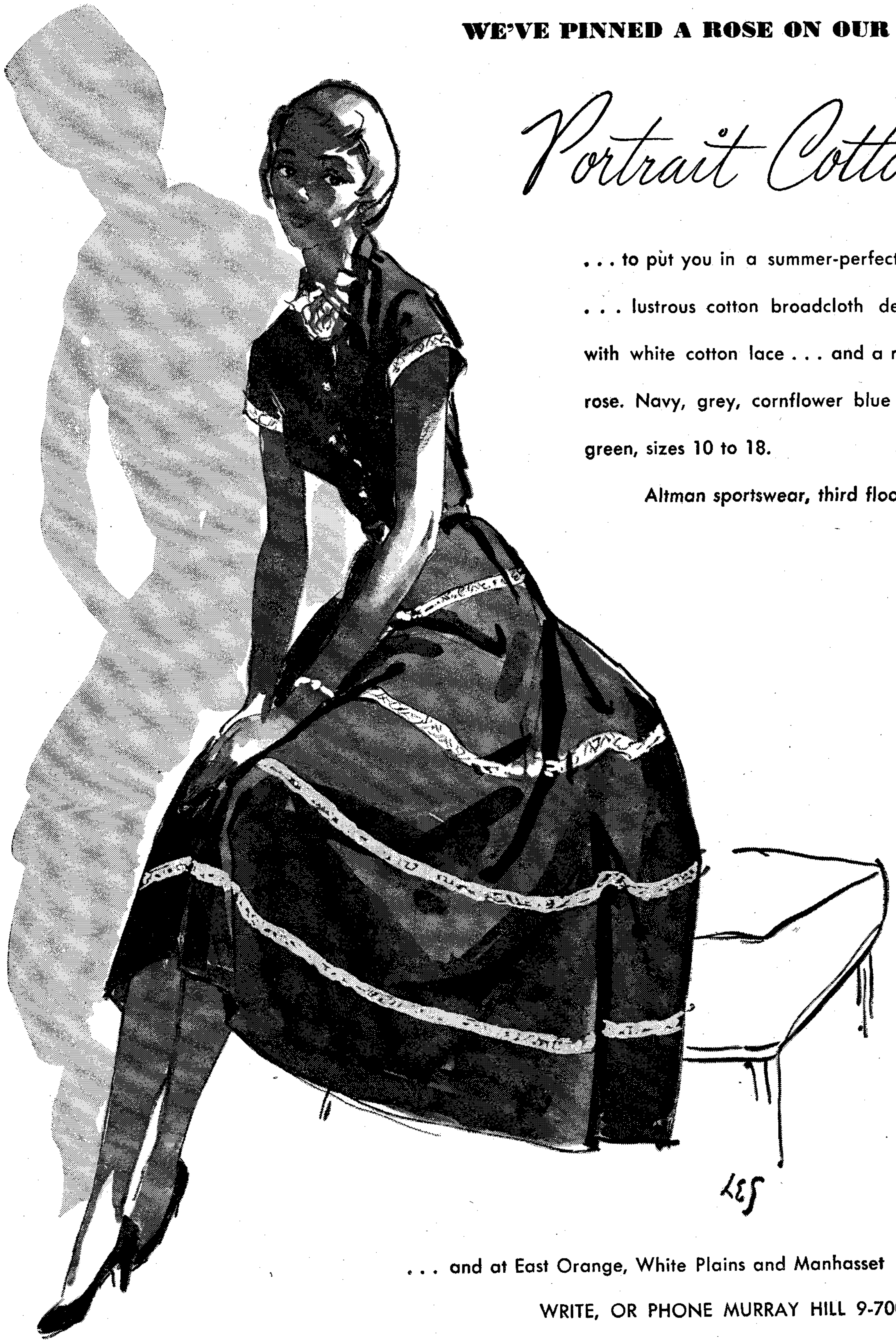

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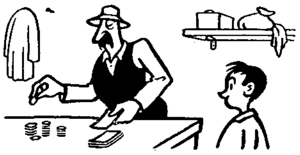
WRITE, OR PHONE MURRAY HILL 9-7000

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

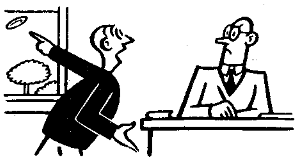
WE noted the other week that the nickel telephone call is on the way out and that the nickel is rapidly losing status all around. Thinking further on the subject, we have come to the realization that all our coins are rapidly losing status, from the lowly penny to the once-mighty half dollar, and that sooner or later they may cease to be legal tender at all. Clearing his pockets of depreciated silver, a man we know paid for his lunch the other day with fourteen dimes, stacking them in a little pillar on the counter. The cashier was so rattled at not seeing greenbacks that she miscounted the stack twice. Twenty cents is now the proper tip for an eighty-cent cab ride and thirty cents for a seventy-cent ride, to make it come out even. The national slogan is becoming "Keep the change." We contrast all this unfavorably with the state of mind of an old odd-job man in Vermont we used to see summers during our childhood, who regarded silver money as the real money and paper currency as a sort of government I.O.U.—literally, as stated on its face, an assurance that the government was holding a certain sum in silver in the Treasury awaiting his demand. We remember seeing him one afternoon counting up the day's take, putting coin in one pile and paper in another. "Two-fifty," he said, nodding at the silver. He motioned toward the bills. "And four I'm owed."



WE'VE learned, with mixed emotions, that the following notice has been posted on the bulletin board of the Duke Divinity School, in Durham, North Carolina:

> Attention:
>
> Any member of the student body or faculty of the Divinity School seeing a flying saucer is requested to clear with me before reporting same to the press.
>
> HAROLD A. BOSLEY
> *Dean*

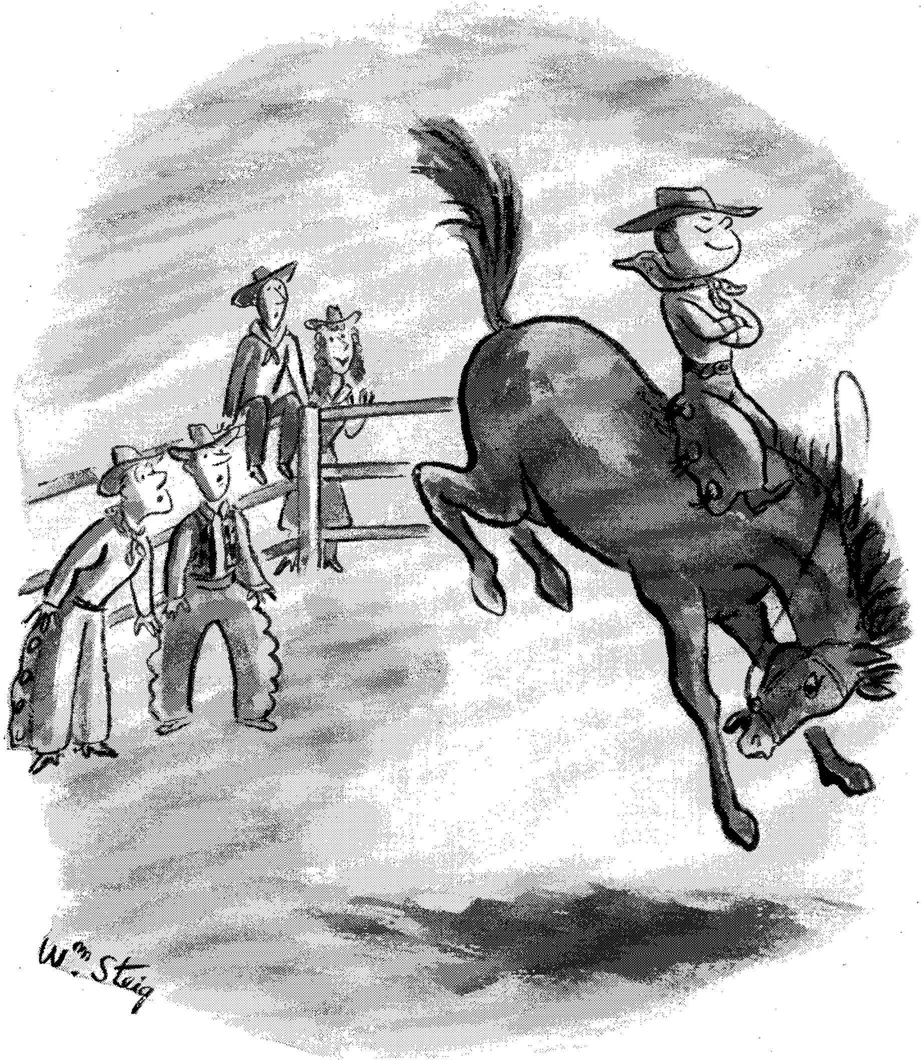
We take this to mean that Dean Bosley, who is, incidentally, the author of "The Quest for Religious Certainty," "On Final Ground," and "Main Issues Confronting Christendom," reserves the right to suppress any such report that he regards as of doubtful authenticity. The clergy have, of course, a vested interest in flying saucers, as in all miracles, and we're for the protection of vested interests, but isn't the Dean treading on dangerous ground? Suppose Moses had had to clear his vision of the burning bush through some local theological administrator, and suppose the latter had dismissed his report as fanciful. The words of God that emanated from the bush would have been lost forever and the children of Israel would presumably never have got out of Egypt. Dean Bosley, in his quest for certainty, has taken on a grave responsibility, and we hope he bends a not too skeptical ear toward accounts of saucers flying over the campus.



Rarity

IT was our good fortune, last week, to be in the office of Dr. Ernst Mayr, curator of the Whitney-Rothschild Bird Collections at the Museum of Natural History, when, momentously, Dr. Mayr, perhaps the country's leading ornithologist, introduced Dr. Leonard C. Sanford, a Museum trustee who is no doubt the country's leading money-raiser for ornithological expeditions, to Mr. Edward J. L. Hallstrom, an Australian industrialist and aviculturist whose Sydney aviaries house the largest collection of birds of paradise and parrots in the world. Mr. Hallstrom had just flown to New York to present Dr. S. with a mounted fully grown *Astrapia mayeri*, or ribbon-tailed bird of paradise, of which there was previously only one example in this country—a specimen in the Smithsonian Institution, which no one at the Natural History Museum seems to have bothered to look at. The notable present was at that moment being unpacked in the taxidermy department, on another floor. The historic get-together of these three titans of birddom terminated an ornithological chat we'd been having with Dr. Sanford, in the course of which he told us that the gift, which he hadn't yet seen, made by a man he hadn't met yet, stemmed indirectly from a Museum bird-of-paradise expedition now under way in New Guinea, undertaken with funds he had raised. "Hallstrom's the richest and most popular man in Australia," he had just flung out when in walked Hallstrom, accompanied by Mayr. "God bless you!" roared Dr. Sanford, who is eighty-one, and broke into the smile that has charmed hundreds of thousands of dollars out of Whitney, Vanderbilt, and other capacious pockets and into ornithological channels. Mr. Hallstrom, a large, ruddy, open-faced man in his early sixties, pulled out some photographs, taken over a period of years, that showed Astrapia in various stages of molt. In these, displayed chronologically, the tail feathers were first short and black, then included two long central feathers, part black and part white, which in the final molt had become pure silky white with black tips.

"Most amazing molt I've ever heard



DREAMS OF GLORY

Bronco-Bustin' Fool

• •

of," said Dr. Sanford, looking as though he'd seen the Holy Grail.

"I brought his girl friend along," said Mr. Hallstrom, holding up a mounted female ribbon-tailed bird of paradise, an inconspicuous specimen with humdrum tail feathers. With his other hand, he waved a couple of long black-and-white feathers at Dr. Sanford. "Immature male," he said.

"That's like Kuroda's," said Dr. Sanford, referring to an Astrapia the Marquis Nagamichi Kuroda, the leading ornithologist of Japan, took in New Guinea during the war and mistakenly described as a new species.

"I *said* it was an immature when I read Kuroda's description," said Dr. Mayr. His secretary came in and said she had a call for Mr. Hallstrom.

"American cousin of mine," said Mr. Hallstrom after a brief talk on the phone. "Wants me to lunch with him at the Ridge-Carlton Hotel."

"Take him to the Links," said Dr. Sanford. "Best club in town. I'll give you a card."

"The Lynch Club?" asked Mr. Hallstrom.

"L-i-n-k-s," Dr. Sanford spelled. "I'll ask him to the dinner the Museum is giving for you this week. What's his name?"

"General Gray," said Mr. Hallstrom.

"What's his full name?" inquired Dr. Sanford, reaching for a pad.

"I don't know," said Mr. Hallstrom. "I've never met him. Wait. It must be in my letters of introduction." He riffled through a sheaf of papers. "No," he said, "it isn't there."

"Never mind," said Dr. Sanford. "Have a cigar."

"The bird I've brought you is the first fully grown male ribbon-tailed bird of paradise that has left New Guinea alive," said Mr. H., after declining the cigar. "It came with a shipment of birds of paradise collected for me there four years ago. I put it in a cage with a young one of the same species, which I'd taken for a female. I'd hoped they'd breed, but the young one turned out to be a male also, and killed his partner."

"Your loss is America's gain," said Dr. Sanford.

A Museum young lady came in to discuss the Hallstrom Dinner menu with Dr. Sanford, and while he was thus engrossed—"Let's have some canapés you can swallow without chewing," we heard him say—Mr. Hallstrom told us that a few months ago the leader of the Museum's current New Guinea expedition called on him at his Sydney office and, noting a stuffed *Astrapia mayeri* on his desk, exclaimed, "Oh, if only Dr. Sanford could see that!" "Well, I at once sent a cable to Sanford," Mr. Hallstrom continued, "saying, 'Would you accept a fully matured male ribbon-tailed bird of paradise?,' and he cabled back, 'Yes, God bless your soul.' " We subsequently learned that Mr. Hallstrom was born in New South Wales, the son of a farmer, had his own furniture factory in Sydney when he was twenty-one, and in his early thirties went into refrigeration. He now has a five-acre plant that employs seven hundred men and turns out two hundred and fifty refrigerators a day. He kept birds when he was a boy. Today his aviaries contain more than a hundred birds of paradise and more than a thousand parrots, and he has given hundreds of birds to Taronga Park, the Sydney zoo, of which he is president. "I took so many birds of paradise out of New Guinea—the ribbon-tailed, of which I have sixteen or seventeen, is found *only* in the Mount Hagen district there—that I felt I owed the natives something," he said. "They have practically no clothing, you know. I flew in more than a thousand sheep, in DC-3s, and established a sheep station, which I turned over to the government. They're making wool clothing and blankets for themselves now. The operation cost me thirty-five thousand pounds, and I threw in ten thousand cash. I'm interested in cancer and heart disease. I've given the Sydney Hospital fifty-five thousand pounds to establish and run a cancer clinic, and I've given the Royal Prince Albert Hospital, in Sydney, twenty-five thousand pounds to set up the Hallstrom Institute of Cardiology. I'm sending two doctors here this summer to study American heart operations and techniques for the treatment of sarcoma."

"Sarcoma!" exclaimed Dr. Sanford, who had completed the dinner menu. "In 1900, when I was a young surgeon in New Haven, I operated on a thirteen-year-old girl for sarcoma of the jaw. Had to transect the jaw. That child is alive today, and she's a grandmother."

Dr. Sanford offered to take Mr. Hallstrom to the Ritz and they departed, and Dr. Mayr guided us to the taxidermy department, where the bird of paradise was being brightened up for a staff cocktail party that afternoon. Its central tail feathers are thirty-one inches long; its gorget and crown are prismatic blue, green, and purple; and its pectoral bib is black, with purple and bronze reflections and a touch of moss green. "Latest of the thirty-nine species of birds of paradise to be discovered—in 1938," said Dr. Mayr. "My guess is it's the last that ever *will* be discovered. The late Lord Rothschild, in whose museum at Tring, in England, I worked as a volunteer researcher, had what was then the finest collection of bird-of-paradise skins in the world, but he never got one of these."

•

DESERT INTELLIGENCE: The Phoenix, Arizona, Madison Square Garden, home of wrestling, boxing, and the "Ice Follies," has posted the following stern notice: "$50 Fine for Persons Throwing *Anything* at *Anybody*."

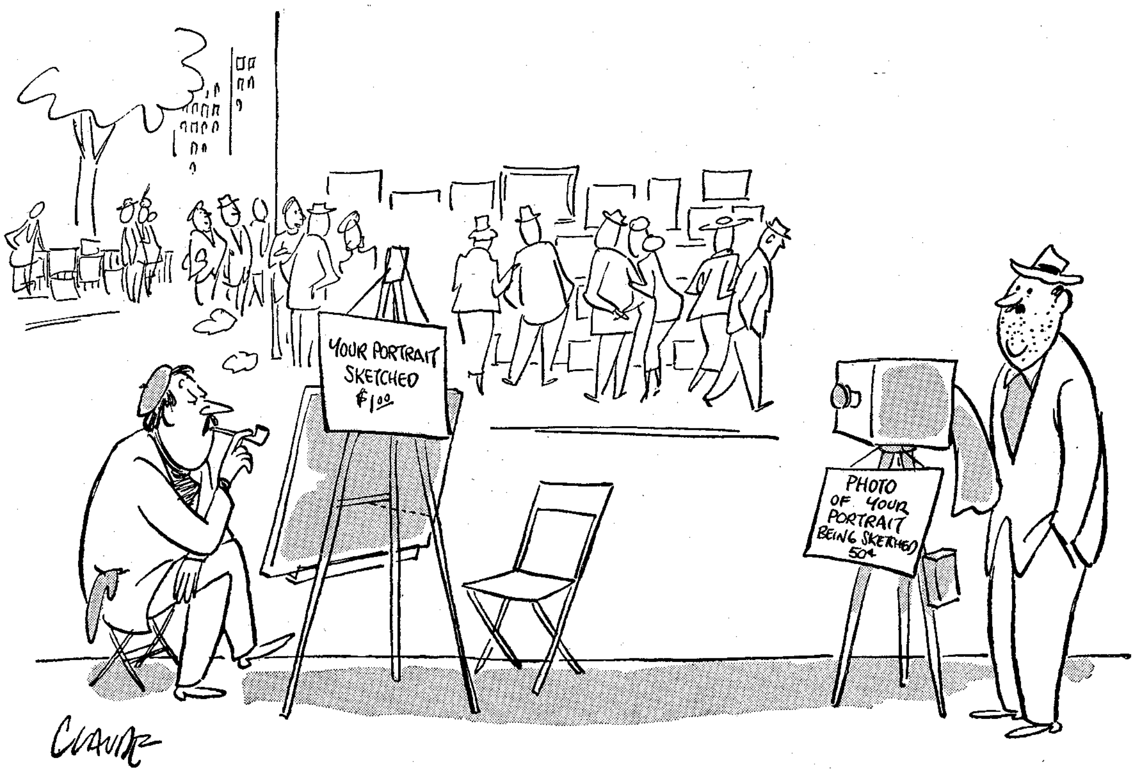
Soap and Rats

THE Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel was officially opened to the public last Thursday morning, but our man Stanley got a special ride through it late the night before, as the guest of Daniel J. Hayes, assistant maintenance engineer of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority. Stanley made his way through the tunnel on foot several months ago, when it was still abuilding, as some of our readers may remember, and he was therefore more than ordinarily eager to see the completed job. Hayes had advised Stanley that he was planning to give the tunnel a last-minute checkup and had suggested that they meet in the service building at the Brooklyn end of the tunnel at midnight Wednesday. Reaching the rendezvous a few minutes early, Stanley— But let *him* tell the story:

"Arrived Brooklyn plaza 11:54 P.M. Misty night. More March than May. Tunnel entrance brave with blaze of fluorescent lights. Pair of traffic signals shining green-eyed over tube to Manhattan. Toll booths dark, barriers blocking all but one lane. A few cars parked in plaza. Noisy crowd of teen-agers milling about. Decided to do a bit of milling myself. Milled. Watched photographer pose young man in sports jacket holding very large, thick sandwich on French bread. Girl beside me nudged me in ribs, said, 'Newspaper stuff. That's some guy likes to do everything first. Been here twenty-four hours already. A regular virgil.' Photographer shouted, 'Open your mouth!' Young man in sports jacket opened mouth. 'A while ago, they had him lying on top of car like he was sleeping,' girl said. Photographer said, 'Don't look at me, look at sandwich.' Young man looked at sandwich. Flash bulb went off. Crowd cheered.

"Went over to service building. Found Hayes waiting in lobby. Place smelled of fresh paint. Saw line of men punching a shiny new time clock. Hayes said they were late shift coming on and that though tunnel not yet open, staff had been on normal operating schedule all week. Number of men on duty per shift, thirty-seven—thirty policemen, four maintenance men, three Pinkerton guards. Hayes very proud of control board of tunnel—tall panel covered with dials, switches, and lights. 'Purrs like a kitten, with never a hitch,' Hayes said. Hayes led way to car and drove to one open lane of tunnel. Pinkerton guard at entrance said everything shipshape. 'Wait till tomorrow!' Pinkerton said. 'Wait till those greenhorns get on the gates trying to make change!' Hayes said, 'Won't be too bad—all new men broken in at Queens-Midtown Tunnel.' 'Greenhorns!' Pinkerton said, snorting. Pinkerton motioned us on, and we rolled into tunnel. Air felt cool, damp, fresh. Hayes called attention to wet roadbed, explained whole tunnel washed two hours before. Simple matter. Truck goes through tunnel 12 m.p.h., spraying solution of soap on tiled walls. Tank truck follows, rinses walls down with water.

"At low point in tunnel, off Governors Island, car speedometer touched fifty, then blue lights began to show at Manhattan exit. Portal-to-portal time, two minutes, twenty-five seconds. Hayes stopped car to talk with maintenance man outside ventilating building. Asked if everything was quiet. 'Too quiet,' man said. 'The least noise around this place makes you jump. Haven't seen any rats here tonight, but there were plenty last night. I nearly patted one of them. It was so big I thought it was a dog.' Battery Place outside tunnel deserted except for two mounted policemen and car parked beside barricade. Handwritten paper sign on windshield of car read, 'First paying customer through Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel to Oceantide, Coney Island.' Driver stretched out on front seat, fast asleep, hands folded on chest. 'He's wasting his time,' Hayes said. 'He can't pay toll till he gets all the way through. Whoever's on the Brooklyn side is bound to be first.' " (As it turned out, Mr. First was a motorcyclist who shot


YOUR PORTRAIT SKETCHED $1.00
PHOTO OF YOUR PORTRAIT BEING SKETCHED 50¢

through the tunnel from the Manhattan end at seventy-two miles an hour.)

Fitting

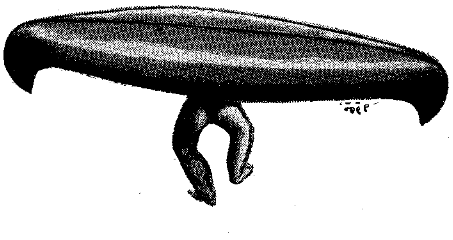
AT a recent charity fashion show at the Plaza, the mistress of ceremonies introduced a cotton summer dress with the remark "Just perfect for one of those short, cool weddings."

Flamenco Guitarist

WE attended last week the first full-length solo recital of flamenco, or Andalusian-gypsy, music ever given in New York, rendered by Carlos Montoya, a Spanish-gypsy guitarist. Following the event, which was exuberantly received by the audience and the *Times*, which characterized it as "an evening of captivating variety," we buttonholed Mr. Montoya and his wife, and discovered that he is the only person in this country who earns a living from that sort of music, which is full of difficult counterpoint, is given to rhythms involving composite measures in different tempos, and has never been set down in written form. He is also, we believe, the only purebred Spanish gypsy residing in Manhattan—most New York gypsies are from Central Europe—and probably the only individual of any description to have won American citizenship after delivering a resounding "No" to the examining judge's "Do you like the American form of government?" This reply, for which a limited comprehension of English, not a subversive attitude, was responsible, prompted its deliverer's wife, the former Sally MacLean, a New York girl of Scottish antecedents, to give him a terrible jab in the ribs—whereupon he said, truthfully, "Oh, yes, I like it very much"—and to ask the judge whether the proceedings would be over in time for her husband to get to Washington that evening, where, she stated correctly and not unthoughtfully, he was to play at a party for President Truman. "Carlos can't read music," said Mrs. Montoya, who, for linguistic reasons, played quite a role in our interview, "but as he plays no written music, this really doesn't matter. The things in his repertoire—forty or fifty selections—have been handed down in his family. Each generation added something in the way of arrangement."

Montoya, a dark-haired, fiery-eyed, friendly man in his middle forties, nodded and told us, with his wife's aid, that he was born in Madrid, where his father, who died when Carlos was two, was a big-scale seller of mules to the Spanish Army. One of his uncles, Ramón Montoya, was a famous flamenco guitarist. Carlos was a pretty good one at eight. At fourteen, he led *café cantantes* at the Café Madrid, in Madrid, and, accompanied by a singer, free-lanced in cafés at outlying villages. In his later teens, he worked, successively, as a post-office and a courthouse clerk, playing in cafés evenings. He next served for three years as a noncommissioned officer in Spanish Morocco, where he engaged in some skirmishes with the Moors. He took his guitar along and, between skirmishes, played flamenco music to audiences of friend and foe alike. Shortly after being demobilized, he was invited by La Argentina, the famous Buenos Aires-born Spanish dancer, to accompany her, as guitarist, on tours all over Europe. He subsequently toured in Europe with the dancer Vicente Escudero, and in 1933 with a third dancer, Teresina, with whom he appeared in the United States and, later, the Far East. In Saigon, Mr. Montoya told us, members of the audience offered to rent him their wives, and in Japan people came backstage and handed him envelopes containing money. He had been warned that it was considered de rigueur to accept these tips, and he was perfectly willing to do so, as they came to about thirty dollars a performance. In Japan, Montoya was paid his regular fees in American twenty-dollar gold pieces, and he left the country with a canvas moneybag crammed with them. The University of Tokyo offered him a two-year contract to teach there and, when he didn't accept it, took a slow-motion picture of him playing, which became a reference film. In 1938, after many a European engagement, one of them at the Spanish Embassy in London, where the then Prince of Wales sang Argentine tangos while Montoya played, he joined up with Argentinita, *another* famous Buenos Aires-born Spanish dancer, for a South American tour. The outbreak of the war found him in New York, and he stayed here. He had met his future wife several years before in Paris, where her father was commercial attaché at the American Embassy, and he began to take her out rumbaing in Manhattan. They were married in 1940. They have two sons, Carlitos, eight, and Allan MacLean, six, who live with their parents on East Thirty-seventh Street and go to Browning. By a nomenclatural stroke of luck, according to their mother, Allan has turned out terribly Scottish and Carlitos terribly flamenco.

Mrs. M. was a professional Spanish-type dancer before her marriage, and now occasionally works with her husband. Both recently played a week at the Porto Rico Theatre, in the Bronx. "Carlos either is away for months on end or else sits around the house getting in my hair," said Mrs. Montoya, with an affectionate connubial glance. "Summers we live in Wainscott, in Mrs. Ellwood Hendrick's chauffeur's cottage. The chauffeur moved to a bigger house. I've taught Carlos to swim, drive a car, and play tennis. He took me to Spain to meet about twenty-five first cousins of his a couple of years ago, and we had a wonderful time singing, dancing, and eating bean stew. The girls were just *lovely*-looking." She showed us a family panorama, and they looked lovely to us.



No Trick at All

A COLLEGE librarian has forwarded to us a letter typed on the embossed stationery of Dale Carnegie, which reads:

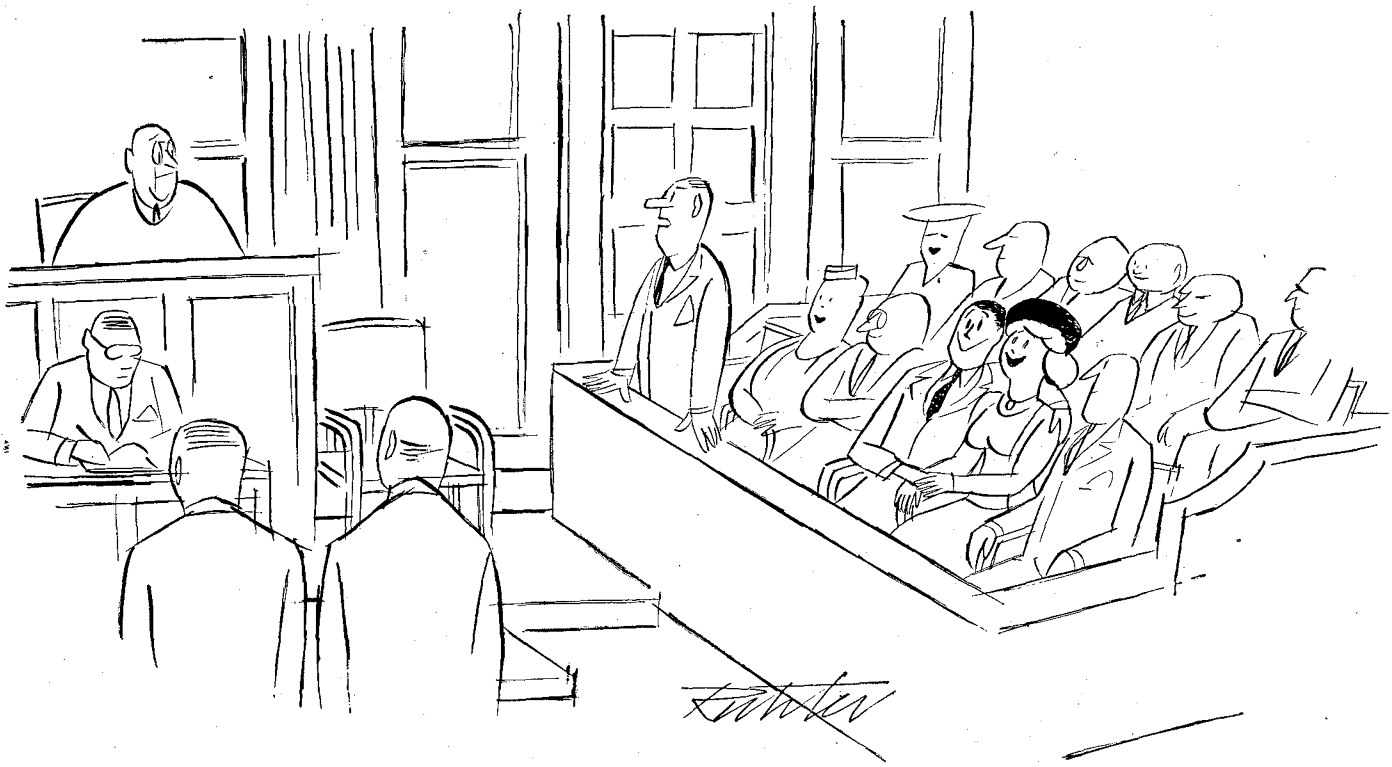
MY DEAR MRS. L——:

Mr. Carnegie is sending you, under separate cover, an autographed copy of his book "How to Stop Worrying and Stop Living."

Yours sincerely,
K—— D——
Secretary to Dale Carnegie

The Orb Beautiful

A LADY representing Helena Rubinstein's beauty salon called us up one morning last week to ask if we'd like to attend a class in eye makeup. "In the name of God, why?" we inquired forthrightly. "We are anxious to get a masculine opinion on the eyework being done at our Wonder School," the lady said. We said we'd be right over. At the Wonder School, we were met by a Miss McCullough (the lady who had called us up), and she ushered us into a room with pink walls, crowded with rows of white dressing tables. About a dozen ladies, ranging in age from twenty to fifty, were seated here and there at the tables, and among them fluttered three tutors—one male, two female. The place was hushed, most of the students being preoccupied with working unguents into their eyelids or pencilling their brows. A red-haired lady in a



"*Before I give our verdict, I'd like to make a little announcement.*"

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checked suit entered the room and bore down upon us. "I am Dr. Gould," she said. "You would like I would tell you something about this work?" The Doctor spoke with a faint accent and we asked her where she was from. "Vienna," she said. "I am coming here when there is the World's Fair. Do not inquire about me further." We suggested she give us some dope on eyework. "With the short hairdo now fashionable," she said, "there is more of the face than there was before. So, naturally, there is more of the eyes. Now must the eye be exotic. This we do with the shadows, the mascara, the pencil. Not one shadow but two. First, depending on the complexion and the costume, the basic color—let us say blue. Then another color—let us say blue-green. We pencil the corner of the eye upward to make it almond-shaped, add a spot of the rouge we are wearing over the eyelid, put on the mascara, which comes in all kinds of colors, and what we have is terrific." A middle-aged lady turned to face the Doctor. One of her eyes was fringed and mysterious, the other was bleak as a marble. "You sure can see the difference," the lady said. "Always, the difference is terrific," said the Doctor.

A student over whom one of the female instructors was hovering announced that she wanted the most extreme eye makeup in the house. "I don't want to look like a chorus girl," she added. "More on the order of a ballet dancer." "They're *your* eyes," the instructor said. A pair of students not far away from us began to chatter amiably. "I got this goddam cold, and I thought coming here would build up my morale," one of them said. "My morale would be fine if I could get a couple inches off these hips," the other replied. The Doctor addressed us again, saying, "In the first row now are three finished ladies I want you to see." She led us to the front of the room and indicated two brunettes and a blonde. "Terrific, eh?" she said. The ladies gazed at us numbly, reminding us of the silent-screen stars of our nonage. We agreed that they were terrific. As we regained the rear of the room, Miss Mala Rubinstein, niece of the mother superior of the establishment, entered. "I love your lipstick," one of the students observed to her. "Eet is tander peenk," said Miss Rubinstein. "On the eyes I have a little black mascara and a touch opalescent shadow." Miss Rubinstein then turned her attention to us. "Weeth new things," she said to us, "come changes. Before, it is discreet the lipsteeck should be dark. Now the lighter lipsteeck is even more discreet than the dark. Is strange. Also in the makeup must be considered the occupation and environment."

Miss Rubinstein disappeared, and we sat down with the Doctor, who broke out an eyeshadow palette on which were fifteen small jars, containing colors ranging, as we presently learned, from electric pink to mauve. "On my eyes," the Doctor said, squaring off before a mirror, "I have what? Heavy lashes? No. But now let us see. First, the well-sharpened pencil over the upper eyelid. Already you see a little difference. You notice I am conservative—no going out too far at the corner. Next, I am adding the eyeshadow—blue, and then blue-green. I follow with blue mascara—already I have the spot of rouge from the lipstick—and now you see." The Doctor peered at us proudly just as the instructor of the girl who had wanted to look like a ballet dancer pronounced her eye makeup completed, and the girl examined herself in a mirror. "Holy cow!" she said. "I'll have to get this off before I go back to the office!"

We left for our office presently, unable, unfortunately, to form any opinion about it all.

Safety First

A WASHINGTON lady advises us that a lot of important files in the Central Intelligence Agency almost burned up recently before employees, in a rather amateurish manner, extinguished the flames. The District of Columbia Fire Department responded promptly, but its members weren't admitted, because they didn't have security passes.

NO TERRA FIRMA

COURTLY but unavailing, de Lesseps gestured with outflung arm toward his great ditch, bidding us retrace our way down the level stretch of water that linked the historic seas. "*Messieurs*," said he, tilting his head toward the Tropic of Capricorn, "*Messieurs et Mesdames, retournez, retournez, je vous prie!*" But we were bent in another direction and the ceremonious bronze figure, in formal trousers and frock coat, was lost in the crumpled mists of early morning. As our ship plied northward toward the Mediterranean, we had only memories of a mirage on the desert, and flamingos pink against the oyster-colored sky, and barbed wire of the Great War before the last Great War coiled along the banks of the Canal, like bunches of giant hair, rusting in the sun, and a granite column and its guardian sphinx, memorial to those who had engaged in the "*Défense du Canal Suez, 1914-1918*."

They stood, these monuments, with an air infinitely piteous, under the mounting indifference of time, and beneath them the living cord of water flowed, undeterred by sentiments rusting and recollection gone dusty with the years.

"*Messieurs!*" implored de Lesseps with a hint of reproach. "*Messieurs*, I pray you consider the advantages, the unique possibilities of mere geography!"

A lonely figure now, though still courtly in the fashion of his time, saluting with impartiality the feluccas and the multicolored funnels that rose like a forest, half concealing the lewd city at his back. How long would his bronze shoulders endure? Would the Faithful rise some dark night and topple him into the mouth of his own ditch, or would they rather pop a fez on his head and dub him someone else—Syed This or That—in order to persuade the children of the fellaheen that an Ishmaelite and not a Ferenghi had built the Canal?

On our port bow, the funnel of a ship sunk in an air raid in 1942 lifted its own memorial through the steaming air, and beyond that the crosstrees of yet another, lying off by itself out of the busy track of sea traffic. When, finally, the records, papyrus and bronze, have vanished, and the self-conscious granite has been silted over and then rediscovered, like the buried city of Harappa, the learned may ponder in their beards over de Lesseps reclining on his back in the primordial clay, incomprehensibly waving his frock-coated arm toward some Himalayan islets lifting their heads into a brand-new sky.

Imperceptibly, water mingling with water under her keel, our inconspicuous freighter slid into the Mediterranean, and the air altered, and the officers changed from dingy white to shabby blue, and the lascars hurried to complete their task of hammering the rust off her decks before the sea began to cream over her bows.

MRS. HASTINGS leaned beside me on the port rail and gazed through her sunglasses at the suddenly sunless sky. She had travelled a great deal and had been talking of the changes visible in all the landscapes in her experience. "Queer," she remarked, "how much one forgets and then abruptly, piercingly, remembers." And she spoke of an angle in the embankment of the Canal, of the way the Arab boatmen leaned on their oars, of the tilted look of the sky, and the effect the flamingos gave of a sunset, or a sudden sunrise, beyond the gray land.

Mrs. Hastings seemed always to be talking to herself. She seldom looked at one, never met one's eyes, acknowledging one's presence only by a sort of inclination of her body, a turning of her head. I looked at her hands resting on the rail, the hands of a woman growing old—pale and freckled and inexpressive. They looked as though they had never grasped anything, held anything, and as though they had rested on something always, as they did now, with diffidence, on the ship's rail. Her eyes, behind the dark glasses, were like the empty sockets of a skull under the flowered brim of her straw hat.

"Memorials," she said, "what are memorials—apostrophes to immortality?"

"Do you always wear sunglasses?" I asked. "Isn't it bad for the eyes?"

She replied that her eyes were weak and that she could not bear exposure to air or light. "My husband suffers as I do. We have lived so long in hot, tropical places." And in a voice unchanged by the change of subject she went on, "In Singapore, you know, by the coast road before you get to Raffles, there is a granite shaft raised to the memory of soldiers and sailors killed in the war of 1914. My brother was among them. When we were last there, someone not in sympathy had defiled the monument by plastering it with human excrement and pieces of toilet paper. I wanted to get water and clean the stone, but my husband said, 'What does it matter now—what does it matter?'"

I stared at her quiet, colorless hands.

She said, "My husband said, 'It doesn't do, you know, to mind these things.' Of course he is right. It doesn't matter."

"In India," I said, "a Jat prince desecrated Akbar's tomb and dispersed his bones over the countryside. In every age—"

Her husband came down the deck toward us, walking fast. He was panting, showing discolored teeth. Sunglasses concealed his eyes as they did his wife's; he had a sightless, anxious, hurrying look. "Agnes," he said, and stopped, gazing at her intently. They were like two lifeless people peering at each other. "Agnes, I was worried. I looked everywhere for you but you had disappeared."

"I'm so sorry, Herbert. I thought you were reading," she said. "I've been here right along."

They were always losing each other like that and searching for each other along the narrow, cluttered decks, among the cranes and winches, fore and aft. "Have you seen my wife?" he would ask one anxiously. And "Have you seen my husband?" she'd inquire, interrupting one diffidently in the middle of a chapter, or in a game of bridge, or during a stroll between meals. "Have you seen my husband?" "Have you seen my wife?"

And all of us, the few passengers, the crew, the officers, smiled as the query fell unfailingly every day on that long voyage from Calcutta to Southampton. We agreed that the Hastings must be lonely, a childless couple wrapped up in each other. What would become of one if the other were to die? With so little diversion, the question became an engrossing one. We thought of it continually, seeing them walking together, or submerged in their deck chairs, or leaning on the rail watching the flying fish glitter in the Red Sea. Vaguely, one learned about them—not much, just that they had lived all over the world, though whether from choice or necessity was something we never found out. They were now on their way back to England after living for some years in Ceylon. One never learns very much. People live one way or another, feel homesick, brood, regret, resign themselves.

Port Said vanished in the mist, and sea and sky merged in a line barely visible to the north. A cold wind smote us and Mr. Hastings said, "I am going below to read. It's getting chilly up here."

"Yes, you'd hardly know it was spring, would you?" said Mrs. Hastings.

Mr. Hastings walked away, heaving a little uncertainly up the deck toward the passengers' cabins amidships. In a little while, he or his wife would miss the other and the pursuit would start over again, two hurrying, tweed-clad figures seeking each other, apologetic voices inquiring, "Have you seen my wife?" "Have you seen my husband?" But for the moment, each assured of the other's whereabouts, they parted without perturbation, and Mrs. Hastings and I continued to lean on the rail and watched the uneventful sea flowing past us toward Suez.

"Monuments," said Mrs. Hastings, just as though we had not been interrupted by Mr. Hastings. "Monuments commemorate such a very meagre portion of what is expected of them, don't they? I mean, one cannot raise a memorial to feelings, can one?"

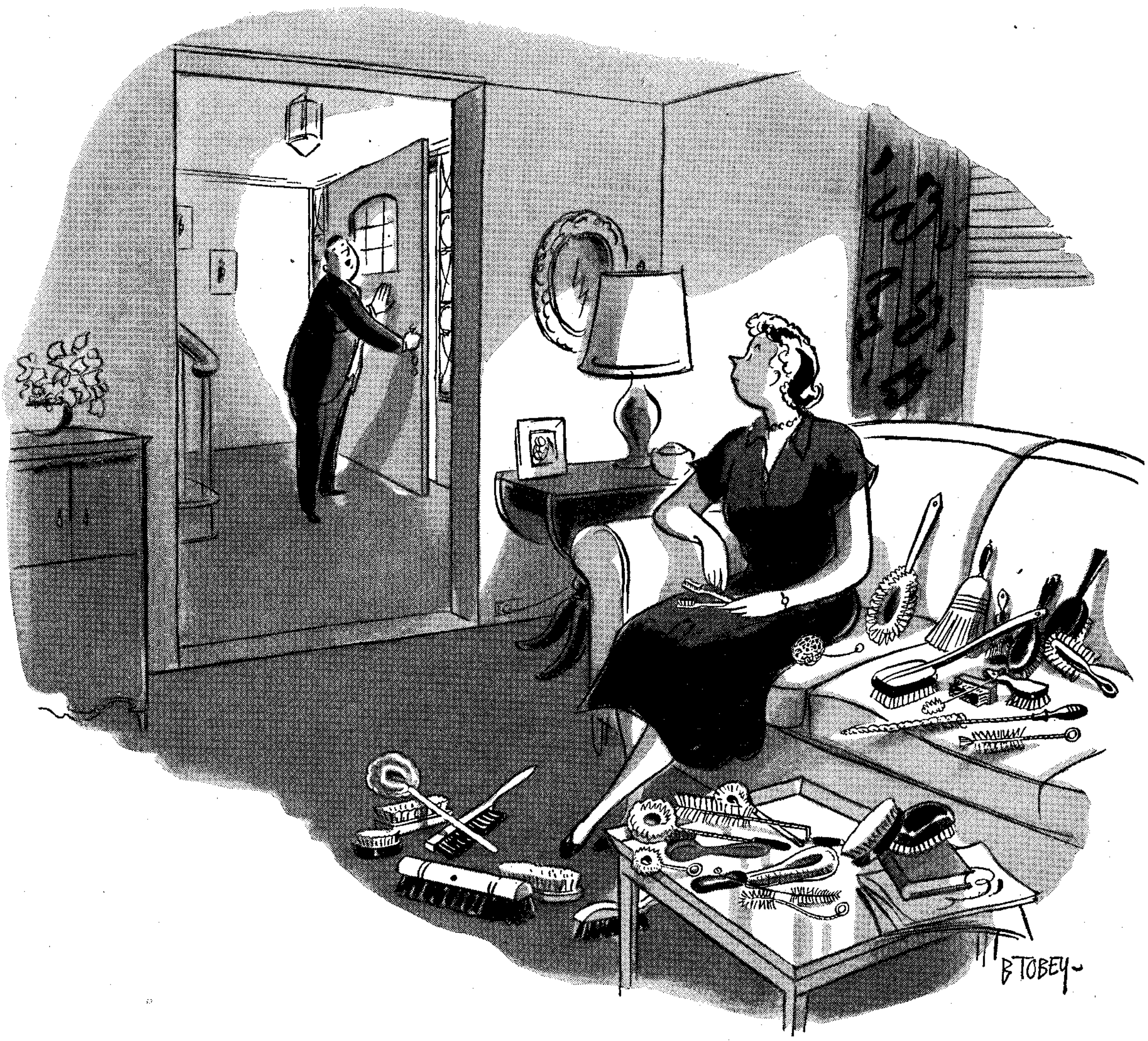
"Are they not intended rather to inspire feelings?" I asked, although I had never given the matter much thought until now.

"Feelings live," said Mrs. Hastings, watching the sea. "Feelings never stop. They are the present."

"Monuments help us to remember," I suggested, at a loss. It seemed such an odd conversation. "Take the Cenotaph in London, or the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, or de Lesseps back there at Port Said. I mean," I said, not sure what I did mean, "I mean, these things last, don't they?"

She was listening, I felt, but without looking at me.

"I keep thinking of the war memorial at Singapore," she said. "Simple granite, pointing to the sky, bringing back the kind of regret that sometimes follows grief. The feeling that Hamlet had in mind when he was dying and said to Horatio, 'Absent thee from felicity awhile.' My brother was nineteen. He was killed in Mesopotamia in 1917." I was conscious of her staring at the running sea, all of it running toward



"Very engaging chap, wasn't he?"

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Suez. "Someone had simply plastered it with excrement and pieces of toilet paper." After a pause she said, "My husband and I lost our two sons in the last war." And presently she said, "There should be consolation in the thought that now we have only each other."

The wind did not feel like a southern wind. It cut like a wet rope, and the hurrying water looked as though it were searching for some warmer spring, some shallow where it could lie undisturbed in the sun, beside pink flamingos and squatting Arabs plotting under the tamarisks.

"There is something about monuments," said Mrs. Hastings. "About de Lesseps, even. He must have seemed so *right* when they put him up. Did you ever notice the statues of the viceroys on the Calcutta maidan? Like figures in dreams, or like figures in paintings—Whose paintings? Chirico? Yes, Chirico, I think. And crows perch on their heads, and the droppings run down the faces of the viceroys."

"The Germans, when they invaded Russia, smashed the statue of Tolstoy," I said. "And I don't doubt that we also . . ."

Suddenly I saw that she was not listening. The deck moved under us as the widening sea rushed beneath.

Mrs. Hastings said, "Excuse me. I must go and find my husband."

TWO days later, we were crawling up the Mediterranean toward Gibraltar, and the African shore rose on our port side and the Italian shore was no more than a heavy mist lying to starboard, and the sea ran cold and blue, with broken islands of foam riding on it. The African shore was a rolling vivid green marked by white buildings—ancient fortresses and castles, and farms with orchards and pasture and a look of permanence that invited the soul. Above the African coast, the sky arched in a gracious curve, and out of this presently came flocks of doves going north to Italy, or perhaps to Pantelleria, off there in the shrouding mist. Some of the doves found our ship and alighted on the deck forward and aft, and even amidships, and we kept coming on them unexpectedly and disturbing them, and they would then take wing and circle above us and come to rest once more wherever they could find a perch. Mrs. Hastings and I counted these doves; there were five, and next morning there were four. We put food for them in sheltered places, and bowls of fresh water, and watched them peck the crumbs and rise in fright when a lascar going his rounds disturbed them.

It became evident that the doves were tiring and could not continue their flight to Italy or return to Africa, and we wondered what they would do next. On the third day, the doves had diminished to three and these were rapidly weakening and seemed too bewildered to take the food and water we put out for them. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings took it very much to heart. They spent all their time on deck watching the birds fly round and round the ship, starting aft and circling forward, and in their exhaustion, alighting on the decks where people walked. They still had sufficient energy to evade capture. Mrs. Hastings thought that if we could catch them and put them in a cage, they might be liberated off Gibraltar and thus perhaps find their way home overland. But the doves would not let themselves be captured. Mrs. Hastings grew very white and strained as she watched them. Her mood infected everyone, so we all watched the doves as they flew from one end of the ship to the other, no longer troubling to rest or to feed but always somehow managing to evade the traps set for them by the clever lascars, to whom Mr. Hastings had promised rewards if they could catch the birds alive and unhurt.

ON the fourth day after Port Said, early in the morning, I came on deck and found Mrs. Hastings and her husband standing at the port rail. Behind them the newly risen sun shone gloriously; we were turning north, leaving behind us the green wave of the African coast. It was very cold and getting rougher. Mrs. Hastings' face was pinched and discolored, and her husband had his arm round her. "There is no use worrying about it," he said. "There is nothing that we can do, Agnes."

"Look!" said Mrs. Hastings, and I saw the doves rise from the bows, circle the ship, and attempt to land on an island of foam off the ship's side. They apparently mistook the foam for solid land, and all three of them fell through it and were submerged. Two managed to struggle clear, and they flew up and alighted on the ship.

"My God!" said Mrs. Hastings. "My God, Herbert!"

"My dear, there is nothing that we can do. What *can* we do?"

The third dove never reappeared, and presently a steward, on his way to the dining saloon, disturbed the two others and they flew out from the ship, fluttered over the water, and again attempted to land on an island of foam. Mrs. Hastings clutched the rail and her husband held her hard. She covered her face with her hands.

"There is simply nothing that we can do," said Mr. Hastings, keeping his arm round her shoulders. "Nothing, Agnes. It will be over in a minute. Don't look, dear."

The two doves struggled out of the waves and the sun shone on their wet feathers. Once more they made their circuit of the ship, not landing on it this time, and, apparently hypnotized by the

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LOOKING UP AT AIRPLANES, ALWAYS

High overhead,
High overhead, the planes go over.
I lift my eyes
To see them, always.

Having been there,
Having been there, at that great height,
I rise up swiftly,
Am there again.

Like dragonflies,
Like dragonflies, how brief their season!
A hundred hours,
So I have heard.

—Rolfe Humphries

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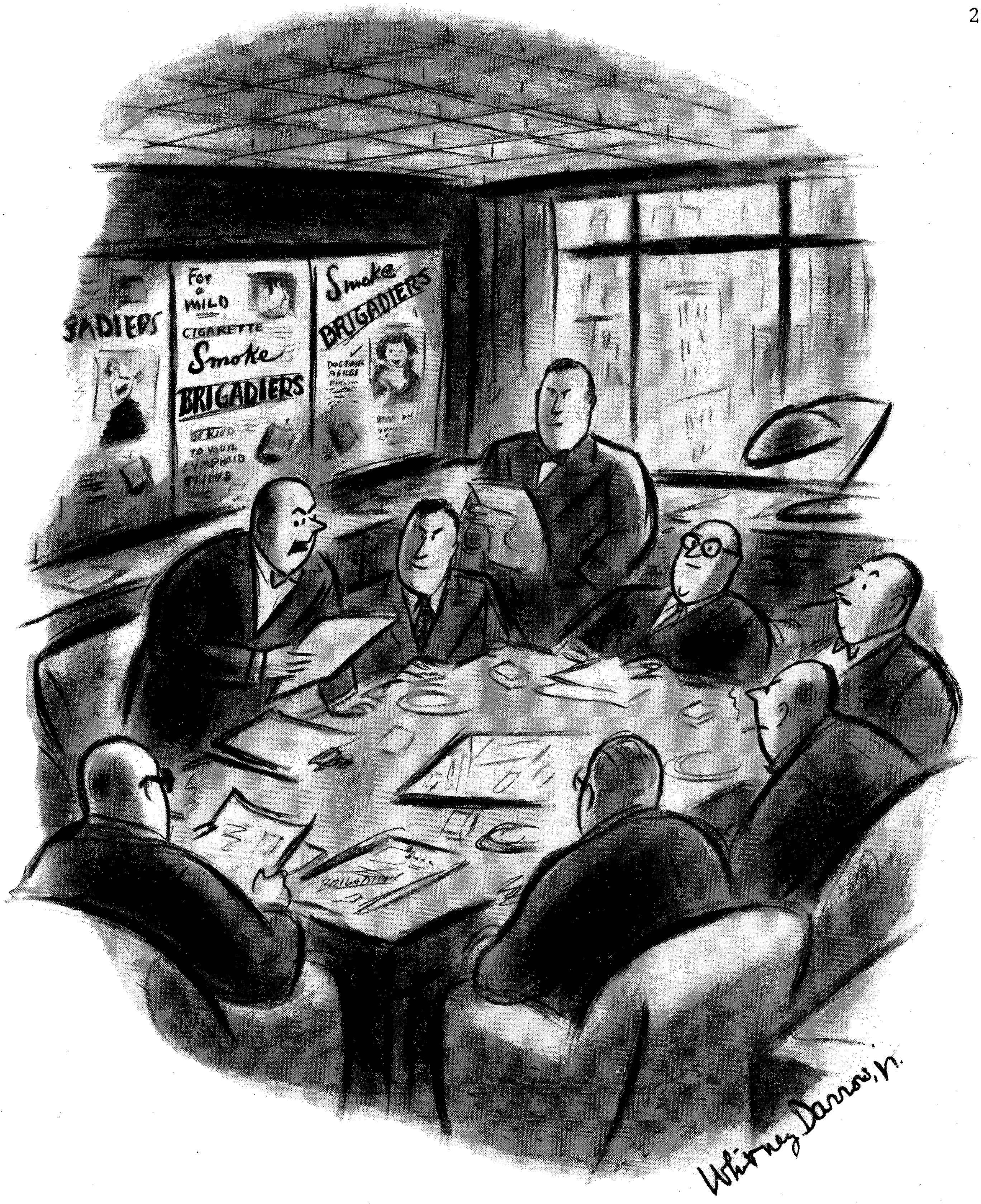
GADIERS
For a MILD CIGARETTE
Smoke
BRIGADIERS
BE KIND TO YOUR LYMPHOID TISSUE
Smoke
BRIGADIERS
DOCTORS AGREE
BRIGADIERS

"How about this—'An impartial, certified national survey shows positively that ninety-nine per cent of all doctors have patients who smoke Brigadiers'?"

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foam, plunged into it again, struggled free, and plunged again, getting weaker and weaker. We watched them as they fell astern of us, and when the ship had outstripped them, they made one more effort to rise and follow, and we saw them, for the last time, attempt to find a footing on the bright islands into which, at last, they disappeared.

Mrs. Hastings took her hands from her eyes and said, "Where are they now, Herbert?" and Mr. Hastings said, "They've gone, dear."

The bell rang for breakfast and I turned away, wondering what Mrs. Hastings' eyes looked like behind her dark glasses, and glad that I would never know. Next morning, before daybreak, we passed Gibraltar, and from my cabin window I watched the brilliant lights and smelled the land, purple-dark and massive, rising out of the sea into the slowly lightening sky.

—Christine Weston

THE HARD DAY

FOR a long time, I had been intending to rebuild an old, collapsed stone wall on a piece of land I own in Massachusetts, but when I eventually got around to tackling the job, on the Thursday before Memorial Day, I realized that I would need help if the wall was to be completed over the weekend, as I had planned. The first morning I was at work, I happened to mention my dilemma to the rural-free-delivery carrier. He said with certainty that a cousin of his named Joe Dumarsais would be interested in helping me out, for the sake of picking up some extra money. The carrier explained to me that Joe was down from Boston for a visit of a few days.

"I could drop Joe off here around eight tomorrow morning, if that's all right with you, and pick him up a little after five," the carrier said. "My wife would be glad to fix him a lunch to take along. Joe's a great big guy. And is he powerful! He can move rocks singlehanded that you and me couldn't even lift if we stooped down and tried to do it together."

Joe Dumarsais sounded like the very man the situation called for, and I contracted for his services on the spot. When the carrier drove up the next morning, a huge, muscular-looking man got out of the car. My first reaction was that I had struck a really good bargain. Joe Dumarsais presumably could rebuild my wall in ten minutes flat if he wanted to, and without any help from me. The carrier introduced us and departed, and I escorted Joe to the section of the wall with which I had been struggling the day before.

The titan's manner puzzled me from the first, as did his costume. I realized that he was doing me a favor, and I was duly grateful, but I couldn't understand why there should be such marked condescension in his tone. There was even a patronizing note in his voice when he remarked that it was a nice day; he seemed to be congratulating God on having performed a minor feat more or less creditably. He found something to congratulate me about, too, as we walked along. "You hold yourself quite a lot better than men of your age and physical condition usually do," he told me graciously. "You aren't as nervous as I'd expect you to be, either. Perhaps you don't smoke?" I said that I smoked about a pack of cigarettes a day—a statement I often make to my doctor and to my wife, fooling neither of them for a single minute.

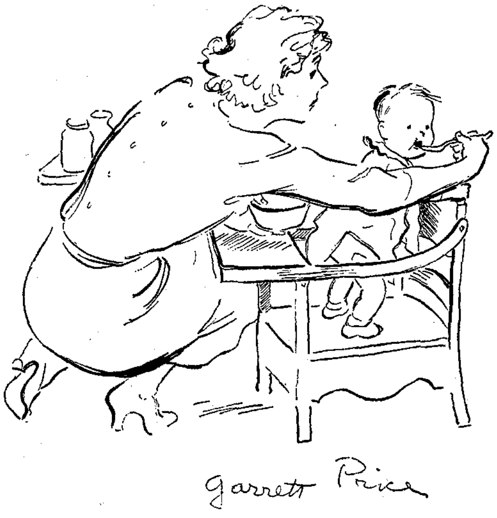
Joe sighed. "It's funny how sometimes a man who would never abuse a horse or a dog will abuse his own nervous system," he said. I glanced at him in mild bewilderment, and thought he seemed extremely pleased about something. He was walking with a springy, energetic step and with his shoulders thrown back.

The reason his costume baffled me somewhat was that it was so clean and so unlike what I myself had put on for the work at hand. Whereas I was wearing a frayed khaki shirt, mud-spattered breeches, and old hunting boots, Joe was immaculate in a freshly laundered sweatshirt with the letters "C.R.S." across the front, starched white duck pants, and clean white canvas shoes. Naturally, I asked him what the "C.R.S." stood for.

"Callahan's Reducing Studio," he said. "I'm the bar-bell instructor there." When I learned that bar bells are heavy steel objects and that Joe was in the habit of doing complicated exercises with them every day, I felt surer than ever of his ability to cope with the work that lay ahead. But I was sorry that he had chosen to appear in such spotless attire.

"Have you ever mended a stone wall before?" I asked.

"They've never happened to come my way," he said modestly. "You know, I keep noticing something about you. I keep noticing that you have very good bones. You ought to stop letting yourself go and make the most of them, because the bones are *fundamental*. I mean they're the starting point. Right now, you're all fat where you ought to be muscle. But it still isn't too late for you to develop yourself. Not with those good bones of yours!"



My only response to this suggestion, with its prettily turned compliment, was an astonished grunt. I pointed to the wall, which we were nearing. "There it is," I said. "I think we can build it up more evenly if you're on one side and I'm on the other. Of course, you'll make faster progress than I will, but we can change around every now and then. I can move to your side and you can move to mine. The heavier rocks were what gave me the most trouble yesterday." I clambered over the ruins of the wall and into the next field, where I went to work.

A minute or so later, when I glanced at Joe, I saw that he was diligently searching among the stones on his side of the wall. He had taken off his sweatshirt, revealing massive shoulders, a broad chest, and a negligible waist. "Have you lost something?" I asked.

"No," he said, and picked up a stone. To my disappointment, it wasn't a very large one—about the size of a softball. He examined it and weighed it tentatively in his right hand. Then he assumed a strikingly dramatic pose. "The Discus Thrower," he explained complacently. For a full half minute, he held himself in this attitude. When he relaxed, he laid the stone on the wall with the deliberate nicety of a chef garnishing an aspic with parsley.

I feared that at this rate we wouldn't get very far with the wall-mending. Hoping to set an encouraging example, I worked as briskly as possible and chose the largest stones I could lift. But Joe generally selected medium-sized ones, and amused himself by performing calisthenics with them before putting them in place. He moved lightly and with grace. I began to breathe hard and to perspire, but Joe was as casual as a professional tennis player waiting for a country-club employee to finish chalking a court. Humming idly to himself, he would pick up a stone occasionally, exercise with it, and then add it to the wall—as if by way of afterthought.

"Perhaps we'd better change sides now," I said, when we had followed our separate pursuits for about twenty minutes. Inasmuch as he hadn't been building as rapidly as I had, his construction work wasn't affording a sufficient counterweight to mine, and some of my stones had toppled into his field.

We changed over, and I buttressed the section of the wall on which Joe had supposedly been engaged.

"Can you do this?" he asked presently. He was holding a gratifyingly large rock, but he didn't carry it to the wall. Assuming a squatting position, he slowly raised the rock until his arms were fully extended over his head. He counted to twenty and then gently lowered the rock to the ground. "*You* probably think that's an arm exercise," he said tolerantly. "Lots of people, when they see it for the first time, think it's an arm exercise, because it looks like the arms are doing all the work. Instead, what I was *really* doing was calling my dorsals into play. Want to see what *you* can do?"

"No, thanks," I said, inwardly raging because he had cast aside the large rock and now was toying with a relatively small one.

"Why don't you start with this?" he urged. "Then, if you can do it with this, go on to something bigger."

I wanted to swear, but couldn't think of any profanity that would adequately express my feelings. Between my teeth I said that I guessed I'd better stick to mending the wall.

"I'm afraid your dorsals could stand a good deal of improvement," Joe said sadly. "Even with your shirt on, I can tell. You probably haven't bothered to take care of yourself for years and years. Smoking and everything. Do you drink?"

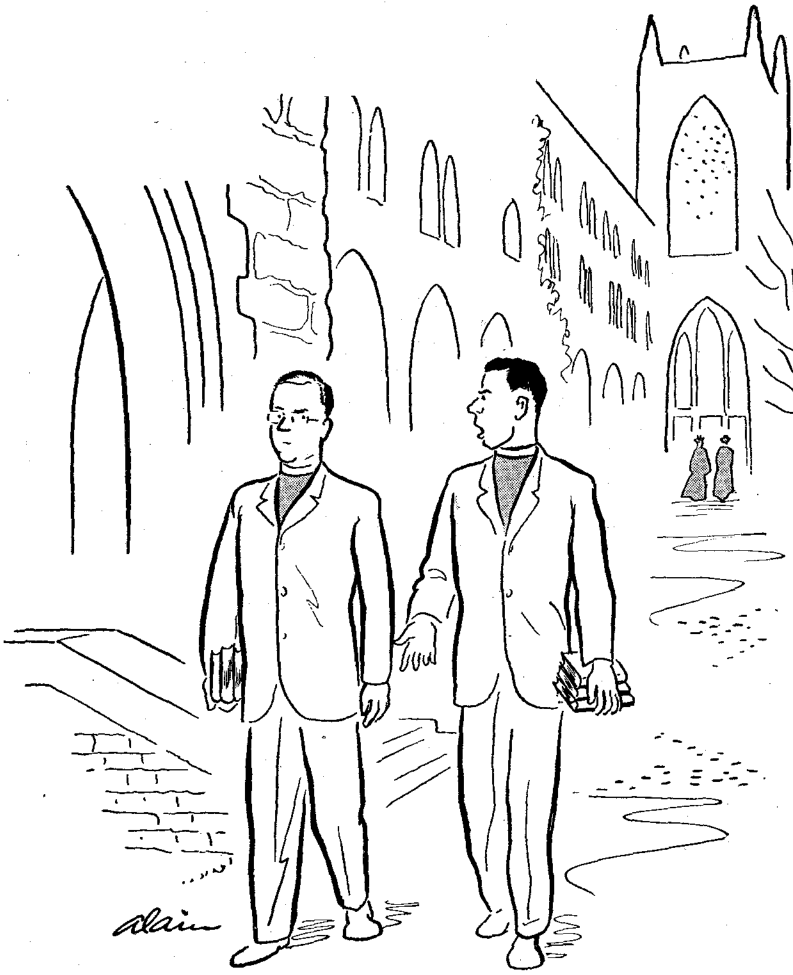
At that moment, I wanted a cigarette more than anything in the world, but I decided to defer this luxury for a few more minutes. I said something evasive about the drinking.

"How about highly seasoned foods and rich sauces?" Joe absent-mindedly put a stone on the wall. "Do you make your system cope with a lot of pickles and things?"

After informing him shortly that I could take pickles or leave them alone, I asked him whether he would mind taking a certain stone—a big one—and wedging it into a position I was making ready for it. He obliged readily enough, with an always-glad-to-do-a-friend-a-favor air. "I wish you'd take your shirt off," he said. "I'd like to see your pectorals. Something tells me you've never given them any kind of attention."

"I was just about to stop and have a cigarette," I said with sudden courage. "You know how it is, taking off your shirt when you're overheated. Kind of risky."

Although clearly hurt at seeing me light a cigarette, and disappointed that my pectorals were not to be displayed for the benefit of his critical eye, Joe seemed more than willing to stop work. He vaulted the wall with impressive agility and took a determined stance in front of me. "Here's one of the ways I improve *my* pectorals," he said, and he jerked his shoulders backward and forward for a couple of minutes. Then he revolved them in the manner of Martha Graham interpreting the Machine Age. "Here's another way," he said, varying the performance. "See what my pectorals are doing? *And* my laterals?"



"What gets me is that having to love everybody whether you like them or not."

I didn't even know what he was talking about, but I murmured "Well, what do you know!" admiringly, to forestall an explanation. Crushing out my half-finished cigarette, I said with spurious vigor, "Shall we get back to work?"

Joe watched me move to and from the wall as I rebuilt it in my slow, inexpert fashion. "It's a shame you don't do something about those bones," he said with infinite regret. "They're *there*, all right, underneath! At Callahan's, the first thing we'd do would be to try and restore your original taper."

I stared at him blankly. "My what?"

"Your taper. My theory is that you *used* to taper, and that you still *do*, underneath all that fat." Idly, he tossed a stone from hand to hand, and then put it on the wall. "I'd like to work on you from the top, concentrating on the shoulders and chest. I wouldn't try to do anything much about your hips. Not at first. Instead, I'd build the upper torso and see if the taper wouldn't come back of its own accord. It's the taper that shows off the back to the best advantage, of course, in any bending pose. Like this." He sat down on a reasonably flat rock and rested the right side of his face against the knuckles of his right hand. At the same time, he assumed a worried look. "The Thinker," he announced. "It emphasizes some of my best points."

I CONTINUED to repair the wall, and from time to time Joe assisted me. At noon, I collapsed gratefully and opened the lunchbox I had brought. (My home is several miles from the spot where Joe and I were working.) Joe had found a weather-beaten board, and he contrived a bench by laying it across two rocks. With his lunchbox beside him on the bench, he ate with a

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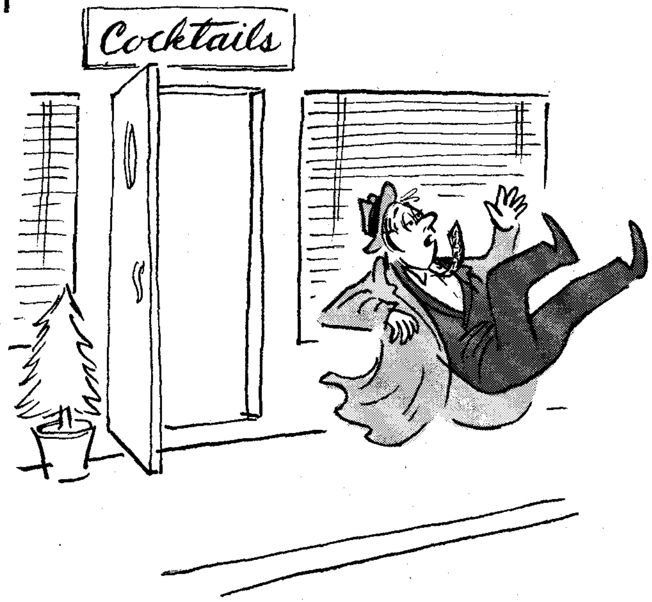

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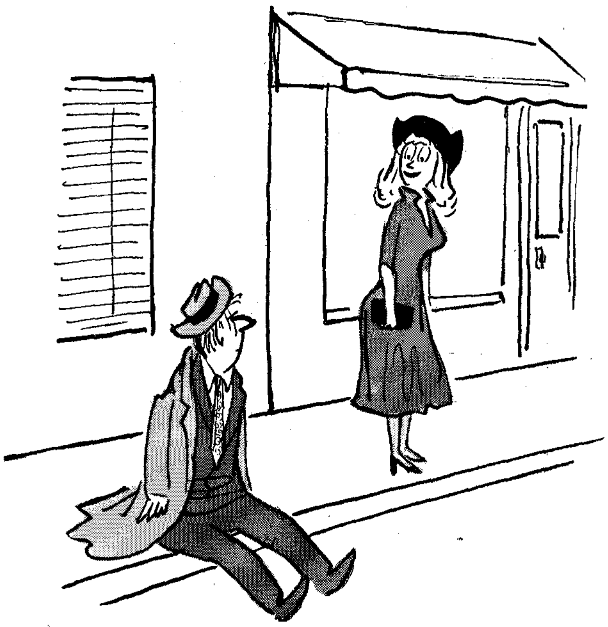

civilized leisureliness—even with a certain approximation of formality—while I sat on the ground, with my tired back propped against the wall. He still looked neat and cool. I was grimy and sweat-soaked.

"What's in yours?" I asked, not because I was especially interested but because a conversational effort of some kind seemed in order.

"*Very* highly spiced meat-loaf sandwiches," he said with disapproval. "All covered with India relish, too." He fastidiously removed the offending condiment. "And a piece of fried chicken. René's wife never even heard of low-caloric diets, she says. Here's an apple. I can eat *that*. And here's the milk I asked her to put in at the last minute, when she mentioned she was giving me a bottle of beer. I certainly feel sorry for that poor René! He drives a Chevrolet all day, delivering mail, and never gets any exercise, but when he gets home at night, what does Annette give him? She gives him fried chicken or roast loin of pork or clam fritters fried in deep fat or something like that. Then he sits in an easy chair and takes his shoes off and listens to music on the radio. And Annette knits, and maybe they have a glass of port wine before they go to bed. The sad part about it is"—he pulled some of the crisp-fried crust off a chicken leg and threw it away—"the sad part about it is I can't make them see the light. I say, 'None of that rich, hot sauce on *my* meat balls, please,' but they won't learn their lesson. What's in yours?"

"Salami-and-mustard-pickle sandwiches, devilled eggs, a piece of cheesecake, and a thermos of black coffee."

"I'm sorry," he said sincerely. "I guess yours is just as spiced up and indigestible as mine is. Tough luck!"

I said nothing, but devoured every bite. The black coffee notwithstanding, my fatigue was so great that when I had finished my lunch, I closed my eyes and dozed off. I was awakened by Joe shaking me energetically. "That's the very *worst* thing you could do to your digestive tract!" he said. "What you need is a little exercise, to stimulate your circulation and help your stomach finish all that work you've given it."

Instead of telling him to go to hell, as a man of character would have done, I meekly asked whether he would like to walk around the property with me and take a look at the site where I planned to build a small house for investment purposes. He consented, and we set off along an old footpath. During the tour, Joe tried, without success, to make me walk in a certain way designed to toughen the thigh muscles. He said with infinite reproach that I couldn't expect him to make the most of my body if I wouldn't coöperate, but for once I asserted my independence and resolutely ignored him.

WHEN we returned to the job, I again suggested that we work on opposite sides, although without any real expectation that Joe would do more than add a token stone occasionally. I was too achingly tired to work at the tempo I had maintained throughout the morning, and had decided that I would have to take it fairly easy, even if this meant setting a poor example. After about an hour, I noticed that Joe had stopped taking even a desultory interest in the wall and was engaged on a new project of his own. He was trampling down all the grass in an area approximately six feet wide and ten feet long. When he had prepared this plot to his satisfaction, he did a handstand on the flat, matted grass. "Can you do this, keeping your legs straight and your feet together?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Come on over and try it!" he begged, still rigidly inverted.

"No, thanks." It occurred to me that since the whole business of retaining him had been a mistake, I might just as well accept the fact. "You go right ahead, though," I said wearily.

This seemed to abash Joe for a moment, although I honestly hadn't intended it to. Reluctantly, he brought his feet down from the air and walked the earth as a natural man again. He even put a stone on the wall, but not until he had "wound up" with it and pretended to pitch, saying, "See how this tenses my abdominals?" Then, having disposed of the stone, he dusted his hands and went back to his six-by-ten gym. He flexed his arms and studied them admiringly. Apparently at a loss for something to do, he looked at me, as if for encouragement.

I refrained from offering any suggestion and doggedly went ahead with the work at hand.

Unable to remain inactive for long, Joe said, "Well, I guess I'll do a couple of flips."

"All right," I said.

He did flips of every description. Often, when he was afraid I hadn't been paying close attention, he called out, "I'm going to try that one again. Watch!"

By four o'clock, I was enervated, drenched, and miserable, and by five o'clock I was very nearly a lifeless

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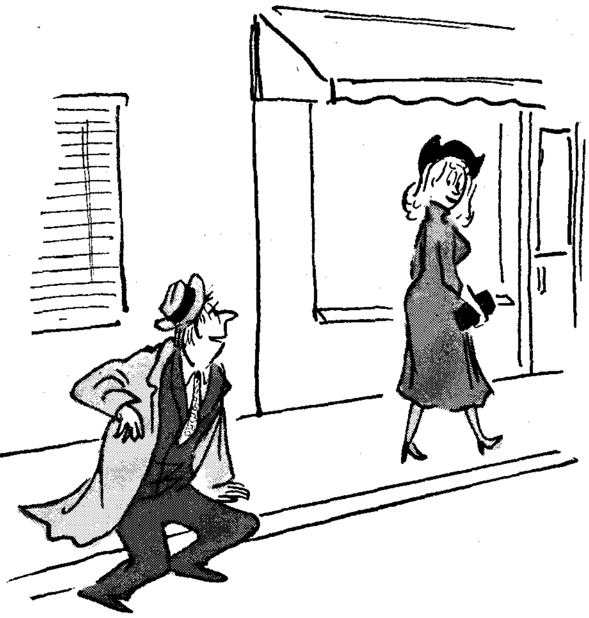

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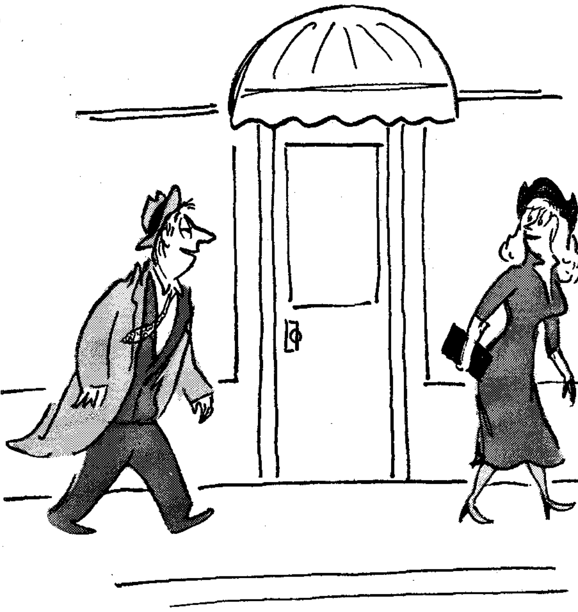

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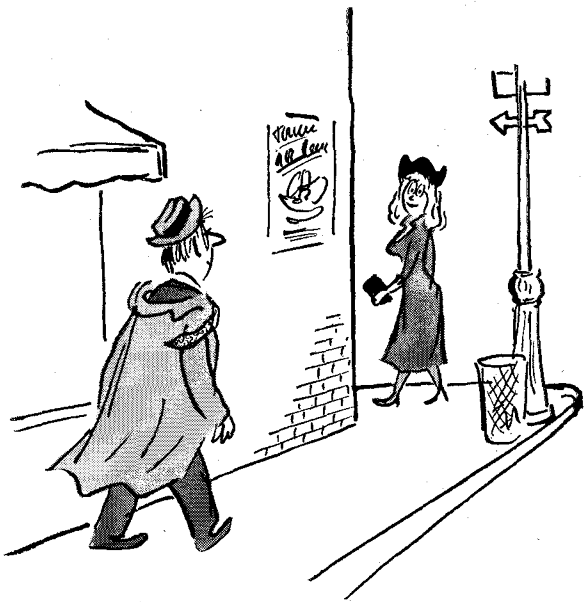

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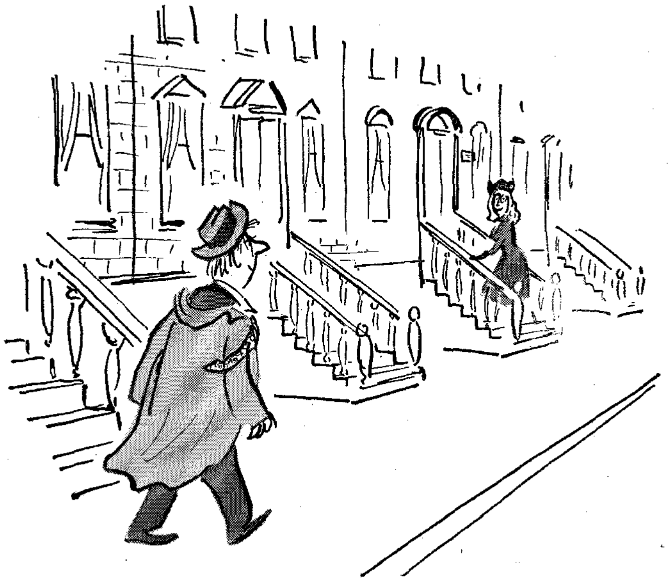

wreck. Fortunately, it was at five or shortly thereafter that the carrier was supposed to come by and pick up his cousin. When I saw the Chevrolet approach, I almost wept with relief. Joe put on his sweatshirt, and while he and I were walking down to the state highway, I took out my wallet and paid him off. He accepted the money cheerfully and without any visible compunction.

Joe's sweatshirt was still fresh, and his white duck trousers still looked starched and neat. There were some grass stains on his white canvas shoes; otherwise he hadn't suffered any noticeable damage during the day. I couldn't resist an impulse to make a caustic crack about white ducks' not being very practical to work in.

"I should have taken them off," Joe said, looking down at them thoughtfully. "I really show best in shorts. For contests, of course, everybody in the body game gives a lot of thought to what he's going to wear."

As he was getting into the carrier's car, I said that I didn't think I'd need any further help with my wall. "I'll work on it every now and then in my spare time," I said.

Joe nodded, evidently without rancor, and waved goodbye as his cousin prepared to drive him home to another spiced-up meal. "Try to develop yourself, too, and get back that taper!" he called to me earnestly. "I *still* think it's there, underneath!"

—JAMES REID PARKER

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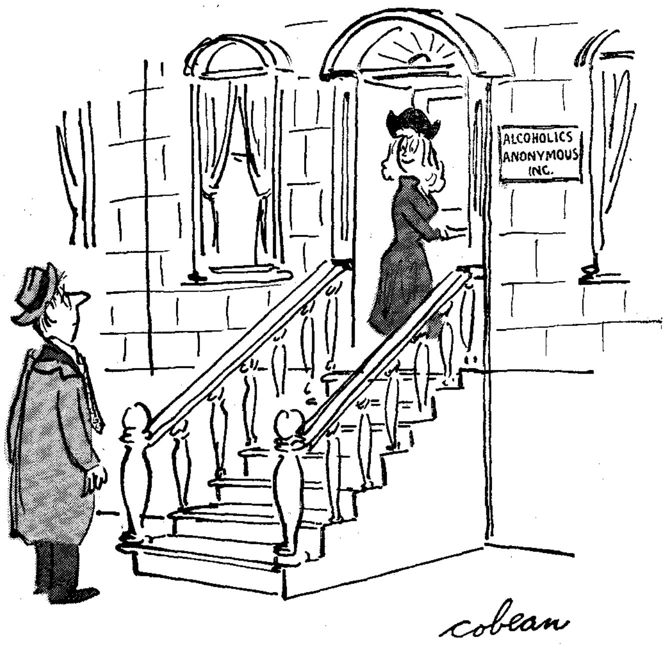

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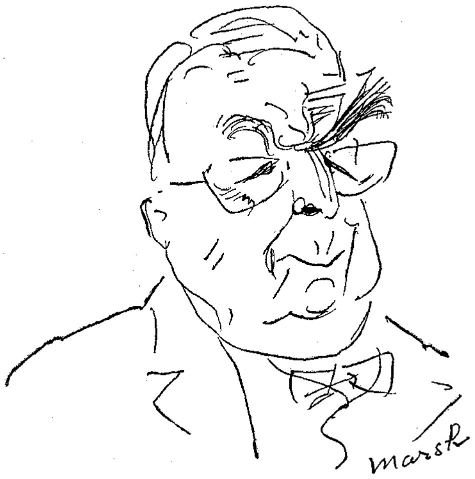

PROFILES

THOUGHTS ON BASEBALL—II

BRANCH RICKEY, the president, general manager, and one-fourth owner of the Brooklyn National League Baseball Club, is an owlish, sixty-eight-year-old Methodist, teetotaller, and honorary LL.D. whose hair, shirt collar, trouser knees, and cigar are usually rumpled and whose self-imposed mission in life is to make the Dodgers the best baseball team in the world. Cognoscenti regard him as one of baseball's great creative figures; they feel that his contributions to the game have been matched in the twentieth century only by Babe Ruth, who put melodrama on a mass-production basis, and Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who did the same for virtue. Rickey's innovations have been intellectual rather than theatrical or moral; he has thought about baseball long and deeply, and among the results of his cerebration are the mechanized spring-training camp, the abolition of baseball's traditional and well-organized aversion to Negro players, and the "farm" system, a scheme whereby a major-league team can maintain a supply of cheap new talent through owning and operating minor-league teams. However, even though Rickey has spent fifty years of his life immersed in baseball, and is considered its most scholarly analyst and shrewdest businessman, he and his trade still seem to some of his acquaintances spectacularly incompatible. That is probably because Rickey, although he is privately a cheerful man, is professionally as dead serious as if he were president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company or a Justice of the Supreme Court—jobs his admirers are sure he could have qualified for if he had put his mind to them. Baseball is not a game to him; a winning team is not something he can take or leave alone. His spirit is afflicted when the Dodgers lose, and he is mortified even when sportswriters call his team "Dem Bums" or his minor-league organization "Farmer Rickey's chain gang." When a certain columnist, alluding to his professional economies, calls him El Cheapo—a title that is not particularly justified by the facts—he takes it hard and is likely to declare, "I was brought up to believe that thrift is a virtue." Most of the people in baseball regard their work as an agreeable, entertaining way of making a comfortable living. To Rickey, baseball is a cause.

THE circumstances in which Rickey grew up had a good deal to do with his austere attitude toward his career. Success did not come to him soon or easily. He was born on December 20, 1881, the second son in a devout Methodist family, on a farm near Stockdale, in the hill country of southern Ohio. He was christened Wesley Branch, the first name in honor of the founder of Methodism. He has always been a religious man, but he has felt from his earliest years that Wesley, although a reputable surname, is unfortunate as a given name, and he gave it up fifty years ago. Rickey's father, Jacob Franklin, or Frank, Rickey, had the physique and temperament of a wrestler. In his working hours, he wrestled with the hilly terrain of his farm, which provided subsistence for the family but very little more; in moments of contemplation, he wrestled with the Devil; for amusement, he liked to wrestle a fast fall or two with any convenient neighbor. Rickey's mother was earnest, too, but of a less anxious disposition than her husband, and it was she, Rickey feels, who inspired him to develop his mind. She taught him to read when he was four, and he learned from her the anecdotal technique that is the hallmark of his conversation. She had a vast supply of folksy stories, and could always find one to illuminate any point she wanted to make; Rickey calculates he has upward of a thousand in his own repertory, most of them maternal hand-me-downs. Last fall, he decided to give up smoking cigars in favor of chomping them, and shortly thereafter an acquaintance asked him if he didn't miss smoking. "You know," Rickey said, "that reminds me of an old fellow who lived not far from us in Scioto County, over the other side of Duck Run, where I went to school. This fellow had been married to the same woman for sixty-five years, and they had always appeared to be a very devoted couple, so when the old lady went to her reward one day, his neighbors were worried about him there in the house all by himself. They made up a kind of delegation and went to visit him. He asked them into the kitchen, and they all sat down and passed a jug around two or three times, and then the leader of the delegation spoke up. 'George,' he said, 'we're awful sorry about Effie, and we'd like to know if there's anything we can do to cheer you up.' George said, 'It was mighty nice of you to come, but I'm feeling cheerful, thank you.' Well, that sort of shocked the delegation. No one said anything for a minute, while the jug went around again. Then the leader said, 'George, I don't want to be prying, but how can you possibly be cheerful at a time like this?' 'I'll tell you,' George said. 'I lived sixty-five years with Effie. No one can take those sixty-five years away from me. Besides,' he said, 'I never did like her much anyway.' " Rickey laughed loudly. "That's how I feel about smoking," he said. "I never did like it much anyway."

When Rickey was five, there was a fire in Reilly's bookstore, in Portsmouth, the seat of Scioto County and the local metropolis, and a large number of charred and waterlogged books were put on the market cheap. Frank Rickey went to Portsmouth and bought twelve of them for two dollars and a quarter: an illustrated edition of Dante's "Inferno;" a collection of Washington Irving, in four volumes; a history of the Civil War; a natural history; a volume of Gustave Doré's drawings; the anonymous "The Devil and Tom Walker;" "Mr. Godkin in Africa," about big-game hunting in Bechuanaland; Charles Foster's "Story of the Bible;" and a New Testament, which he inscribed to Branch. The boy immediately went to work on them. The non-literary side of life for young Rickey was also strenuous. In winter, he trudged several miles five days a week over icy or muddy roads to and from the one-room Duck Run schoolhouse. In summer, he helped with the chores, and consequently developed a vivid and permanent hostility toward the operation known as bugging potatoes, which involves examining potato plants leaf by leaf for potato-bug eggs and picking the eggs off. (Rickey believes that agriculture is a noble calling, and he still practices it vigorously, on a three-hundred-and-ninety-four-acre farm, near Chestertown, Maryland, which he bought after coming to Brooklyn. His methods of operation are somewhat different from his father's. Frank Rickey's hand-worked acres always yielded at least a living; Branch Rickey's fertile, mechanized domain would delight him if it broke even just one year.)

When Branch was eleven, the family moved to Lucasville, the community with the best school in that area, but they continued to own and work the farm near Stockdale, and it remained their source of income. In his first year at the Lucasville school, Rickey met Jane Moulton, the fleet-footed daughter of a prosperous local merchant, landowner, and politician. He courted her for thirteen years, and they have been married for forty-four. They have five grown daughters, all of whom were exceptionally fast runners in their school days, and one grown son, Branch, Jr., who takes after his father's side of the family and distinguished himself in college as a wrestler. It was in Lucasville that Rickey's talent for baseball began to flower. His elder brother, Orla, a left-handed pitcher, was a mainstay of the Duck Run team, which played Saturday-afternoon games, and inevitably Branch became his weekday catcher. In this accidental manner, he learned to play the position for which he was naturally qualified by a square, solid build, a strong throwing arm, and an instinctive grasp of baseball tactics. By the time Branch was fourteen, he was catching for the Duck Run team, and he soon became a star performer. Most of his life, Rickey has depended for his keep upon his evaluation of the talents of ballplayers, and he is a fair-minded man, so his estimate of his own abilities is probably accurate. "I was a natural left-handed hitter with fair power," he says. "I had an excellent throwing arm, but I threw a heavy ball. My speed was a shade better than average."

When Rickey was seventeen and had finished with the Lucasville school—which was not in a position to hand out high-school diplomas—he passed the county examination for elementary schoolteachers and was appointed to the school in Turkey Creek, a tiny settlement eighteen miles from Lucasville, at thirty-five dollars a month. The pay, everything considered, was not generous. The only peaceful thing about Turkey Creek was its post-office address—Friendship, Ohio. Logging and moonshining were the professions of most of its males, who were of a constitution adapted to such pursuits. The tone of the school population was set by a number of brawny young men whose choice of language and sense of humor were the product of logging camps and who came to class with corn liquor on their breath and chewing tobacco in their mouths. For the two years before Rickey's appointment, the school had hardly functioned. His last two predecessors had resigned three or four weeks after the beginning of their fall terms, one because of being hit on the head with a piece of stovewood, the other because he couldn't stand tobacco juice on his shoes, and classes were abandoned for the term. These conditions served to attract Rickey rather than discourage him. Then, as now, he viewed himself as an ordained meeter of challenges. And consequently, when he had decided that something was a challenge, which happened often, there was not much chance of deflecting him from his course. To the surprise and admiration of the countryside, he proved equal to the challenge of Turkey Creek. Employing a mixture of physical prowess, funny stories, and Methodist determination, he made the school a going concern in slightly under three weeks, and kept it that way. The educational authorities of Scioto County were so impressed that for the following year they offered him a much more tranquil school, nearer Lucasville, at sixty-five dollars a month. The extra money and the prospect of being closer to Miss Moulton tempted Rickey, but some of the inhabitants of Turkey Creek got up a petition, which contained three "Whereas"s, begging him to stay, and every member of the community, down to the last moonshiner, signed it. Rickey was unable to resist this demand by his public, and agreed to stay on for

BODY WOR
Richard Decker

"Now, remember, Mr. Howard, this is going to be our little secret."

another year. He received the approbation of his parents for making this decision. Years later, after Rickey had become wealthy and eminent, his father, when he wanted to impress someone with his son's real worth, would produce the Turkey Creek petition, which he had carefully preserved. Rickey feels that he acquired not only spiritual but also worldly strength at Turkey Creek. His adroitness at coping with obstreperous ballplayers is, he is certain, largely the result of his two years there.

During Rickey's second year at Turkey Creek, he was taken up by a pair of respected Portsmouth teachers, who urged him to go to college. The idea appealed to him, partly because he wanted to emulate Miss Moulton, who was by then attending Western College, at Oxford, Ohio, but mainly because he felt that even the most attractive position in the Scioto County school system was a bit short of what he hoped to achieve. For a boy lacking a high-school diploma and financial resources, college seemed a remote prospect, but his advisers insisted that both handicaps could be overcome. They outlined for him a course of study that would qualify him for the prep school operated by their alma mater, Ohio Wesleyan, and pointed out to the authorities at Ohio Wesleyan that the baseball team needed a good catcher. In March, 1901, when the Turkey Creek school closed down for the season, Rickey, equipped with a catcher's mitt and a Latin grammar, went to Delaware, Ohio, where the Ohio Wesleyan prep school and university shared a campus and faculty. He managed to compress his prep-school and college courses into three and a third years, and in June, 1904, he was pronounced a Bachelor of Literature. Since, in addition to doing five years' work in three and a third, he had a series of part-time jobs on the campus and engaged heavily in athletics, his scholastic achievements were considered remarkable. He was also an athletic celebrity by the time he graduated. During his first two springs at Ohio Wesleyan, he had been a leading light on the baseball team, and during his first autumn his efforts for the football squad had led to his being chosen halfback on the mythical All-State Team. The following fall, a new amateur code went into effect and he was barred from further participation in intercollegiate sports because the previous summer he had played for the Portsmouth Navies, a semi-professional baseball team, at twenty-five dollars a game. This was a blow to Ohio Wesleyan but in one way a boon to him, for he was immediately requisitioned by one of the pioneer professional football teams, in Shelby, Ohio, to play end and halfback at fifty dollars a Saturday afternoon. In the spring of 1903, Ohio Wesleyan appointed him baseball coach, and from then on he was a full-fledged pro. That summer, he played baseball for the minor-league team representing Le Mars, Iowa, and in the fall he returned to the Shelby football team. In his third game he broke a leg. The accident ended his football career. He coached baseball again in the spring. That summer, he got a job catching for Dallas, in the Texas League, and he went there as soon as he had his diploma.

HOME REVISITED: MIDNIGHT

I am the shadow in the shadow of the wicker.
The wicker is the shadow in the shadow of the vine.
I sat here when? Ago. Blinked at the flicker
Of a falling star. Said the moon: *Be mine.*
Said the star: *Will be.* And then, and now and then,
The shadow in the shadow is the shadow of Again.

And went away. Or came. What happened? O
It is June again and moony. *Song, song,*
So-ong, the crickets. And *blop, blop, b-lop,*
The frogs. And *ago, ago, ago*
Says the rational man in the shadow. (This is his sop
To the passionate man in the song.) O do I belong
To that rational man? To that passionate, singing man?
Which body shall I wear to memory
When I arise from shadow?

Shall I cry Mother or write prose?
Turn Catholic or blow my nose?
If I rise and go inside,
My dead setter will have died:
"Here, Tug, here, Tug, here on the lawn,
Here in the shadow." Tug is gone
To watch my shadow being born.

I was the center at the center of the shadow.
I am the shadow at the center of the thought.
The house behind me is a house I know.
At every sill and step the house forgot
All but *song, so-ong,* and *blop, b-lop.*
That music is because it cannot stop.

For the center of the music is another music
And the center of the center is a stir.
And what is time that visited my father
With worms and roses and religious physic
And gave his house to me to sit and gather
Shadow at the center of the music of the stir?
—And a rational man? And a passionate, singing man?
And now,
and then,
a third, an invisible man
Singing and trusting and distrusting the song
At the center of the center where the shadows throng?

—JOHN CIARDI

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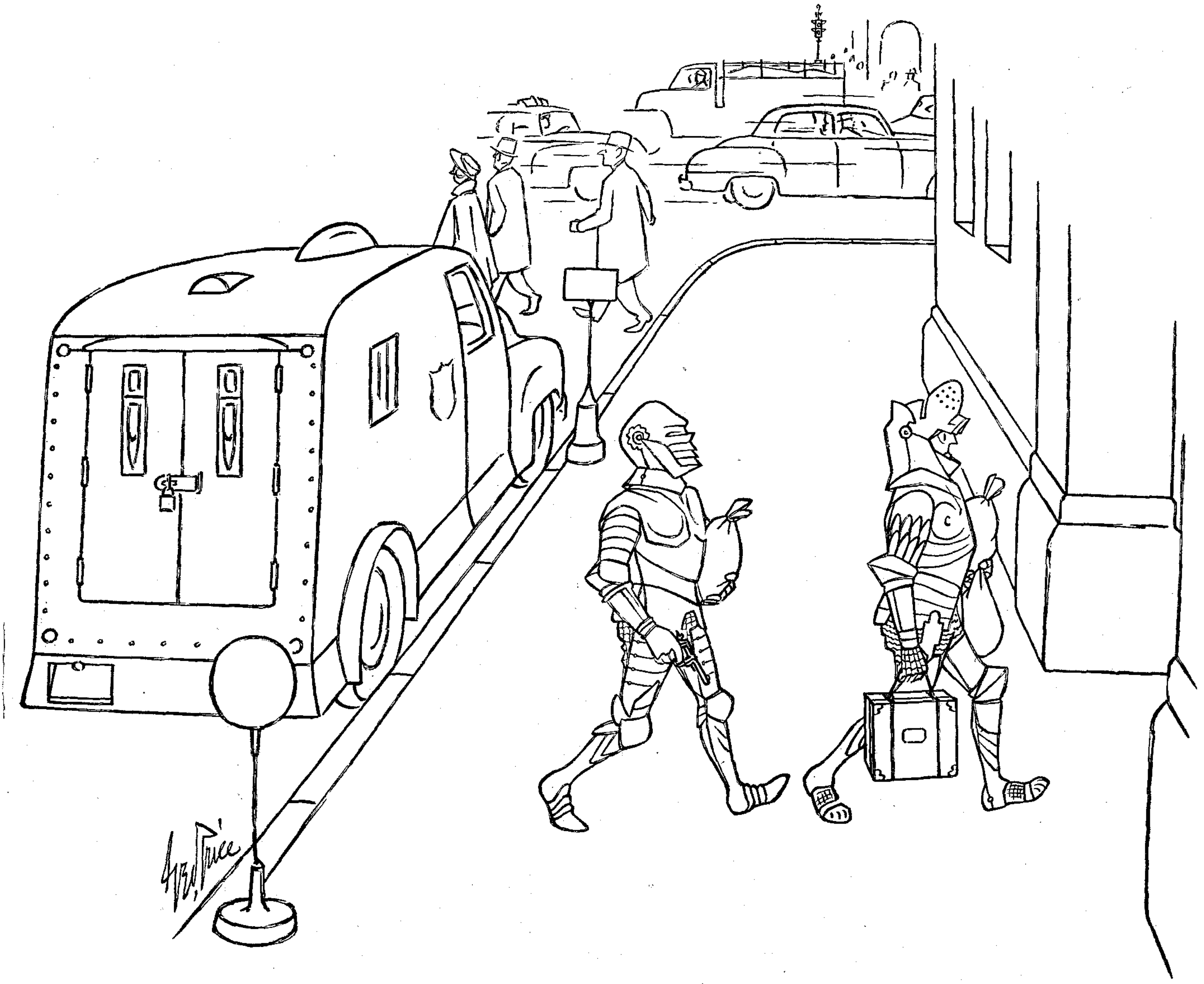
SIGHTSEEING YACHTS

RICKEY did so well with Dallas that in September, 1904, he was moved up to the Cincinnati Reds, the major-league team to which every loyal southern-Ohio boy had pledged his allegiance. He arrived in Cincinnati on a Monday, and sat on the bench every afternoon that week. After the Saturday game, he told the manager that since, for religious reasons, he never played ball on Sunday, he wouldn't be around the next day. The Dallas office had neglected to inform Cincinnati of this idiosyncrasy. The manager was



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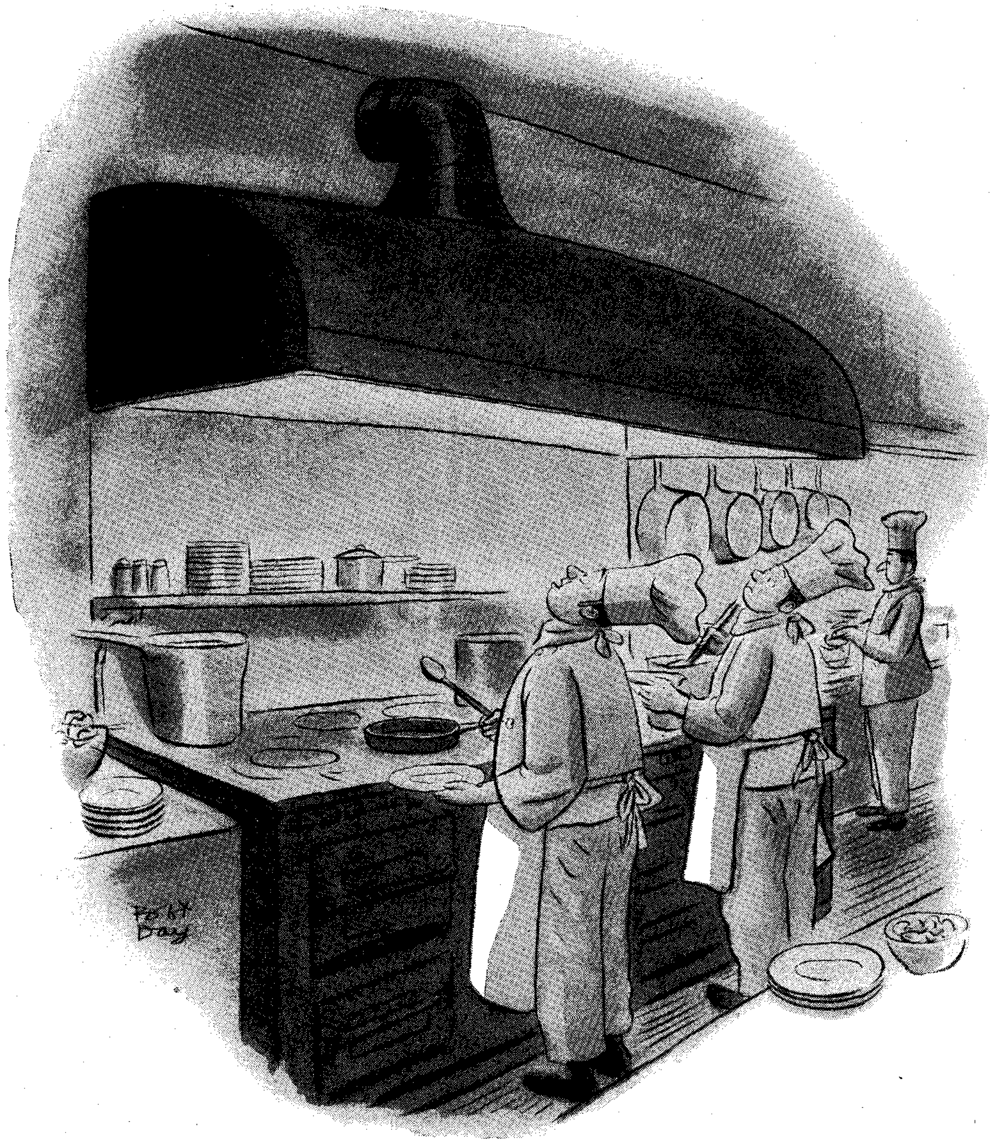
first incredulous and then indignant, and he fired Rickey on the spot. It is not often that a rookie just up from the Texas League tells a big-league manager when he'll play and when he won't, so the affair got a good deal of publicity. Rickey dejectedly went home to Lucasville, where the news had preceded him. One person who was delighted by it was the town atheist, a meddlesome old party who thought it a triumphant vindication of his disbelief whenever anyone got into trouble through abiding by a scriptural injunction. When Rickey arrived home, he found the old atheist chivying Mrs. Rickey about her son's eccentric behavior and predicting a dismal future for him. Up to that time, refusing to play on Sunday had seemed to Rickey a normal thing that any well-brought-up boy might do. When he heard the atheist's gloomy gibes, and when he heard his mother proudly defend him, the issue grew in magnitude. He resolved that from then on not entering a baseball park on Sunday would for him have not only a religious significance but a symbolic personal significance as well; it would be a public gesture of solidarity with his mother. He often works in his office on Sunday or listens to a baseball game on the radio, but only three or four times in his life has he entered a baseball park on Sunday. Once, a member of the Brooklyn team announced that he was on strike and refused to put on his uniform. Rickey was notified at home and rushed to the players' dressing room. He talked the man out of his rebellion, and went back home. The only time he has ever appeared in the stands on a Sunday was at a War Bond rally at Ebbets Field on Easter, 1944. He presided at the rally, watched three or four innings of the game that followed it, then left.

Shortly after his disgrace in Cincinnati, Rickey went to Allegheny College, in Meadville, Pennsylvania, to which he had been recommended by a couple of his teachers at Ohio Wesleyan, as athletic director, football coach, baseball coach, instructor in freshman English, and graduate student of the Greek Bible. In the meantime, his baseball contract had reverted to Dallas, which during the winter of 1904-05 sold it to the Chicago White Sox. The White Sox, in turn, traded him to the St. Louis Browns, a team that needed a catcher badly enough to buy one who would play only weekdays and who specified, furthermore, that he could work only between June 15th and September 15th, during Allegheny's summer vacation. After Rickey had caught one game for the Browns, his mother became ill, and he took a month off. At the end of that time, the Browns no longer needed him, and he finished his season in Dallas. Meanwhile, he had become eager to bring his courtship of Miss Moulton to a successful conclusion. The young lady's parents, although favorably disposed, were not enthusiastic about his career. Rickey wasn't, either, but he was still far from affluent and he was enthusiastic about the four hundred and fifty dollars a month the Browns had offered him for the 1906 season. He got the Moultons' consent to a June 1st wedding, on the understanding that he would read law during the winter and that the fol-



"*Lightest damn soufflé* I *ever made!*"

• •

lowing summer would be his last in baseball. He immured himself in Lucasville with a volume of Blackstone for most of the winter, his marriage came off on schedule, and he had a good year with the Browns. That fall, he returned to Ohio Wesleyan to get a Bachelor of Arts degree, feeling that although a B. Litt. was good enough for law school it wasn't good enough for him. He was again athletic director and baseball coach. As his financial position was still far from good the next spring, the Moultons gave him another year of grace in baseball. The Browns, at the end of the 1906 season, had sold him to the New York Highlanders, who later became the Yankees. That winter, in the college gymnasium, while he was teaching some pitchers, his right (and throwing) arm suddenly went dead, and it was still dead when he reported to the Highlanders in the spring. Rickey stayed with the Highlanders for the season. Because his batting had not been affected, he played in the outfield or at first base, and occasionally, when no other catcher was available, he caught. While catching, he set a record that no other major-league catcher has equalled: He allowed thirteen runners to steal bases in one game. Moultons or no Moultons, the 1907 season ended his career as a baseball player.

The next academic year, Rickey was back at Ohio Wesleyan, directing athletics and spending a day or two a week in Columbus, studying law at Ohio State University. One of the players on the Wesleyan baseball team in the spring of 1908 was a Negro. When the team went to South Bend to play Notre Dame, the manager of the hotel at which they had arranged to stay refused to give the boy a room. After listening to an eloquent argument from Rickey, the manager did agree to let the boy go up to Rickey's room, as a visitor. "He sat down on the bed," Rickey recalls, "and he held his hands out in front of him and stared at them, and big tears started to roll down his face. Then he whispered, 'If they were only white,' and he started rubbing one hand with the other as hard as he could. He sat there like that for an hour, crying and rubbing his hands and every once in a while whispering, 'If they were only white.' Do you know what that boy was doing? He was trying to rub the living hide right off himself. I've never felt so helpless in my life." Rickey is a patient man, and it was not until 1945, when he was with Brooklyn, that he felt prepared to express his feelings; he decided to break the color line in organized baseball. Even then, he proceeded with extreme care. He studied a number of books on racial problems in the United States, consulted educational and religious leaders all over the country, and spent twenty-five thousand dollars searching for the player whose character and performance would contribute most to the success of his scheme. Jackie Robinson was the man he chose. When he announced this to the press, he said, "I have never meant to be a crusader, and I hope I won't be regarded as one." Since then, he has turned down several civic and academic honors offered him because of his efforts to stamp out racial discrimination. Despite his insistence that all he did was selfishly get the best second baseman he could, he has not been able entirely to dispel the impression that he also acted on principle.

IN 1908, Rickey almost did himself in. Feeling that directing athletics at one university and studying law at another, thirty miles away, was too soft a schedule for him, he began looking for some way of occupying his spare time. It was a period of intense Anti-Saloon League activity, and a momentous question that was rocking Ohio was local option. Rickey was a thoroughgoing dry. Being a dry, a born controversialist, and a student of the law, he found this dispute to his taste. He worked up a speech demonstrating the constitutionality of local option, salted it with a few of his mother's favorite anecdotes, and toured the countryside in a Maxwell he had bought, delivering the oration wherever, in his opinion, the ground was unbroken—generally in front of some vivacious saloon. It developed in short order that Rickey was one of the most effective speakers the local-option people had, and he was assigned territory where the going was especially rough for a man opposed to alcohol. He spent most of the summer shouting down hecklers and telling bu-

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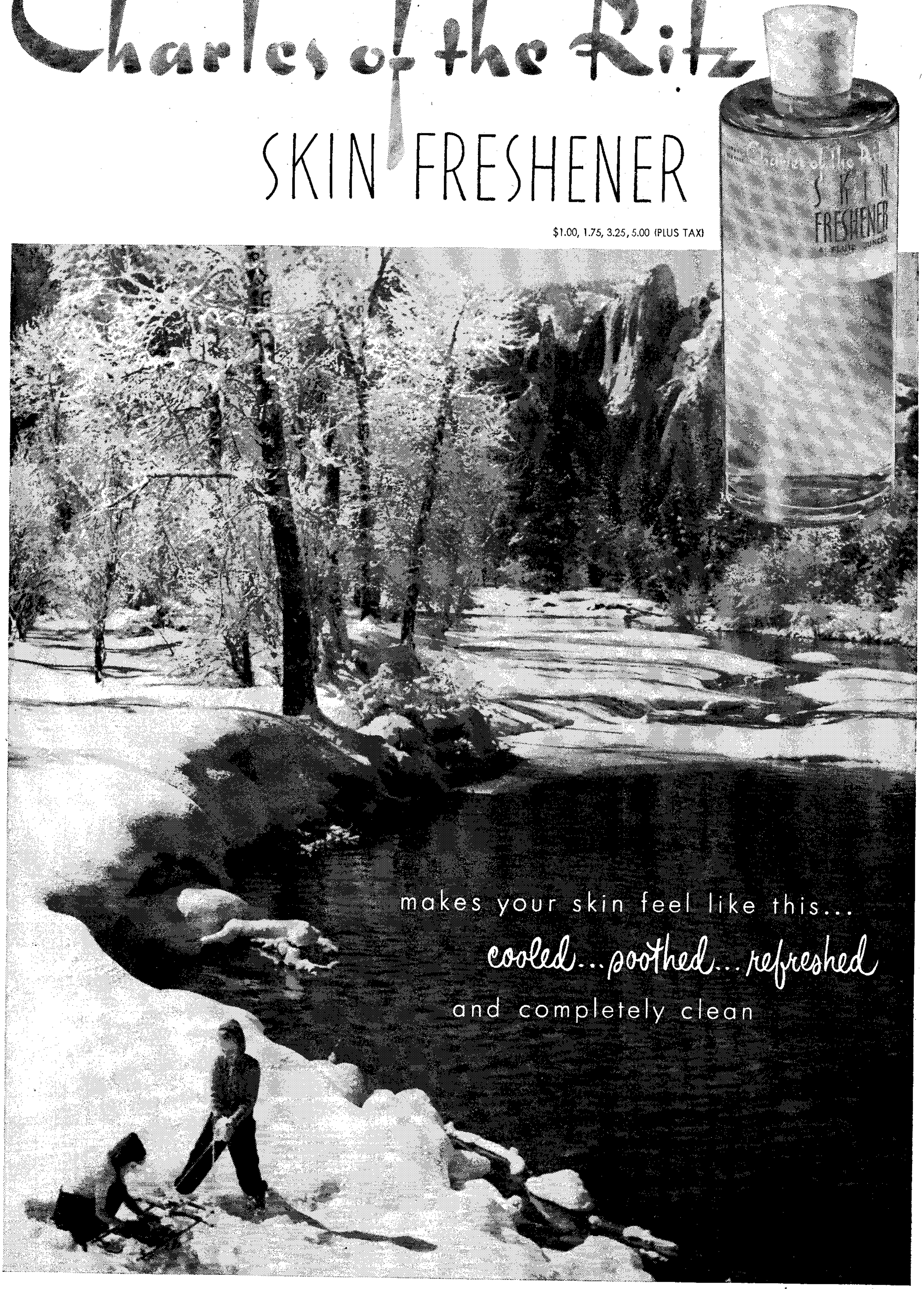

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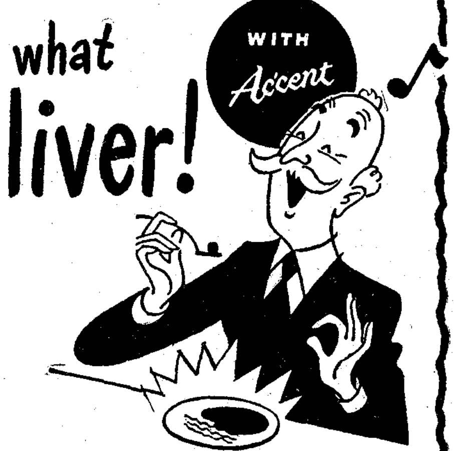

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colic jokes at the top of his lungs. Then, as his colleges were about to reopen, his oratorical powers came to the attention of the state Republican organization, which was warming up for the Taft-for-President campaign. In October, Rickey was stumping for Taft, coaching the Ohio Wesleyan football team, and studying law. In early November, Taft was taken off his hands, but soon after that he agreed to teach one of the university's elementary-law classes. By December, he had lost thirty pounds and developed a chronic cough, and a doctor told him that, probably because of overwork, he had tuberculosis. Accompanied by his wife, he went to the Adirondacks, where he spent six months in a sanatorium, gloomily inhaling fresh air and eating nutritious meals.

When Rickey descended from the Adirondacks, a fairly well man, in the summer of 1909, his situation was discouraging. He was twenty-seven, had been married three years, had no real profession and no job, and was down to two hundred dollars cash. He solved his economic problem by persuading the University of Michigan to admit him to its law school and allow him to finance his studies, and support his wife, by coaching the baseball team. He was presented with a more difficult problem when his doctor told him that to gain weight he should drink a quart of beer a day. He regarded the beer as medicine and swallowed it faithfully, and his distaste for it was not lessened by his suspicion that being restored by beer to the health he had lost by advocating prohibition was a joke that wasn't very funny. Temperance dogma to the contrary, his bout with alcohol, which lasted almost a year, made him a more resolute abstainer than ever, and he is still a member of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, although the passage of time and his acquaintance with many high-minded drinkers have, without seducing him into taking another drink, reduced his enthusiasm for prohibition as a political cause. Rickey got through the Michigan Law School in two years and was awarded the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence, an honor the school vouchsafes only to outstanding scholars. He had decided to set up his law business in some mountainous region in the West, because the air there would be good for his lungs and because the competition would probably be lighter. He devoted the summer to finding the right town, and finally hit upon Boise, Idaho, where, after borrowing some money, he settled with his wife. Unfortunately, he didn't know that Boise's shortage of lawyers was matched by its shortage of clients. He got only one case that winter. He won it, but despite this perfect record he did not feel that he was a success. In the spring, when Michigan asked him to return and coach the baseball team, he happily accepted.

By this time, Rickey was a coach of some standing. The esoteric aspects of athletic performance fascinated him, and he had pondered them deeply. Early in life, he had come to dozens of conclusions, all of them well-thought-out but some of them purely academic, such as that a baseball player who threw right-handed would be better off if, other things being equal, he batted right-handed, because then his working arm could never be injured by a pitched ball. He had been considered a brainy catcher in the big leagues; he had instructed pitchers adeptly, had been expert at devising signalling systems, and had familiarized himself with the peculiarities of most of the hitters on opposing teams. At Michigan, he developed a number of original tactical ideas. For example, he worked out a scheme, the "daylight pickoff," for trapping a runner off second base that the Dodgers are using today. When a runner has taken a lead off second base, a Rickey-educated shortstop will keep edging behind him, toward the base, while the pitcher observes this maneuver out of the corner of his eye. As soon as the shortstop has moved far enough to the second-base side of the runner for the pitcher to see daylight between them, the pitcher will whirl and throw the ball to the base. When the shortstop and the runner are in these relative positions, the shortstop is approximately three feet nearer the base and presumably can get there before the runner and tag him out. In doing research on problems of this kind at Michigan, Rickey had one frustrating experience. He had observed that many potentially powerful hitters took too long a stride when swinging at the ball. Mentioning this obnoxious habit to the offenders did no good at all, so he resolved to work out a cure. It was a

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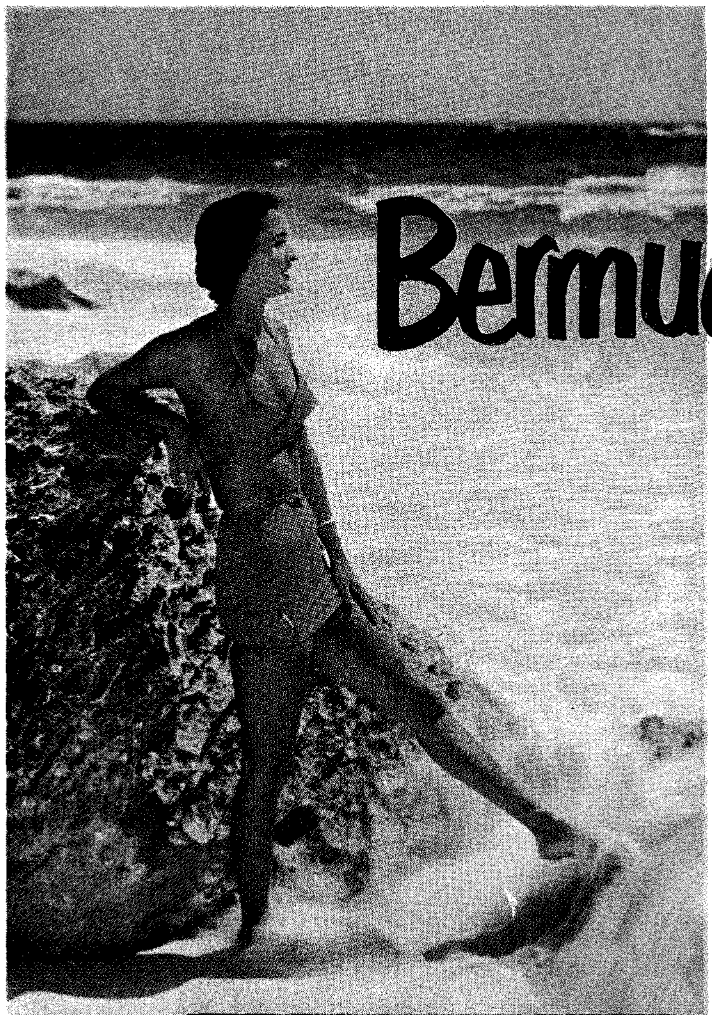

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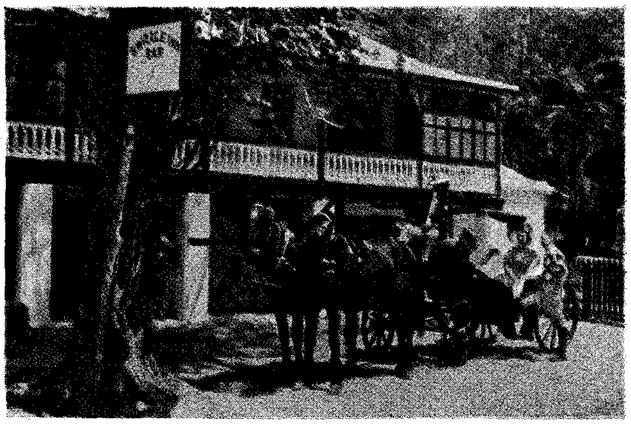

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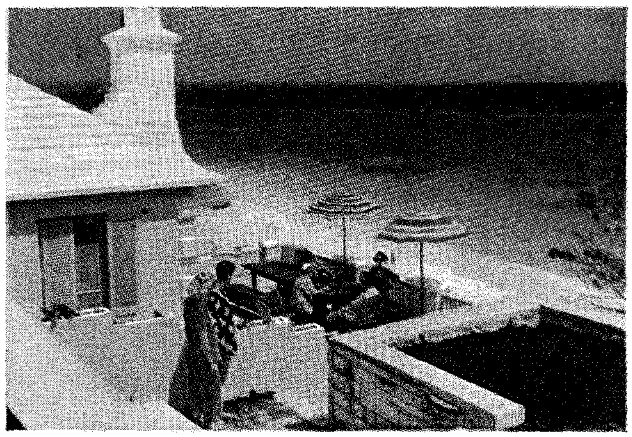

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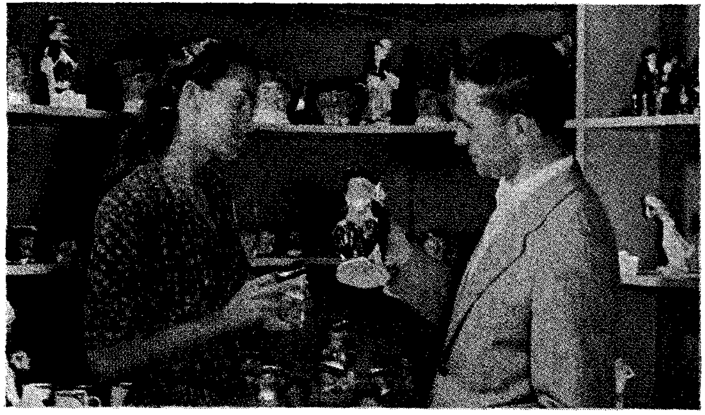

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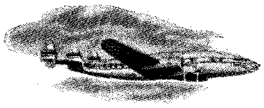

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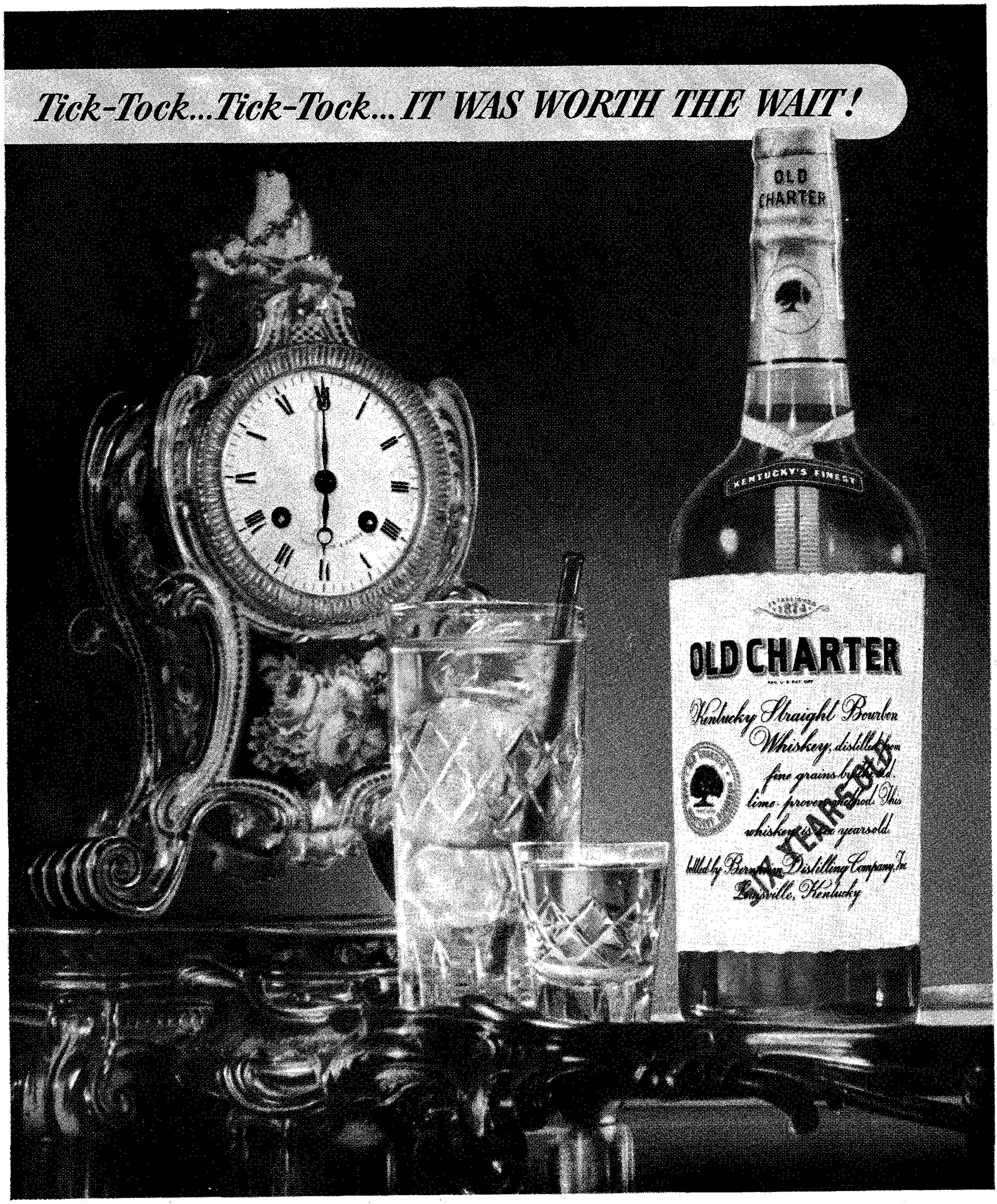
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drastic one. He borrowed a shot-putters' guardrail from the track coach and at practice sessions set it up in front of the batter's box in such a way that a batter would stumble over it every time he took too long a stride. The guardrail made overstriders stumble, all right, but it also made them so nervous that they couldn't hit anything. After a few sprained ankles, Rickey reluctantly gave up the guardrail, bought some rope, and tied the ankles of his overstriders together, leaving just enough slack for the theoretically right stride. The hobbles weren't quite as destructive physically as the guardrail, but they were as great a psychological burden. Finally, he gave up. "You can't cure an overstrider" is a misanthropic maxim he has held to ever since. No one can claim he hasn't earned the right to say so.

Rickey's absorption in the minutiae of baseball made him a remarkable talent scout. While he was at Michigan, acting on behalf of the St. Louis Browns, he sent a number of promising young baseball players from the Midwestern colleges to St. Louis. In 1912, Colonel Robert Hedges, the owner of the team, offered him a job scouting for the Browns in southern California. He spent a pleasant summer there, and in the fall returned with his wife to Boise for another assault on the law. It was no more successful than the first, and when warm weather came, he ended his association with torts and mountains forever. He coached at Ann Arbor for one more season, and in the summer of 1913 became assistant to the president of the Browns. That same year, the Rickeys had their first child.

THE field manager of the Browns during the 1913 season was George Stovall, the first baseman, a tobacco chewer and an impetuous young man. One hot summer day, in St. Louis, an umpire made a close decision at first base against the Browns. Stovall deplored it articulately, and the umpire turned his back on him and walked away. The uniform for umpires in those days included white flannel jackets, and when this particular umpire turned his back on Stovall, he presented a target that the first baseman found irresistible. Stovall let him have a squirt of tobacco juice between the shoulders. As it dribbled down the clean white jacket, the crowd cheered. That demonstration of native wit ended Stovall's career in baseball. Rickey, who didn't chew, was appointed manager of the Browns. Almost his first act was to institute a daily pre-game conference

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with the players, at which he presided, standing beside a blackboard, chalk in hand. This was a rather decided departure from Stovall's informal method of leadership, and one that was received with varied feelings by the players. Burt Shotton, who is now the field manager of the Dodgers, was an outfielder on the Browns, and he speaks of these conferences gratefully, recalling that Rickey was the first man in the major leagues who taught him anything about the game. Other players found Rickey's lectures tedious, but apparently Shotton represented the march of progress. The pre-game conference is now part of the routine of major-league baseball.

When Rickey took charge of the Browns, they were, as they have been most of the time since, a team too deficient in native skill to be helped much by anyone's brains, and the results of Rickey's pedagogy were perceptible only to careful students of second-division standings. However, his unconventional approach to the game earned him a reputation as a man of gigantic mental capacity, and his manner of expressing himself became a unique source of dismay to the sportswriters, as it still is. In 1914, Rickey was interviewed by the *Sporting News*, and his replies to the questions he was asked are a fine example of his infuriating manner of dealing with the press:

Q—What has religion to do with baseball?

A—It has no more to do with baseball than it has with any legitimate pursuit.

Q—Do you contend that it is better for a player to attend church once a week and pay proper respect to his religion in order to get on in baseball?

A—Doubtless every man ought to pay proper respect to his religion if he has one. Going to church once a week has no connection whatever with the playing ability of any man.

Q—You do not play ball or don your uniform on Sundays. Would you censure any one of your men should he feel about the Sabbath in the same manner as yourself?

A—The St. Louis American League Club signs the players to their contracts. Beyond a doubt both parties would observe their contract. [Actually, no Browns contract had a no-Sunday clause in it, perhaps because no player asked for it, and, perhaps for the same reason, the question has never come up with the Dodgers.]

Q—Would you permit him to remain away from the park on Sunday?

A—Answered as above.

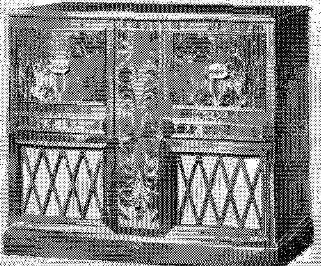
Q—Just for the sake of argument, suppose every man on the team would decline to play Sunday ball. What would be your policy if this were the case?

A—Again answered as above.

Rickey continued to manage the Browns in 1914 and 1915. In 1916, Colonel Hedges sold the club to a man named Philip De Catsby Ball, who brought in his own field manager, and Rickey became the business manager. In 1917, the St. Louis Cardinals, who were in even more forlorn circumstances than the Browns, were purchased by a group of civic-minded local businessmen, and a president was sought for the organization. The lawyer who had arranged the sale called to his office seven sports editors and baseball writers and asked each to write the name of the best candidate on a slip of paper and drop it in a hat. When he examined the slips, he found that all seven bore Rickey's name. Rickey was forthwith made president of the Cardinals. Except for a brief interlude in the First World War, during which he was a major in the Chemical Warfare Service, he remained with the Cardinals until 1942, when he came to Brooklyn.

For his first two seasons with the Cards, Rickey was just president. After the war, he took on the additional job of managing the team—a move that would save the organization ten thousand badly needed dollars a year. He was able to carry that double load for only one year, however. In 1920, Sam Breadon succeeded him as president, and Rickey became vice-president and manager. He was manager until 1925, when Breadon abruptly replaced him with Rogers Hornsby. The summary manner in which he was stripped of his uniform pained Rickey, but it turned out to be a good thing for both him and the team; the next season, Hornsby won the pennant and the World Series, and Rickey, freed of the problems of running the team, was able to devote himself full time to being a front-office man. He had found his real vocation. From then on, he was vice-president and general manager of the club. When he first joined the Cardinals, Rickey had purchased a considerable block of the corporation's stock; upon being replaced by Hornsby, he promptly sold it, perhaps in a fit of pique, to the new manager, but this rash move did not prevent him from making out extremely well in St. Louis for the next seventeen years. He was paid a substantial salary, bonuses based on attendance at games, and commissions on sales of players. During his best years these combined sums totalled more than eighty thousand dollars annually.

The Cardinals, when Rickey went with the organization, were the sort of team to which sportswriters often apply the adjective "hapless." Roughly translated, this means that the club was suffering, as for years it had suffered, from



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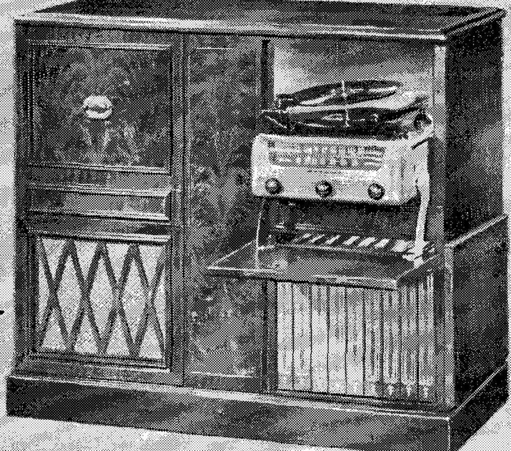

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a disastrous shortage of capable players, and anyone attempting to operate it was like a man on a treadmill; by running madly, he might manage to hold his own. Because the team was inept, few people cared to pay to see it play; because few people cared to pay to see it play, there was not enough money to acquire players who would make it less inept. Rickey's skill at unearthing promising young players did not improve matters. During his first few years, he often wondered whether he was scouting for St. Louis or for the seven competing clubs in the National League. No sooner did he express interest in some young fellow on a minor-league team than the manager of it would wire the New York Giants, the Chicago Cubs, or some other affluent organization, simply stating, in effect, "Rickey wants Jones." That would be enough for the moneyed teams. Without even inspecting Jones, they would buy him for a couple of thousand dollars more than the Cardinals could afford. It was Rickey's exasperation at this state of affairs that inspired him to begin buying minor-league clubs—with money the Cardinals obtained through the sale of real estate—thus getting an ironclad option on the services of those clubs' players and convenient academies at which to instruct promising youngsters from the sand lots. Rickey's "farm" system, which at its peak consisted of thirty-two clubs, soon made the Cardinals the most impressive organization in the National League, athletically and financially. Between 1925 and 1942, the team won six pennants and four world championships, and even in nonchampionship years was usually near the top of the standings. Gate receipts mounted steadily. Some years, the club met all its operating expenses simply by selling at handsome prices the contracts of surplus players who had been developed on the farms for almost nothing. The world-champion Cardinals of 1934, commonly referred to as the Gashouse Gang, whose roster included Dizzy Dean, Pepper Martin, Rip Collins, Joe Medwick, Leo Durocher, and a number of other flamboyant young men, was one of the memorable Rickey creations, and one of the memorable teams in baseball history. It reflected the competitive, if not the churchly, side of Rickey's character.

IN St. Louis, Rickey became a pillar of society. He bought a twenty-six-acre suburban estate, which he called Country Life Acres, and raised prize turkeys and his six children there. He

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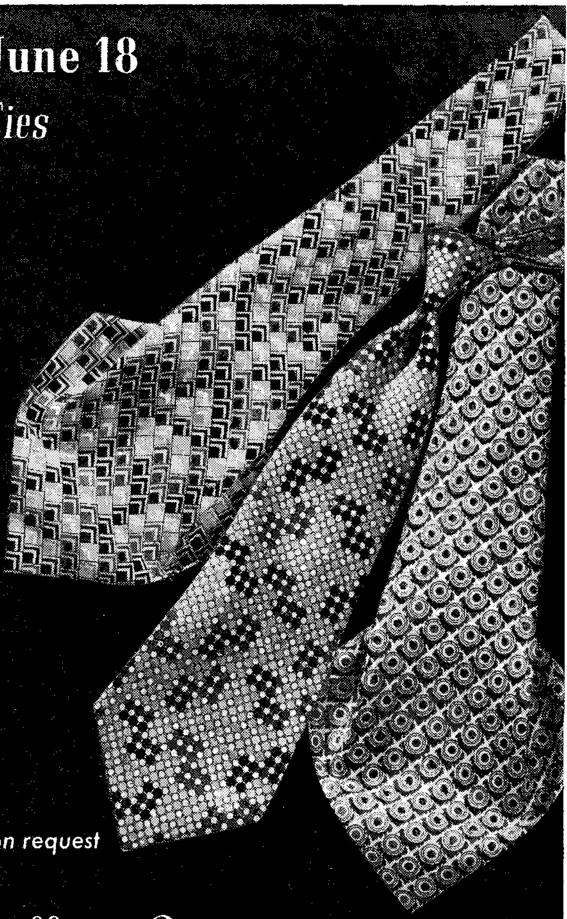

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became a potent influence in local civic and religious circles, and in the state Republican organization. He was elected to the board of several insurance companies, and to the board of trustees of Ohio Wesleyan University. His oratorical powers had not weakened since the local-option days, and he made many public speeches. In 1942, after several years during which he and Breadon had shown signs of getting tired of each other, he decided that his services were no longer required by the Cardinals, a proposition that Breadon agreed to without argument. Rickey was in his sixty-first year; he was generally considered the most brilliant man in his profession; he had several hundred thousand dollars in the bank, a magnificent house, and a distinguished group of acquaintances; his children were grown up; and it was obviously time for him to retire and live the life of a patriarch. When he resolved to leave St. Louis, where he had achieved his eminence, and assume the nerve-racking job of running the unpredictable Brooklyn Dodgers, his family and friends felt that he had lost his mental grip. They were powerless to sway him. He simply announced that, as far as he was concerned, Brooklyn was a challenge.

Rickey does not look upon his apartment on Lafayette Street as an improvement over Country Life Acres, and in the last few years various ills have kept his working hours down to a maximum of twelve a day, but he has not been at all displeased by his life in Brooklyn. He came to the Dodgers at a critical moment in the club's history. Thanks to the energy of Larry MacPhail, Rickey's predecessor as president, and to the large sums spent for tested players, the team had won the pennant in 1941 and had finished second in 1942. This appearance of robustness was an illusion, however. Most of the expensive personnel were by then well into their thirties—a ballplayer's declining years—and although MacPhail had organized a farm system, with Branch Rickey, Jr., in charge, it was not nearly of the size or quality to provide immediate replacements for the aging performers. Rickey was faced with the problem of building a new team almost from scratch. His job was not made any easier by the war, which by 1943 had all but shut down minor-league ball, and had preëmpted the services of a large number of major-leaguers. In 1943, the Brooklyn farm system was down from the MacPhail high of thirteen teams to a dismal four, and in 1944 the Dodgers finished in

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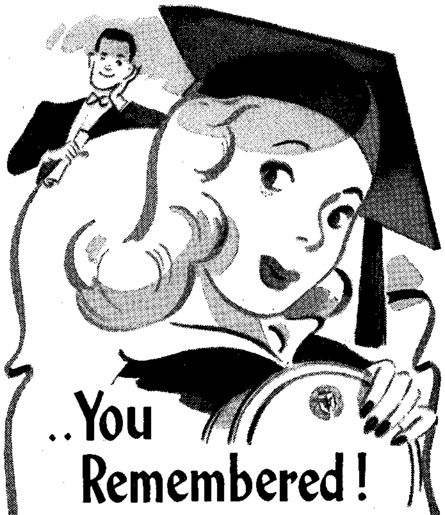
seventh place, the lowest they had been since 1938, MacPhail's first year. By 1945, Rickey, with two silent associates—Walter F. O'Malley, an attorney, and John L. Smith, a drug manufacturer—had purchased three-quarters of the club's stock for about a million dollars, and he had thus acquired an absolutely free hand in running the organization. The Dodgers have been doing splendidly ever since. They now have twenty-four farms. In 1947, they won the pennant with a squad on which there were only five holdovers from the 1941 pennant-winner. Four of these had departed by 1949, when Brooklyn won again. The average age of the team as it stands now is the youngest in major-league baseball, and Brooklyn's farms are overflowing with even younger talent, a fact that leads many observers to believe that the team will be in a commanding position for years to come. Last winter, Rickey was so confident that the Dodgers would win the pennant again this year that his conversation centered about ways and means of winning the World Series, too, a trick no Brooklyn team has ever turned.

Rickey is as intent on winning ball games as ever, and no less acute in his judgment of how they are won. He attends almost every game at Ebbets Field, and a good many out of town, and so does Mrs. Rickey, who, despite the original Moulton reservations about baseball, has developed into an enthusiast herself over the years. If Rickey has a business engagement on a sunny afternoon, he is as likely as not to carry the person he is engaged with to his box at the ballpark and discuss matters there, between plays—of which he keeps a careful record on a score card. One afternoon toward the end of last season, when every game had a bearing on the outcome of the pennant race, he was sitting in his box with his wife, his secretary, a couple of his front-office staff, and several guests. In the last half of the ninth inning, the Dodgers were a run behind, there was already one man out, and the opposing pitcher had given up only five hits. Rickey's face was stony, his chin was on his chest, and a contorted panama hat was pulled down over his ears to within a quarter of an inch of his immense eyebrows. Roy Campanella, the Brooklyn catcher, came to bat. "Look at that third baseman," Rickey said. "He should be playing six feet farther from the base." No sooner had he said it than Campanella hit a clean single right through the spot Rickey thought the



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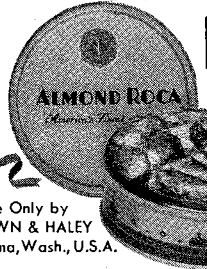

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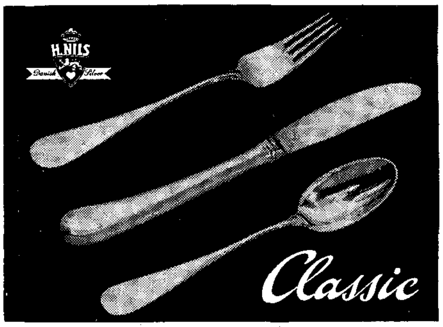

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third baseman should have been occupying. Rickey shoved his hat a couple of inches higher and looked proud of himself. The next batter was the Brooklyn first baseman, Gil Hodges. He took a ball, then two strikes. Rickey pulled his hat down over his ears. On the next pitch, Hodges hit the ball into the left-field seats and won the game for the Dodgers. Rickey leaped to his feet, pulled his hat up again, shook hands happily with the guests in his box, and left.

"That was a fool pitch, a criminal pitch," Rickey said to one of the front-office men on the way to his car. "A man should go to the penitentiary for a pitch like that. Imagine throwing the ball right square over the plate with two strikes on a hitter like Hodges. That's not championship baseball. Now, just think about that pitcher for a minute. He's a boy, the records say, who has thrown more home-run pitches in the last two years than any other pitcher in the National League. He'll go to the hotel tonight and get into bed, and he won't be able to sleep. I know the boy. I had him for four years in St. Louis. He's a good boy, a conscientious boy. He worries about these things. Has a fine mother. Well, he'll lie there, and he'll be thinking about the game. 'There I was,' he'll say to himself, 'in the ninth inning, with one out, and I've only allowed six hits so far. Then this Hodges comes along—with two strikes on him—and hits a pop fly that falls into the third row of the stands, right at the foul line. A pop fly, that's all it was.' Then he'll think about all the other games he's lost just the same way. 'God's against me,' he'll say. *I* know the boy, and that's what he'll say: 'God's against me. God isn't helping me.' Why, when that boy pitches like that to Hodges, he isn't giving God a chance." —ROBERT RICE

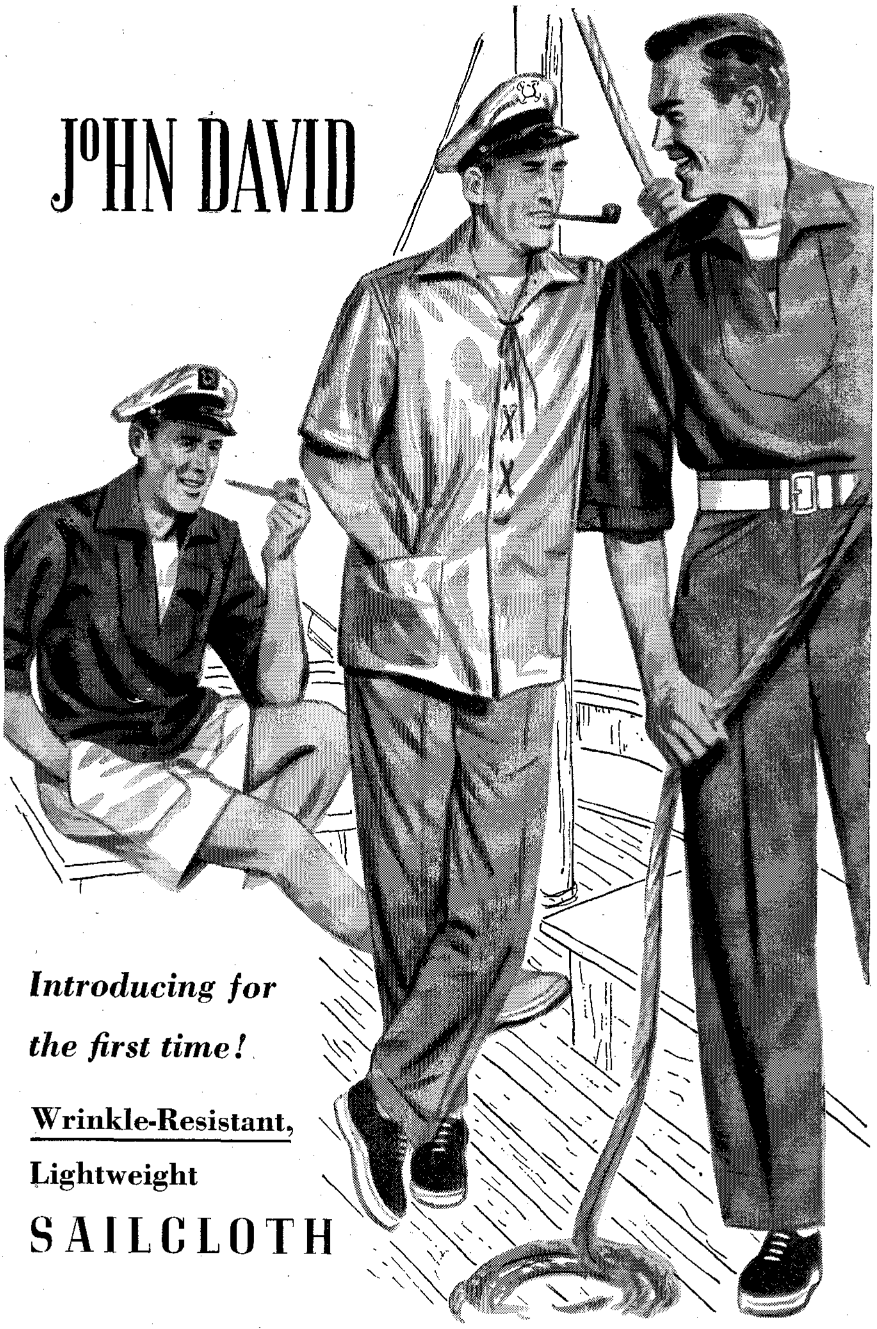
(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Rickey.*)

•

OUR HUNGRY—NAY, RAVENOUS CRITICS

[*Stan Helleur in the Toronto Telegram*]

If Carol Reed is not named director of the year when they hand out the next Academy Awards we will eat at least one page of the bantam edition of Graham Green's novel, "Third Man." For Reed, British director who gave us the great "Fallen Idol" last year, has now given us a screen version of "Third Man," which is just about the finest bit of film-making we have ever seen. On second thought, if Reed is not named director of the year we will also take a bite out of a record carrying Anton Karas' zithered "Third Man Theme."



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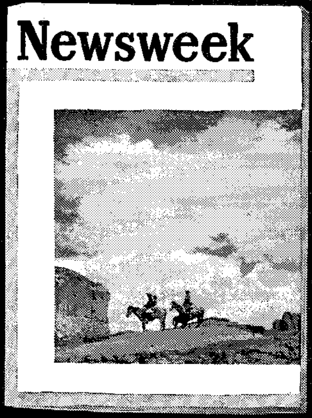

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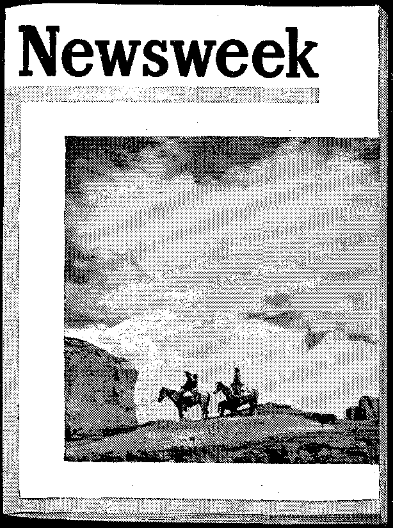

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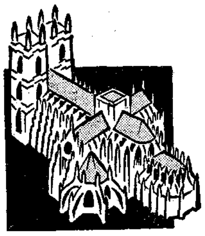
LETTER FROM LONDON

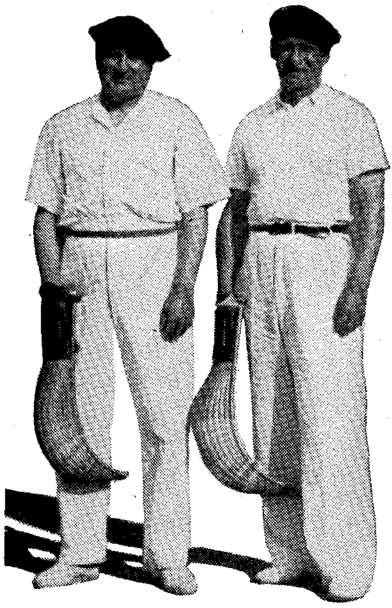
May 24

THE new Parliament Act, which curbs the House of Lords' power to hold up legislation of which it does not approve, may have drawn most of the second chamber's teeth but its vocal organs still sound fine. The visitor to the Upper House is generally certain of hearing a more impressive level of debate and less noisy high jinks than he would across the way in the livelier Commons. Eighty-five-year-old Lord Cecil, whose family has been a permanent and potent fixture in English history, last week raised his wise, elder-statesman voice in the Lords to ask a question that has bobbed up frequently in England's past, though possibly not with the special meaning it bears in her regimented present: Is the growing power of the Cabinet encroaching too far on individual and civil liberties? Many ordinary citizens who have uneasily wondered the same thing from time to time must have found the debate that followed of particularly disturbing interest. Lord Cecil traced in his speech what he described as the gradual leakage of freedom of action from the individual to the group, from the politician to the party, and, increasingly, from the famous British Parliament itself to the administering upper crust of Ministers and civil servants. He was concerned over the lack of any effective democratic check on the decisions of the central authority that extends over all departments, including the armed forces. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Jowitt, in his answering speech suggested that this power to make vital decisions rapidly was less dangerous than the old, talkative democratic habit of muddling along—but not necessarily through. Lord Cecil, however, refused to draw any comfort from the reflection that the present Prime Minister is a man of moderation and high integrity. He posed the question that frightens the life out of middle-of-the-road English when they stop to think about it: If an extremist government ever takes over, might it not find the powers now being forged remarkably handy? The Government speakers disregarded such possibilities and briskly brushed aside the picture of a tyrannical executive sitting at the center and cocking a snook at Parliamentary opinion, but they admitted that the dominion of the state over the individual is "inevitably" increasing. Many of the speakers made the point that the ordinary citizen is in danger of losing confidence in his right to appeal to his Member of Parliament, since it is more than ever clear that Members cannot follow a line that conflicts with their party's line unless they want to find themselves out on their rebellious ears the next time an election rolls around. Altogether, the debate included enough forthright and provocative things to give material for hard thought to those Britons who occasionally worry as to whether the state is fulfilling its classic role of watchdog to their liberties, or whether the state, so gradually that it has scarcely been noticed, has not changed into another kind of beast altogether.



AT least one of these anxieties was recently given substance right before the public eye in the rumpus over Mr. Stanley Evans, the late (politically speaking) Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, who forgot himself so far as to say, in a speech at Manchester, that British taxpayers are being plucked to make a nice, cozy economic "featherbed" for the privileged agriculturists. He also queried whether domestic food production is as efficient as it might be. For his temerity in asserting that farmers are being nursed along with protected high prices, which the taxpayer has to pay up with one hand while buying back the produce at subsidized low prices with the other, Mr. Evans called down the wrath of the farming community on his head and got sacked from his Ministerial job. Last week, seemingly not in the least abashed, the culprit bounced up in Parliament and said it all over again, only more so. His party, to which the way the villages vote next time is a matter of acute concern, listened to his accusations glumly; the general election to come is already affecting everything that both sides of the House say and do not say—and particularly the latter. The farmers, who do not have to be tactful to anybody, have naturally said plenty. According to them, only the big farmers are making the handsome profits to which Mr. Evans referred. The smaller fellows are frequently struggling along with the by no means downy propositions of bad land, shortage of capital, and poorly equipped farms.

What the British housewives might say if they once got the idea that they are really forking out heavily for the sub-



FIERY BASQUES PLAY PELOTE, A HIGHSPEED 3-WALL HANDBALL GAME.

LANGUEDOC PROVINCE in the south of France. This lovely photograph of the tiny village of Estaing, by the noted etcher Samuel Chamberlain, shows Fifteenth Century chateau.

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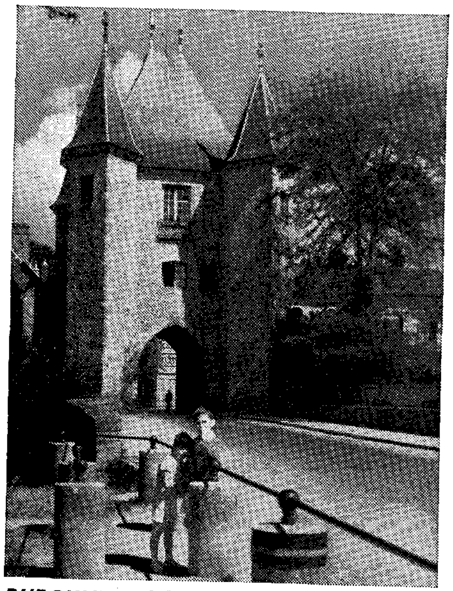
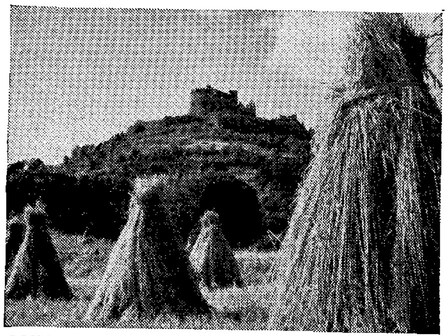


BURGUNDY, fabled region of rich wines, good food. Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, above, has ancient city gate, dungeons, church.



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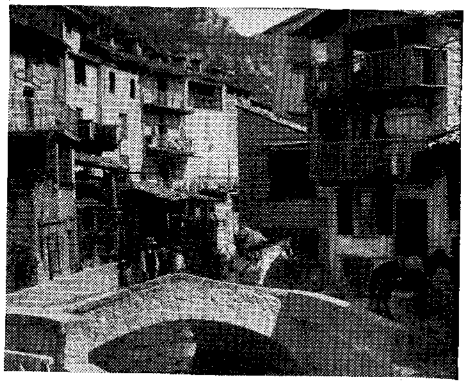
PROVENCE-LANGUEDOC: Ancient cities, classical remains. Sea, mountains, sun.

FLANDERS, PICARDY: Church towers and bells. Roses, poppies, and fair farms.



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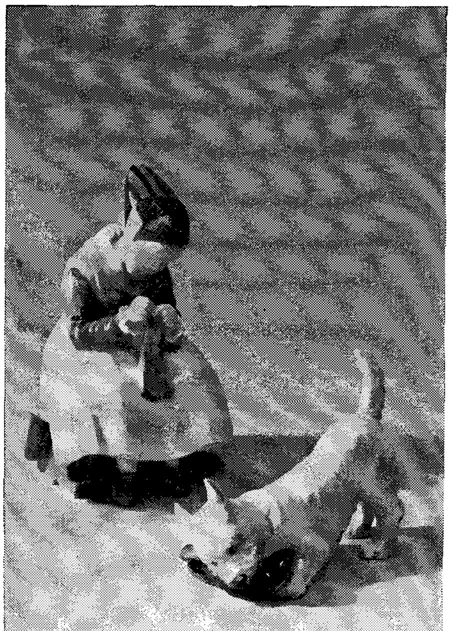
sidized home-produced food in their shopping baskets is probably a matter for someone's worried conjecture in the lofty areas of Whitehall. Right now, the sixty thousand members of the National Federation of Housewives are registering their dissatisfaction with high prices by refusing to buy expensive fruit and vegetables (which are not government-controlled), as they refused not long ago to buy fish. Since the principal topic of the election, whether it comes this year or next, is certain to be the high cost of living, Mr. Evans' "featherbed" speech may turn out to have quite a number of uncomfortable lumps in it for his party.

THE old talk about discrimination against the press is once more buzzing irritably around Fleet Street. Starting in July, the size of the national dailies, which had plumped up to a modest average of eight pages, will be cut back to six—this unwelcome shedding of girth being accompanied by the Board of Trade's doubtful assurance that "there should be enough" newsprint to keep to the six-page level through the second half of the year. The familiar dollar trouble is, of course, the main reason for the fresh cutting of imports, plus the fact that England is selling more and more of the newsprint she manufactures herself to other countries, among them Australia and India. The newspaper industry here is complaining, with some justification, that no other national industry has been given such tough treatment. Even the small import of twenty-five thousand tons of newsprint from Canada, which has just been sanctioned and which has stopped, for the moment anyhow, a slide down to four pages, was reportedly the result of the trade's getting tough right back and pointing out that it would be too bad if visitors to next year's flag-wagging Festival of Britain found Britain's national press looking skinny and having nothing to wag the slightest festive flag about. There has also been indignation over the Government's squinting virtuously down its nose and saying that the press's complaint that the British are now the worst-informed people in the world is hypocritical when the newspapers use their present allotment of newsprint less to inform than to entertain with popular, circulation-boosting features.

The case of periodicals is better, though not a great deal better. In theory, paper supplies are available to all magazines, but a new journal trying to start up may find it difficult to get hold



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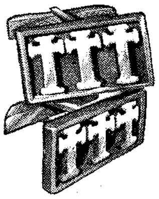

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of any, unless it is under the wing of one of the big publishing concerns.

In spite of this and in spite of the current shortage of spending money, a couple of new journals have just blossomed hardily on the stands. *Circus*, a monthly pocket magazine, and *Contact*, which was previously published two or three times a year as a weighty production that looked something like *Fortune* but is now to be bi-monthly and gay, are apparently after the same public—the intelligent, the literary, and the travelled who like to take their intelligence, literature, and travel light. The first number of *Circus* has contributions from Dylan Thomas and William Sansom. Both it and *Contact*, which has the defiant subtitle "The Magazine of Pleasure," feature the much discussed Angus Wilson, along with Ronald Searle, an artist who specializes in the black-stockinged, murderous little schoolgirls of the Searle mythical academy, St. Trinian's.

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet came of age last week with a twenty-first-birthday gala performance at its home theatre, which was attended by Princess Margaret and those enthusiasts who were successful in the enormous lottery that was held for tickets. The evening was a personal triumph for Ninette de Valois, the director, and an emotional orgy for the fans, whose old favorites clambered back into tights and their original roles for that one historic performance, dancing with the Wells' present-day stars, such as Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, and Beryl Grey. Ninette de Valois, dancing for the first time in thirteen years, stopped the show in her original part of the parlormaid in "A Wedding Bouquet," set to the late Lord Berners' witty music and Gertrude Stein's witty but hard-to-hear thread of commentary, which was read by the conductor, Constant Lambert, as in the original 1937 production. The inclusion of his "Bouquet" seemed a suitable tribute to Lord Berners (whose recent lamented death removed possibly the last surviving specimen of the eccentric, gifted milord), just as the whole evening was a memorial to another absentee—the Old Vic's guardian angel and the Sadler's Wells' founder, the late and great Lilian Baylis.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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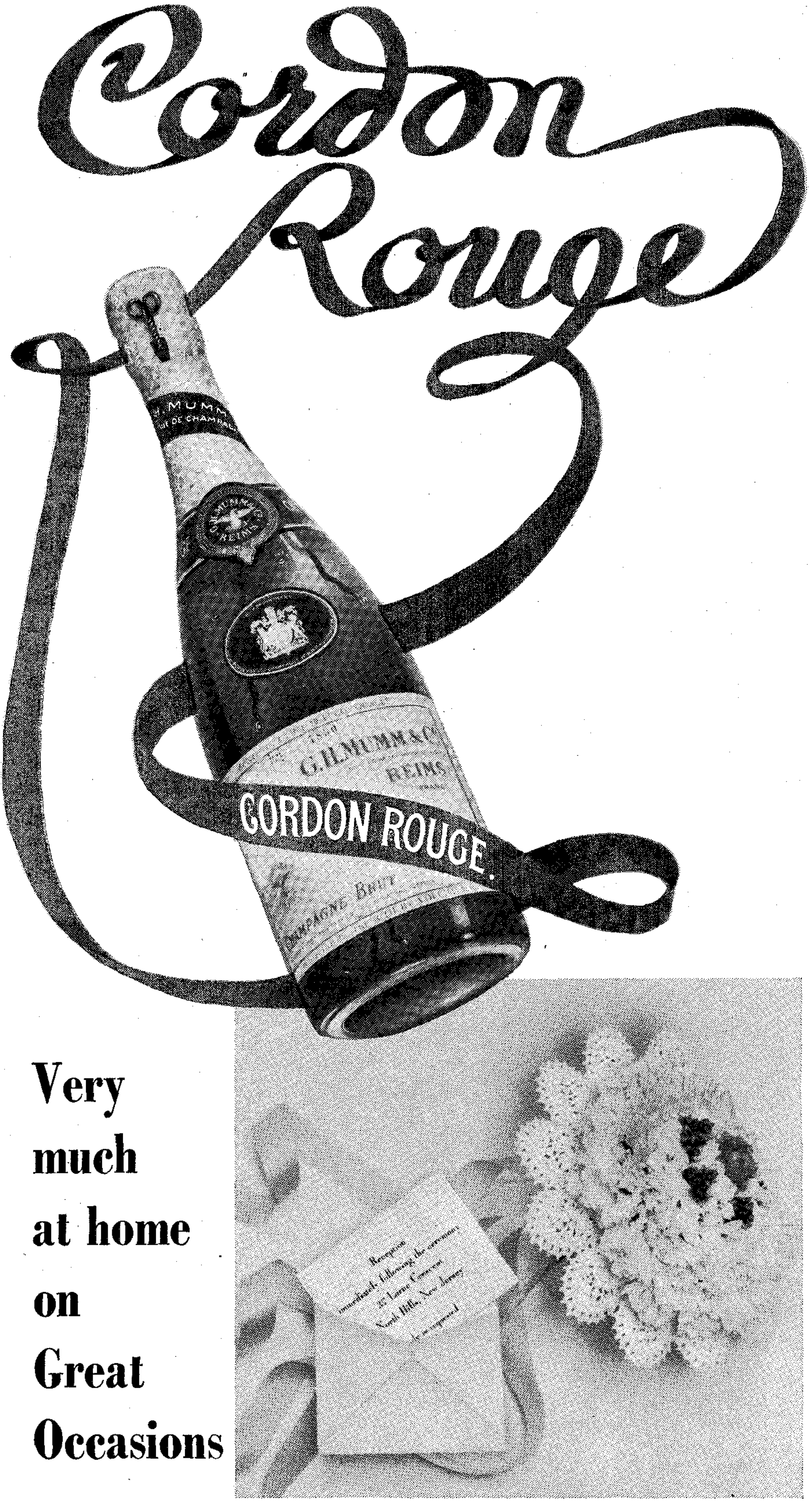
ARCHEOLOGISTS TRAILING RACE
OF BANDITS DEAD 3000 YRS.
—*Headline in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

They went thataway!

MUMM'S



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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MATINEE • SHOWS
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As long as there's an England, there will be films like "The Winslow Boy," and that's all right by me. This picture is fairly representative of the sort of English ware that displays Albion and her sons at their unperfidious best. In such pictures, the average Englishman possesses most of the virtues embodied in the Boy Scout oath, but somehow in his case they are displayed so blandly that he never seems too noble for comfort. In "The Winslow Boy," an adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play that ran hereabouts in 1947, Sir Cedric Hardwicke carries the burden of demonstrating the impressive worth of a strong-fibred subject of the King. His part in the piece is that of a man devoted to justice who suddenly finds himself in a struggle with the government over the expulsion of his small son from the Osborne Naval College. The boy, falsely accused of theft, has been sacked peremptorily, without having a chance to defend himself, and it is his father's resolve that he shall have a hearing even if it bankrupts the family. A case of this sort actually did occur in England, before the First World War, as you perhaps have heard, and so far as I know, "The Winslow Boy" follows the facts pretty closely, although it does pause now and then to let loose with some rich and heady rhetoric. As the picture has it, the old man is getting nowhere in his quest for justice when who should enlist himself in the cause but Sir Robert Morton, the greatest barrister in all England. There is nothing lean about the performance of Robert Donat in this role. In a getup reminiscent of Thurston in the days when he was making men, women, and horses disappear, Mr. Donat portrays the kind of lawyer the boys at N.Y.U. dream of being between bouts with Blackstone. Handsome, aloof, learned, and witty, he is a whirlwind in the courtroom, demolishing opposing witnesses with a phrase and giving pause to even such an old hand at legal affairs as Francis L. Sullivan, who turns up here as prosecuting attorney for the Crown.

Although Sir Cedric sacrifices more than anybody else in the picture to make right prevail, Margaret Leighton, as his daughter, gives him a brisk run for the honors. Not only does she take a job addressing envelopes to help Sir Cedric out but she breaks off with her fiancé rather than abandon the case. A good deal of talk accompanies these grand gestures, and in spots the film slows down to a walk, but by and large it's a worth-while item, and even its loquacity is tolerable, since the dialogue is literate throughout. In the midst of his highly experienced elders, Neil North is properly unobtrusive as the boy.

In "The Big Hangover," we have another lawyer, this one played by Van Johnson. He has an allergy to alcohol in even the smallest doses, coupled with a desire to do good. He also loves a lady who dabbles in psychoanalysis. The lady is played by Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Taylor is beautiful and cannot act. This puts her one up on Mr. Johnson. —John McCarten

•

INFATUATION WITH THE SOUND OF FLIES BUZZING IN PEOPLE'S EARS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari*]

"Stay here and buzz around with these flies?" he demanded, pointing to the courtiers who were swarming at the prince's door. —*Page 63.*

He retorted impatiently, "All this I know better than you, and your chatter is as the buzz of flies in my ear."—*Page 70.*

He also said much more, and the sound of his voice was as the buzzing of flies in my ears. —*Page 79.*

But behind my back they sniggered and mocked me though I pretended that their sneering was no more than the buzzing of flies in my ear. —*Page 89.*

"As for hanging, your talk is like the buzz of flies in my ear." —*Page 129.*

"So pay no heed to them if you should meet with any, but let their talk be as the buzz of flies in your ear." —*Page 130.*

I said to him, "Old man! Your speech is as the buzz of flies in my ear." —*Page 145.*

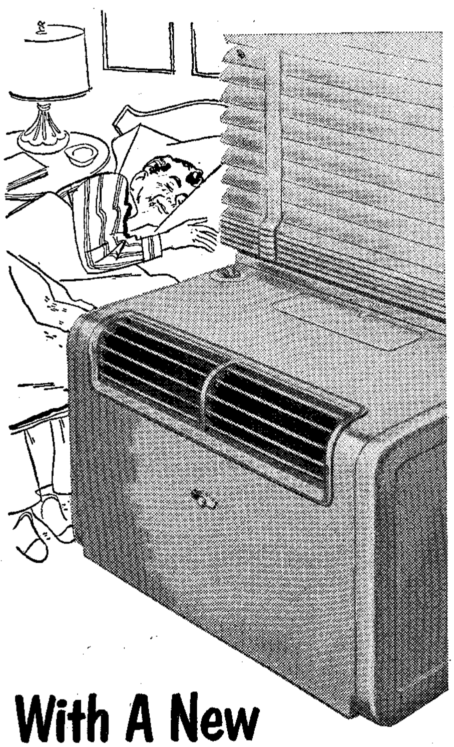
He replied, "Your words are as the buzz of flies in my ear." —*Page 158.*

Kaptah said, "The talk of this Egyptian would be like the buzz of flies in my ears if my ears were not already so full of the buzz of wine that I cannot hear what he says." —*Page 165.*

"They are as the tedious buzzing of flies in my ear." —*Page 223.*

"Shut your mouth, woman, for your chatter disturbs my thoughts and is like the buzz of flies in my ear." —*Page 320.*

"I should not dream of flogging my best men for the sake of a miserable Egyptian, and the words of Pharaoh's envoy are as the buzz of flies in my ear." —*Page 361.*



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OF ALL THINGS

IT is becoming increasingly clear that Congress cannot be kept in session all summer to pass on the Fair Deal program. With the advent of hot weather and hot campaigns, hardly any lawmakers will be raring to stay.

•

The President has signed the $1,800,000,000 Rivers and Harbors Bill because he has found that most of the public works it provides for will have lasting value. He is sorry that it contains such a large chunk of pork, but a man has to take the fat with the lean.

•

Now that a new contract has been signed at General Motors, Detroit is its old busy, happy self again. Chrysler, G.M., and the Tigers are all running full blast.

•

Reports indicate that the Brannan Plan is picking up some public favor, though slowly. It takes time for a man to figure out whether he would gain more by it as a consumer than he would lose as a taxpayer.

•

New York is rejoicing over the opening of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. Another costly step has been taken to correct Nature's error in putting the East River in the wrong place.

•

One gets the impression that the Chinese Nationalist Army has bogged down. It has been several days since the Generalissimo has announced a successful withdrawal from some island.

•

France, Great Britain, and the United States have agreed to send arms to the Jews and the Arabs, but with an important reservation. The recipients must promise to use these guns for shooting total strangers, and not each other.

•

Because of its well-advertised charms, the Catskill region can look forward to a profitable summer season. The climate is so good they have to hire a man to make it rain.

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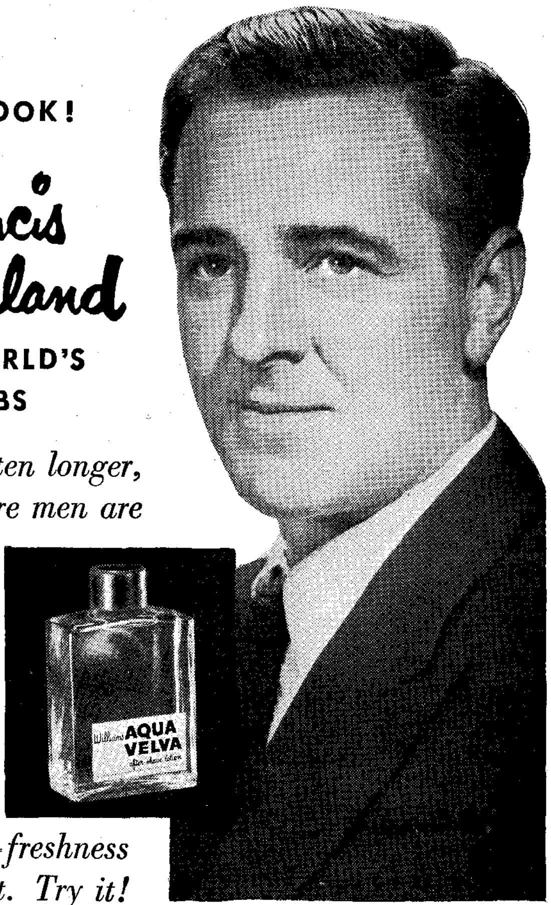
It turns out that some Republican leaders do not think it was such a bright idea to send a man West to trail Truman. It brings unhappy memories of that November evening when Dewey was doing it. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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As man's youth has gotten longer, by decades, *more and more men are taking a YOUNG man's care of their appearance —more and more men are joining the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Aqua Velva brightens, braces your skin after shaving, gives that youthful skin-freshness everyone enjoys looking at. Try it!*

A few of the members: *Lauritz Melchior, Norman Rockwell, Lucius Beebe, Maj. George Fielding Eliot*

Francis Grover Cleveland, pioneer in the Summer Theatre movement and son of the late President, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.

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*THIS IS SAKS' OWN PLEATED TIE**—a really new gift idea for father. Silk jacquard woven with our own famous "Major" motif, and crisply pleated. Navy, light navy, maroon, garnet, brown, gold, green, black, maize, rust, chartreuse, ice blue, grey, plum, **10.00**. Matched pocket handkerchief, **5.50**. Mail and phone orders filled.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

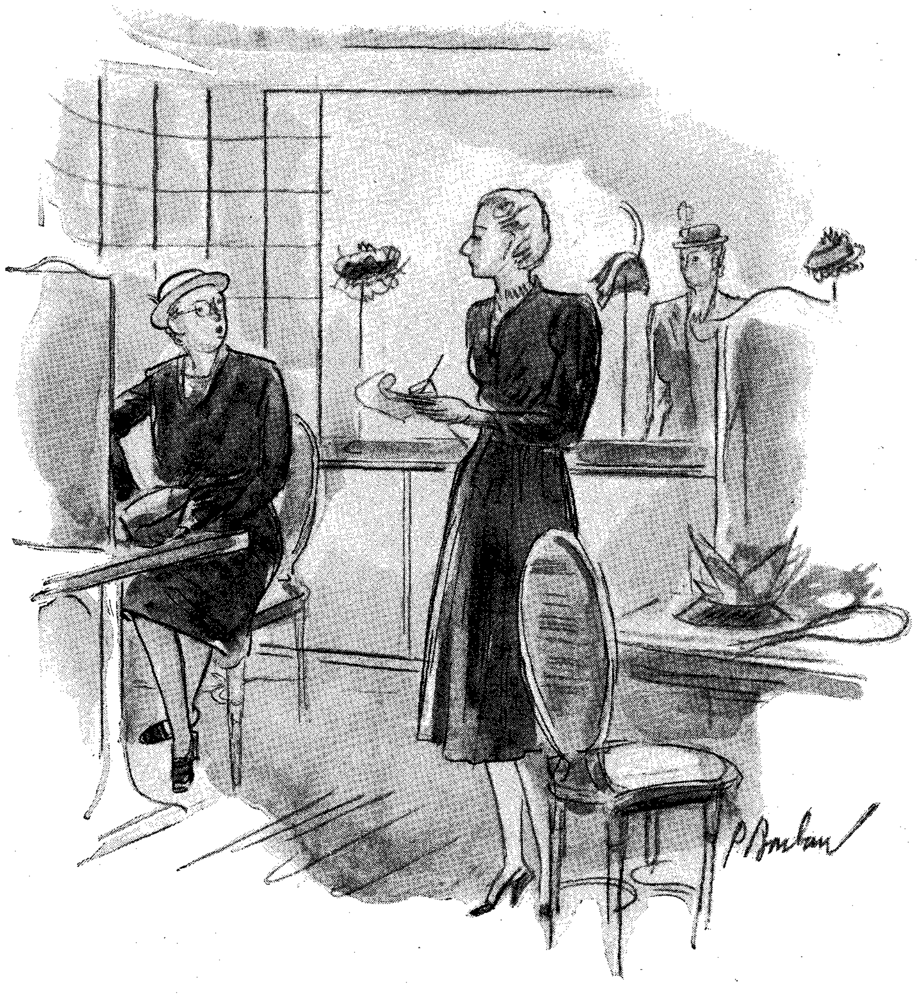
FEMININE FASHIONS

LIFE is full of surprises. No one would ever think of going to the sportswear department of Bergdorf Goodman to look for fragile, delightful, and absolutely non-athletic dresses for summer days and evenings. Louisa May Alcott might have costumed one of her characters in the shop's sheer, big-skirted voile with a polite, pin-tucked yoke, a pleated bosom, and puffy push-up sleeves. Another voile, with a gathered skirt, is V-necked and sleeveless and has diagonal tucking across the front of the bodice. A third, for evening, is short and strapless; it's accompanied by a minute high-collared raglan jacket that you can wear daytimes, too. All these dresses are in blue, pink, or lemon, and they're priced at from $40 to $50. Another after-six-o'clock entry is of crinkled rayon crêpe. Its bodice, cut very low in front, is fastened with gold-metal hooks. This is in chalk-white or black, with a shawl of coarse cotton fish net, which makes it the sort of sportswear one would use, perhaps, for the hunting of the snark. A white piqué with a strapless décolletage has shiny black buttons and a stole of black cotton lace sitting jauntily on the shoulders. Finally, there is a real sun dress, or coat sun dress, involving a fitted, décolleté sheath of pink linen and a camouflaging overdress of misty gray organdie, primly buttoned from collar to hemline, to turn it into a town dress as fast as you can do up the buttons. This dress is done all in eggshell, too. Either way, it's $65.

There is also here, for those who insist, a good selection of clothes meant for sports, or for looking at sports, or for just sitting out the summer in sportive resorts. A beach coat in red, navy, or eggshell cotton is gathered like a smock and has tab closings; $18. Another, in chartreuse or white piqué, has a yoke that buttons up front and back, allowing its owner to command the sun to stand still; $19. An outfit of Neapolitan-striped piqué comprises a beach coat with an upstanding Robespierre collar, plus a two-piece bathing suit, a halter top, and straight-hanging shorts; $30.

AT Jo Hughes, 10 East 56th Street, there are calm and cool dresses whose tailoring is perfect. Most of them have small turnover collars; many are sleeveless or offer the barest suggestion of sleeves, hardly enough to cover the top of your arm. A nylon organza in a coral-and-blue plaid is $50, and a white silk organza with fine gold and black stripings is $80. A marvellous strapless bouffant evening dress, ankle-length or shorter, and made of an iridescent silk gauze that looks as though it might once have been a sari (it wasn't), is very naked, but it has a long, trailing scarf attached at one side of the décolletage. This dress appears in several shimmering grays, in mauve shading into gold, in white-and-silver, and in other beguiling combinations. It's $225. For lunch or cocktails in town, or for a summer wedding almost anywhere, someone has thought up a smart two-piece dress in black-and-white or navy-and-white printed crêpe, with a fitted peplum top and a straight skirt; $95. For the country, Miss Hughes has designed some natty two-piece jobs of shantung or tie silk printed in innumerable designs and colors. These have sleeveless tuck-in tops, and the skirts are box-pleated all around or just across the front. They also cost $95, and an extra $45 gets a cashmere sweater banded with either the shantung or the tie silk. A week's notice is required for any in this last group; the rest are ready-to-wear.

KATHLEEN, who is at 118 East 60th Street, has an impressive assortment of short and youthful organdie evening dresses this spring. One white organdie is embroidered all over with red scallops and cherries. Another has embroidered Copenhagen-blue scallops and dots edging the bertha collar and making diagonal bandings on the skirt. A strapless white organdie with a sash and slip of slate-gray rayon taffeta is embroidered in slate gray on the bosom and at the hem. These run from $45 to $59.95. There are lovely cotton beach dresses in this place that could be worn dancing with no trouble at all—one is a fitted Persian print, very décolleté, with a short-sleeved bolero; another is a gathered skirt, printed with multicolored flowers, and a sleeveless gold



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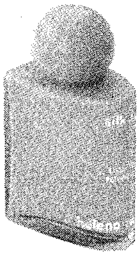
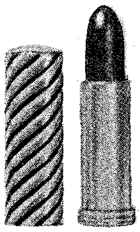
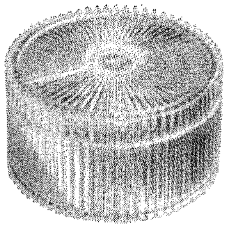
New cosmetics blended with pure silk

The only make-up that gives your skin the "Silken Look"—smooth as silk, radiant as silk!







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In SILK-TONE liquid foundation Helena Rubinstein blends pure silk so it becomes sheer silken magic on your face. It gives your skin the look and the smooth texture of silk. It imparts sweet, young color and clings for endless hours without retouching. Silk-Tone is beneficial even for dry, delicate skin. It softens and protects. Hides small defects. Six shades to glorify every complexion, 1.50.

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SILKEN LIPSTICK is the dazzling accent in your "Silken Look." It is a brighter, smoother, richer-colored lipstick because its sensational new formula contains silk, atomized. This silk does exciting things for you—it gives your mouth the luscious sheen of very *young* lips. Helena Rubinstein's Silken Lipstick stays color-true all day long. Never smears, but keeps a clean curve. 12 ravishing reds, each 1.00.

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In this remarkable creation pure silk, atomized, is whirled at hurricane speed into the finest face powder imaginable. Silk and powder become one! The result is a face powder of sublime smoothness that gives a lovely young bloom to your complexion. Helena Rubinstein's Silk Screen Face Powder smooths on like silk, clings like silk, makes your skin glow with silken color. 8 shades, 1.00, 2.00, 3.50.

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Have you found out?

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CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

Carling's 7-oz. Bottle. One generous glassful. Wonderful way to find out about Carling's Red Cap Ale.

blouse with a huge reversible stole, gold on one side and flowered on the other, that can double as a sash; a third is a toast-colored two-piece cotton, printed with splashy yellow leaves and tied over the shoulders in big bows. These are 10 to 16 in size and $17.95 to $25 in price.

ALTMAN'S Young Colony Shop devotes itself to dresses in junior sizes 9 to 15. A great big group of separates in voile and cotton broadcloth can be shuffled about into all sorts of day and evening combinations, in black, cornflower blue, and several other colors. These fabrics make shirts with and without sleeves, blouses with scooped-out necklines, street-length skirts, and brief aprons. The voile aprons can be worn as overpeplums, and the broadcloth ones make fine beach skirts. There are broadcloth shorts and waist-length jackets, too. Prices are from $6.95 to $12.95. The Young Colony's summer coats, full-length and flared, come in white, yellow, or red piqué, with slashed pockets; in black-and-white pin-checked piqué, with detachable white wing collars; in navy rayon linen, dashing and serviceable, with a flat band of red cotton ribbing instead of a collar; and in natural hopsacking, cut straighter than the rest, with big patch pockets and a black patent-leather belt. All are $17.95. For frivolity's sake, there are fluttery, filmy coats of purple or tangerine voile banded with tucking; $14.95.

THE reliable Martha West's blouses are even more reliable this season. Long-sleeved georgette-crêpe ones with convertible collars, and short-sleeved ones with high rolled collars, are $14.95 and $12.95. Pleated skirts of the same stuff, with wide belts of rayon velvet, are $22.95. The colors are pink, gold, and light or navy blue. For cool days when you're reluctant to drag out a topcoat, there are casual two-piece dresses—wool jersey jumpers and knife-pleated shantung skirts; $35, in a choice of lime, blue, or natural. The West machine knits are not apt to sag or bag. A rayon-and-linen knit, called rice tweed, should stand up to hot weather in fine style, so it's ideal for travelling. Miss West uses it in a classic, one-piece, buttoned-down-the-front dress, in a dressmaker dress with push-up sleeves and a round, piped collar, and in a two-piece one consisting of a striped skirt and a solid-color jumper that repeats the stripes on the collar and cuffs. Prices for these rice tweeds range from $22.95 to $29.95. Some go as high in size as 44, and there is a variety of colors.

BONWIT TELLER, those individualists, like a lingerie look on the beach. What they offer is almost all in white but likely to electrify any beach just the same. The mildest-mannered of the lot is a piqué bathing suit whose boned and strapless bodice is swathed in batiste, no less; $14.95. A rayon sharkskin bathing suit goes with a bloused jacket of diaphanous voile that has an off-the-shoulders décolletage, and is tied in a big bow on the chest; $25. The jacket would be perfect over a dark evening dress on summer nights. A net pullover, with wool ribbing at the waistband and outlining its little puffed sleeves, is also eminently suitable for a dance on a balmy night. It's $14.95. The showpiece of this collection is a flesh-colored bathing suit of rayon satin Lastex and its somewhat Grecian overdress of pleated chiffon. Bonwit thinks it might be nice for lounging around a formal pool. It costs $89.95, and it takes two weeks to fill an order. Well, anyway, I just thought you might like to hear about what's going on there.

PECK & PECK, where sturdy, good-looking life-outdoors clothes flourish, have cotton beach outfits in white, chartreuse, or beige, printed with fancy lions that have dandelions for faces and wavy tails. There are beach coats, and there are two-piece bathing suits, either a brassière and tailored trunks or a skirt and a camisole top, this last in a solid color. Coats and bathing suits are $16.95 each. A sun dress to match, with a solid-color elasticized top and a circular skirt, is $25. Panniered beach dresses of gray cotton with a somewhat Oriental pattern of apricot, brown, and gold flowers are $29.95. Matching bathing dresses are $25. The top and the bloomers of Peck & Peck's designed-on-the-premises tennis dress of white piqué are all of a piece, so no one's pearly skin shows amidships during the most robust acrobatics. There is a separate pleated skirt. Total, $14.95.

AND at Abercrombie & Fitch there is, of course, no end to the sports clothes. Their new tennis dress is longer than most; in fact, it brushes the knees. It's of white madras shirting, and comes to $19.75. Regulation-length tennis dresses, in smooth, cool cotton poplin, are $11.75 and equipped with separate bloomers. A golf dress has a white cotton knit top, banded with gingham and attached to a gingham skirt

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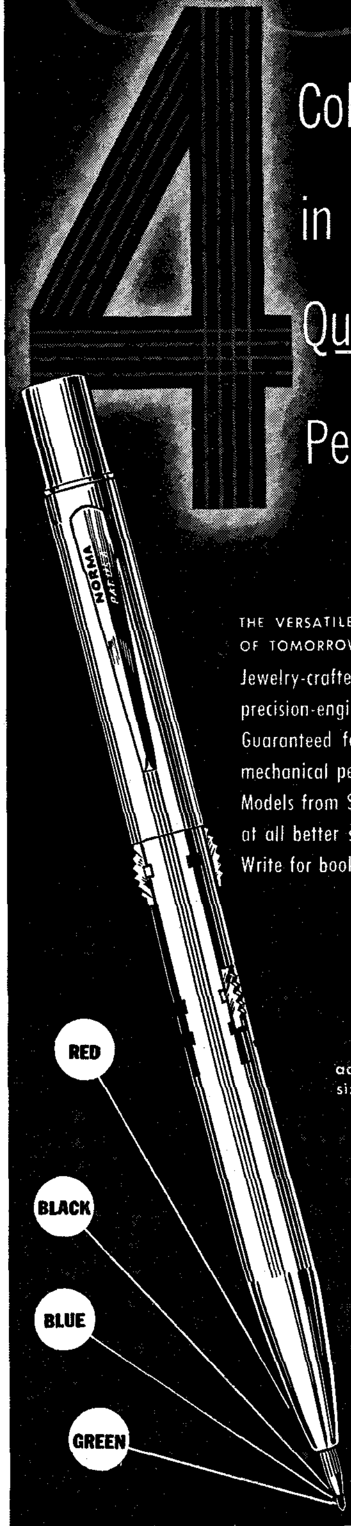
For Father's Day,
Graduation,
Ushers Gifts



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Jewelry-crafted and precision-engineered . .
Guaranteed for mechanical perfection.
Models from $4.50 up at all better stores . . .
Write for booklet N1.

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NORMA PENCIL CORPORATION
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from finland

translucent porcelain

In these fine white porcelain bowls, Finland's famed Arabia factory uses a 1000-year old "rice technique". Their fragile beauty makes them treasured gifts. Large bowl 5" high, $22.50; small bowl 3" high, $7.50; mail orders invited.

FINNISH ART SHOP
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FLASH CONVERTIBLE OWNERS!

see the convertible tops that WEAR and WASH like a hard top . . . because they're made with vinyl-coated cloth woven of.

FIBERGLAS* *Yarns*

These smart tops are
- COLORFAST
- STRETCHPROOF
- SHRINKPROOF

and they stay new looking!

OWENS-CORNING FIBERGLAS*

*Fiberglas is the T. M. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of O. C. F. Corp. which makes only the yarns.

Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation
Industrial Textile Sales Division
16 E. 56th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me samples of top material with Fiberglas Yarns, and names of dealers in my neighborhood.

Name__________

Street__________

City______ Zone______ State______

that allows plenty of action but is not wide enough to balloon in the wind and snatch at your club; $22.75. Knee-length tailored skirts, with belts of molasses leather, are $16.75 in gray flannel, $12.75 in natural rayon linen. There's a golf hat of white rayon linen that has a small pocket at one side of the crown for a score pad and slots on the other side to hold four tees; $5. A blue-and-white striped cotton beach shirt with a drawstring waist has an attached hood that's stiffened with crinoline, so that it will stand out like a canopy over your face. Outfitted with this, you'll never need a sun umbrella. It's worn with short blue rayon-linen culottes. Terry cloth, so lightweight and soft you'd hardly recognize it, makes pullovers that are sleeveless and banded with cotton ribbing; $2.50. Short-sleeved cardigans are $3.50. For sailing, there are navy flannel pullovers, with standing collars and immense patch pockets; $13.75. The slacks to match are narrow-legged; $15.

IMAGINATION is loose in a little shop called Brett, at 29 East 48th Street. A black sailcloth middy with a detachable dickey in blazing stripes is $10.95, and a white cotton shirt, made in Mexico and embroidered in red, is $11.95. Either would make a stunning beach jacket. Slipovers of fisherman's net, in natural, black, or toast, are intended to go over bathing suits, but you'd better stay out of the sun unless you want an allover pattern of crooked diamonds. They have turtlenecks, short sleeves, and verve; $10.95. For blowy days, adaptations of the hip-length slicker in bright-red or bright-yellow latex have cotton corduroy collars; $7.95. Matching hats are $2.95. For clear days, romantic flowered wreaths for the head, in a combination of gingham and calico, should look fetching with a cotton dress. They're $5.95.

RECOGNIZING that terry cloth makes the most natural and comfortable of wrappings for before or after a swim, Macy has used it to make some good-looking, low-priced beach clothes, in pale colors as well as the conventional white. Short tailored jackets are cut almost exactly like a man's shirt and closed with buttons or a zipper. Another jacket, not quite so severe, has a white piqué collar and French cuffs and bindings. Still another jacket (this is really a beach dress, in my opinion) has a folded bateau neck, an elasticized waistline, and a round, flaring skirt that ends at the top of your legs. There are

peg newton ends your search for LINGERIE MADE TO FIT TALL GALS

Gives you a slip and a pettiskirt in NYLON TRICOT . . . tubbable, fast-drying and the most flattering of all lingerie fabrics . . . the slip richly endowed with lace and marquisette . . . the pettiskirt prettily lace-ruffled. *BOTH in WHITE* and . . . at last, at last, in BLACK, TOO! Like all Peg's Tall Gal Fashions, *they're low-priced.*

The Slip, $7.95
Pettiskirt, $5.95

ORDER BY MAIL, fitting's perfect. Pettiskirt, with adjustable waist, small, medium, large. Slip sizes 12 to 40 T.G. Tall Gal Proportioned.

Write for Free Fashion Flashes

TALL GALS PEG NEWTON
Tall Gals' Haven
3 East 48th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

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50th St. & Park Ave., N. Y. 22

bon voyage FLOWERS

You May Open A Charge Account Upon Request and Be Sure That Orders By Mail, Telephone and Telegraph are Intelligently Handled.

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WE RESTORE PAINTINGS

We are prepared to clean, reline, repair, and restore to the best possible condition your cherished oil paintings. Studio on our premises. Our expert, John F. Venuti, will cheerfully give estimates without obligation on your part.

CORRECT FRAMING

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York

also short, neat play suits, their backs cut in shapely princesse fashion. And if anyone wants to cover up, there's a nice, easy knee-length coat with a mandarin collar. Prices go from $4.64 to $8.41.

THOSE remarkable wired brassières made by J. Berlé, who operates at 26 West 58th Street, are being installed by him in bathing suits and tops of his own design. His tops, which cost $27.50, come in cotton, piqué, linen, or nylon, and have shoulder straps or halters. For women who feel insecure in scanty swimming suits, he has some reassuring shirred suits constructed of clingingly elasticized nylon taffeta. Two-piece cotton dressmaker suits for larger women look like one-piecers. They have tops ending in long points, like a vest, and easy, bias skirts that button on. Two-piece linen suits have brief tops and wrap-around skirts that are banded with a cotton lace that looks like braiding. These range in price from $95 to $135. Sizes run from 12 to 20, and please expect to wait ten days. Women who just want a brassière come here, too, naturally. His prices begin at $16.50.

LORD & TAYLOR have put together, in their Fantasia Shop, a lot of gay, short capes and jackets that would be the remaking of a tired dress or skirt. There's a crisp, sparkling white organdie capelet, with a highish collar and a black cord necktie, that would put new hope into an old dark summer cotton. And for covering up a strapless dress, or disguising a sheath, there's a cape of apricot cotton, with a design of metallic plaid or of triangles of mauve and gold that are edged with black fringe. The jackets here tend to be chipper and flared and a trifle shorter than waist-length. You have a wide choice, including a white piqué with cuffs and a collar of black rayon velvet that would be very gay in town, as well as linens and cotton velveteens, in almost any color imaginable, to wear practically everywhere. Prices are from $12.95 to $35. —G. J.

•

At his farewell concert at the New School, Rene Le Roy, the flutist, will play his platinum flute. The composition, written especially for him and the flute by Edgard Varese, is called "Density 21.5"—the atomic weight of platinum. —*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

The atomic weight of platinum is 195.23; he'd better try some pre-nuclear Bach.

THE GOOSE GIRL

Our exclusive, hand sculptured glass vase of demure charm...an accessory to stand alone or hold your favorite short stemmed flowers...3¾" high. **$15.**

Add 50¢ for postage and packing outside delivery area
Mail Orders promptly filled by Jean Tree

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

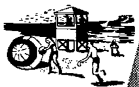
"*A Finger-tip touch fits the sun to your eyes*—"

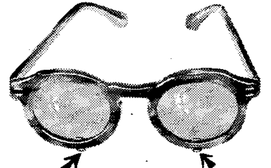
PIONEER
POLAROID® *Variable Light* SUN GLASSES

Thrill to your amazing ability to control the brightness of the view to fit the hour, the place, and your mood. Never before could your eyes be enabled to see so perfectly, so comfortably!

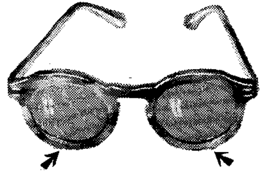
With Pioneer Polaroid Variable Light Sun Glasses you can reduce the brilliance of any scene as much, or as little, as you please. A thousand sun glasses in one — a great new plus to the unique ability of Polaroid Lenses to block harmful glare and permit only the useful light, the seeing light, to reach your eyes.

See your optician for your thrilling demonstration — and be the first to own the revolutionary new Polaroid Variable Light Sun Glasses.

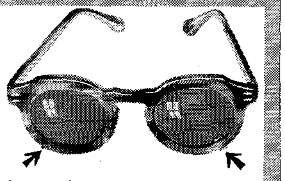




Control down for dull days
High Transmission



Control half up for driving or golf
Moderate Transmission



Control ¾ up for glare on water
Low Transmission

POLAROID VARIABLE LIGHT SUN GLASSES ARE A PRODUCT OF
PIONEER SCIENTIFIC CORPORATION
295 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK 12, N. Y.
® by Polaroid Corp.

nothing tastes
like an
oyster,
nothing feels
like a
cactus,
nothing sounds
like
money,
nothing acts
like a proud
father,
nothing smells
like
royal briar
except
ATKINSONS
ROYAL BRIAR

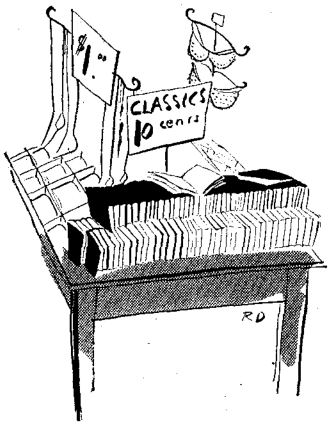
nothing will please Dad more
than a gift of Royal Briar eau de cologne,
3.60, 7.20*, or after-shave lotion,
3.66, 7.22*, or both.
And remember there is nothing like
a Neiman-Marcus gift wrap, .35.
*Prices include tax; add .15 postage.

Neiman-Marcus
dallas, texas

MUSIC HATH NO CHARMS TO SOOTHE MY SAVAGE BREAST

I HAVE long been aware of the single-mindedness of musicians, but it was not until a gifted musician came to stay with my wife and me one recent weekend that I realized what effect this vocational dedication can have on a more or less nonmusical household. The musician who visited us is a proficient enough instrumentalist to have been publicly hailed as a virtuoso, and he is proud of the abnormal sensitivity of his hearing. He once told me that his ears are so delicately attuned that he cannot abide the sound of a human whistle and can just barely tolerate a nightingale's. It became clear shortly after we had welcomed him, on Saturday afternoon, that he also could not abide the sound of the older of our two sons, a two-and-a-half-year-old whose voice, though undeniably high-pitched, has always been music to *my* ears.

Our guest had evidently anticipated finding some such instrument of torture at large on our premises, for he announced cheerfully, soon after his arrival, that he had brought along a set of rubber earplugs. He thereupon produced them from a pocket and fitted them snugly on, or in. He kept them there until the offending child had gone to bed. While waiting with barely concealed impatience for that ceremony to occur, the musician told my wife and me that, thanks to the earplugs, he could scarcely hear the boy's voice. He couldn't hear anybody else's voice at all, so he diverted himself, during the three hours preceding my son's bedtime, by turning our radio on full blast, sitting close to the loudspeaker, and enjoying what he shouted to us was a muted and restful concert of recorded chamber music. It may have been restful for him, but it inspired our younger son, whose articulation is spotty but who has sensitive ears himself, to begin screaming once he had been laid to rest in his own chamber and to keep it up half the harrowing night.



SUNDAY morning passed uneventfully, largely because our guest, whom we had urged to sleep as late as he could, remained in his room until nearly noon. When he did get up, and had had his breakfast, he inquired about the weather. Upon learning that the day was an unusually balmy one, he retired to the front veranda, and stayed there, plugged up, until the children had had their lunch and had been tucked away for their naps. At three o'clock, they awoke, and my wife resourcefully decided to take them off to call on some neighbors who have a fine outdoor playhouse. Without too much enthusiasm, she invited the virtuoso to go along. He said he'd just as soon not, since the Philharmonic was on the radio. I offered, virtuously, to stay home with him. I wanted some fresh-air activity myself, though, and, somewhat to my surprise, managed to persuade him to help me carry a ping-pong table out onto the veranda. He agreed to play with me, but only on condition that we turn the radio up and that we leave the door open, so that the music could drift our way with suitable clarity.

After an hour or so's sport, I happened to bounce a neat forehand drive off the virtuoso's side of the table, past his reaching paddle, and through the front door. He went inside to retrieve the ball, paused to listen to a few bars from ringside, began to hum a theme, and became so completely wrapped up in appreciation that he neglected to pick up the ping-pong ball and, on his way back outside, absent-mindedly swung the door to behind him. As it was closing, a horrible thought occurred to me, but before I could phrase it, or even hum it, the door had clicked shut. My thought had been that maybe the lock, which is a spring lock, was on. It was. There was no question about the back door—I had locked that myself when the cook left, after lunch.

I didn't have my door key on me, and I knew my wife had gone off without her purse and was thus without hers. I knew, too, that it was getting on toward five o'clock (at least my wristwatch wasn't locked in the house), that she would be returning soon with the children, and that when she did return, she would want to go straight to the kitchen and prepare their suppers. "Well," I said, "there's bound to be a window open somewhere."

"I hope so," said the musician, "because I can't hear the music well with the door shut."

I circled the house. All the windows were closed. All had storm windows nailed over them. (I had been meaning to take them down for a couple of weeks, but you know how it is with storm windows.) The majority also had screens, hooked on the inside. I had never before been conscious of living within an unassailable fortress, and under different circumstances might have been elated to know how secure a castle was my home. I decided I'd have to pry off a storm window and then break through a regular window, and perhaps a screen, too. But my stepladder and all my tools were locked inside the house. I explained to our guest that I'd have to walk to a neighbor's, since my wife had the car, and borrow some equipment. He urged me to hurry; the Philharmonic concert was almost over, he said.

In fifteen minutes, carrying ladder, screwdriver, and hammer, I was back. I found my friend agitated. "The concert's ended," he said, "and what I can hear of what's come on after it is awful. We've *got* to get inside and turn that radio off."

"Put in your earplugs," I said, not not unkindly.

"I can't," he said. "They're locked in the house. Maybe I'd better go for a stroll."

He did, and I circled the house again, looking for a weak spot. I finally found one—a casement window was not tightly shut, and could probably be forced open. It was located behind one of our largest storm windows, which measures four by six feet and is quite a job to put up or take down singlehanded. I remembered, too, that we had had trouble with the screen covering that particular window; one of two catches holding it in place is defective. Whistling while I worked, I got the storm window off, and with the screwdriver pried open the interior window. The screen, which opens inward, proved balky; while one of its catches was loose, all right, the other firmly resisted my pushing hand. I put my shoulder to the screen and gave it a hard shove. It swung sharply into the room. There was an awful clatter. I crawled in, dropped to the floor, and there, in various stages of disorder, I saw a standing lamp that my wife dearly prized, two flowerpots in which she had been nursing geraniums, the geraniums themselves, and our radio. The radio was silent. I went to the front door, opened it, unlatched the lock, returned

made exclusively for us
on our own distinctive patterns
CORDS...FINE STRIPES...PLAIDS
in cotton, or cotton with rayon and nylon

Our warm weather suits this year are better than ever...and all of them are lightweight, cool and comfortable. The excellent selection includes cords, plaids and fine stripes...in all-cotton or new variations of cotton with rayon and nylon... in white with tan, blue or grey, priced from $18.75 to $29.75.

Odd Jackets, $20 *to* $25

Complete set of swatches and descriptions sent upon request.

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Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
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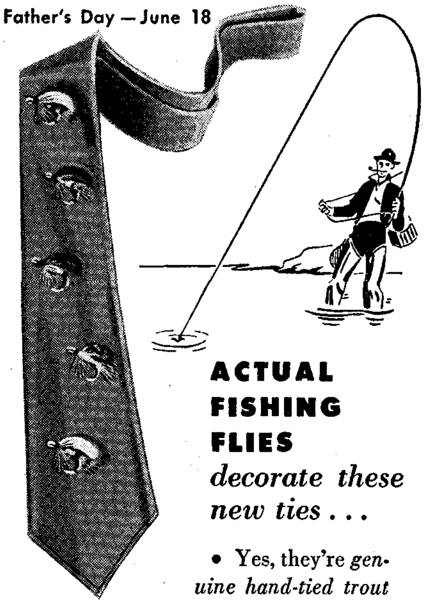
Wonderful for packing . . .
carries 12 dresses, 2 suits
PLATT luggage

Like a portable closet. PLATT's new Airess All-Garment case magically packs dresses and suits, wrinkle-free . . . hooks on the door for loading and unloading. A welcome addition in all Airess styles—shown here in famous Saratoga duotone pattern. At the finer stores, or write for names of dealers nearest you—Dept. NY6, PLATT LUGGAGE, INC. 2001 Elston Avenue, Chicago 14, Illinois



Father's Day—June 18

ACTUAL FISHING FLIES *decorate these new ties . . .*

A Fly-Tie Original

• Yes, they're *genuine hand-tied trout flies* — not printed or painted! Sorry you can't fish with them, for the barbs have been removed. Made for us by FLY-TIES, these conversation-piece ties are of imported wool. Maroon, Light Gray, Navy, Light Blue, Maize, Brown. **5.00**

U. S. mail orders prepaid

Whitehouse & Hardy
695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street) New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK Woman's Exchange
541 MAD. AVE. at 55 ST. · PL. 3-2330

"to love and to cherish"

Peignoirs in silk and satin prints; tailored silk nightgown, jacket and slip, all in the new Nude color with blue monogram. *(Lingerie Dept.)*

Fine old porcelain, occasional tables, prints, pattern glass, mirrors, lamps.

(Collectors' Corner 4th floor)

LUNCHEON **BAR** DINNER
"delicious food"

MONT TREMBLANT LODGE and Cottages

Vacationers long remember gay times at this picturesque French-Canadian village in the Laurentian Mountains. New Bath and Tennis Club. Daily cruises on *Tremblant Islander*, sailing. Riding, golf. Excellent French cuisine. Free from black flies and mosquitoes. $8-$14 a day with meals. Special family rates. (U.S. dollar worth $1.10.) Early reservations suggested.

MONT TREMBLANT LODGE
Mont Tremblant, P.Q., Canada

90 miles north of Montreal. Easy drive on Route 11 through St. Jovite: train or Provincial Transport bus.

to the scene of carnage, and did some quick and calculated tidying-up. I had just finished when the strolling musician reappeared.

"I came back because there was the most ghastly chirping in the woods," he said. "Thank goodness you've switched the radio off. And I think I hear your car in the driveway. Excuse me while I— That's funny, I could have sworn I'd left my plugs right here on this table."

I explained that some of the furnishings of the room had got disarranged, and for the next few minutes, while my wife was shepherding the children toward our now hospitably open front door, I helped him as he searched frantically for the earplugs. We looked all over the place—with no luck. But then who would ever have expected to find a set of earplugs, as my older son did the following day, pressed into the soil that clung to the broken remnants of a geranium plant?

"What are these, Daddy?" my son asked me.

"Ping-pong balls," I said.

"Oh," he said, perfectly content. I doubt that his innocent little mind has given them a moment's thought since.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

THE SUITABLE DAY

"I am a lady who loves decorum."
—From a letter of Mme. de Sévigné.

Green is the willow, as green should be,
Sea-water blue is the sky,
And I am a lady who loves decorum—
I wonder why.

A sensible passion stirs my heart,
A rational thought my head,
As everywhere *un petit air de dimanche,*
Like a golden thread,

Embroiders the morning, the still sky-blue,
The green of the willow tree.
And I am a lady who loves the look
Of propriety.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

•

Cummings once told Garbo how he built a wall at the rear of his home. When he finished the story she volunteered:

" helped my father build a wall once, in Sweden."

"That," Cummings recalls now, "was the only time I ever heard her utter the word 'I'."—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

You've got better ears than *we* have.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE RELAXED SELL

EVER since I bought a television set, I have found myself taking a greater interest in the compelling oratory and accompanying panorama of flying beer bottles, zooming candy bars, exploding containers of breakfast foods, singing cough drops, and animated coffee cups that make up the commercials than in the programs themselves. As a consequence, I recently decided to investigate this restless new art form and the creative processes of the advertising people who are developing it. My first move was to get in touch with Jack Denove, an account executive of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, the advertising agency for the American Tobacco Company, makers of Lucky Strikes. The Lucky Strike commercials, it seems to me, are fairly representative. I had watched cigarettes as they marched, did square dances, climbed in and out of packages, and lit themselves, and that was good enough for me. Mr. Denove, I had been informed, was in charge of advertising for Lucky Strikes. I called him up and explained to him what I wanted, and he invited me to come over to his office the following morning.

Denove's office is a large room with rich-green walls, carpet an inch deep, green upholstered armchairs, a green leather sofa, and an enormous desk cluttered with proofs of Lucky Strike ads. Behind the desk is a phonograph turntable built into a tier of shelves. When I arrived, the room was full of people. Denove, a short, bouncy man with curly hair, shot out of the chair at the great desk and shook hands. "Nice to have you drop in," he said. "We've just been having a little get-together with the television boys here. I'd like you to meet them." He then introduced several men, all of whom were with B.B.D.&O.: Jim Campbell and Warren Schloat, writers of television commercials; Hugh Rogers, chief of television production; Dan Lownsberry, a producer of television commercials; and Bob Olds, who I gathered was an "expediter" of television commercials. After the introductions, they retired to a corner to examine a film on a Movieola, a machine for editing films, and Denove and I sat down. "Television is the most amazing, the most terrific thing in America," Denove said. "Do you know that in the New York area more people are viewing television in the evening than listening to the radio? We're working against the clock. B.B.D.O. has forty clients in television. Since last June, we've been turning out commercials at the rate of one a day. We have B. F. Goodrich, we have Schaefer Beer, we have Fort Pitt Beer, we have My-T-Fine desserts. And, of course, we have Lucky Strike cigarettes. Every cigarette company has jumped into television with both feet. Chesterfield has 'Arthur Godfrey and His Friends' and the Chesterfield Supper Club, with Perry Como. Camel has the Camel News Caravan, the Ed Wynn Show, and 'Man Against Crime.' Old Golds are in big with the 'Original Amateur Hour' and half of 'Stop the Music.' Pall Mall's in there with 'The Big Story,' and Philip Morris is in with 'Candid Camera.' We've jumped in with 'Your Lucky Strike Theatre,' a one-hour dramatic show that runs every other week, on Monday nights at nine-thirty, over N.B.C. The show was sold to us by Robert Montgomery, who produces it and occasionally stars in it. It has an audience rating of thirty-five. That means that thirty-five out of every hundred people viewing television when the show is on are tuned in to 'Your Lucky Strike Theatre.' We have six minutes of commercial time on the show. Maybe you wouldn't think it, but we have to put in more effort—more stage work, more acting, more people, more time, and more rehearsal—per minute on those six minutes than we do on anything else we do on the air. It's terrific."

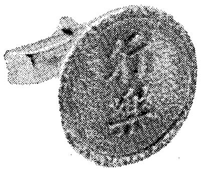
Denove looked at me with a pained expression. "I see you're smoking a Chesterfield," he said. "We like people to smoke Luckies around B.B.D.O." I hastily put out my cigarette, and he offered me one of his. "We've just started a new campaign for Luckies," he went on. He leaned back in his chair, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and recited the slogan of the new campaign: "Let your own taste and throat be the judge. For smoothness and mildness, there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike." Then he sat up and said, "We have the rough-puff story on radio seven days a week. And, of course, on TV. Camels are running the Thirty-Day Test on TV. They use society sportswomen and superimpose the T-Zone over their throats as they deliver their endorsements. But nobody has told the fine-tobacco story like Luckies. We spell that out in 'L.S.—M.F.T.'—'Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.' Fine tobacco means consumer satisfaction. We spell out consumer satisfaction in smoothness and mildness. Pardon me." Two men had just entered the office and were striding up to Denove's desk—George Moses, the B.B.D.&O. copy chief for the Lucky Strike account, and Harry Olsen, the agency's art director for the account. They had a stack of Kodachrome transparencies with them, and they began to show them to Denove.

"If it's not sexy, it's no good," said Denove jovially.

"How's this?" asked Olsen, holding a transparency up to the light.

Denove was dubious. "Here," he

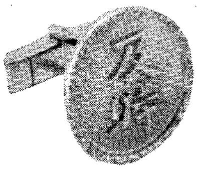
CAUTION!
WATCH FOR
SUDDEN
STOPS
AUTION!
TCH FOR
IDDEN
TOPS
UTION!
CH FOR
DDEN
STOPS

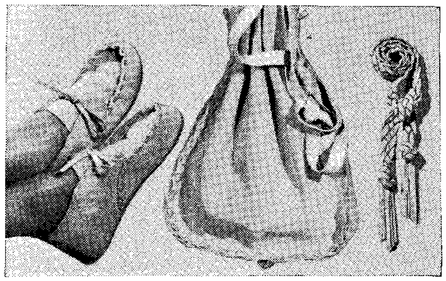


a "proverbial" gift—and a smart one for Father on his day (June 18). Handsome 14K gold cuff-links with an astute Chinese saying written on them: "Enjoy yourself, it is later than you think." Fatherly advice for 65.00 the pair, tax included, in our Prince Charming gift wrap.

Mail orders promptly filled. Dallas, Texas

Neiman-Marcus





MESA MOCCASINS from the Indian Reservation Country, made of washable glove-soft sueded cowhide, with sturdy leather soles, lifted inside heel-cushions for real fit and foot comfort.

HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Turquoise, Brown, Golden Maize, Em. Green, Red, Navy Blue, Indian White.

FOR WOMEN, sizes 4 thru 10........$4.95
FOR MEN, too, sizes up to and including 12........$5.95
BAG TO MATCH, roomy pouch, 9½" x 12" (tax incl.).$5.95
BRAIDED BELT to match for men & women (adj. size)........$2.95

Order by mail to-day. Send cash, check or m.o. and we pay postage. Or order C.O.D. plus postal charges. Immediate delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed, of course.

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Through June 22
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PL 8-0554
1st Ave. N.W. cor. 50th St.

said to me, handing over the picture. "Is that sexy enough?"

It showed Hedy Lamarr dressed in peacock feathers. I said she seemed very attractive.

"O.K.," Denove said. "We'll use it in the magazines. That's a dress she wore in 'Samson and Delilah.' "

"Sure, let the Bible tell 'em," said someone or other.

"Get it downtown today," Denove said.

I remarked to Denove that all the cigarette advertisements I could remember seeing showed people not smoking but merely holding lighted cigarettes, but that this principle didn't seem to apply to cigarette commercials on television. "No, it doesn't at all," he said. "They actually *smoke* them in television. You don't show people smoking in still ads because the cigarette would hide the face. See what I mean?" Denove held one hand up to his mouth. "It doesn't look good. But smoking looks wonderful in television. Smoking is an *instantaneous* act." Denove lit a Lucky, leaned back, and gracefully demonstrated the routine. "Look. You put your cigarette up to your face. You take your puff in the normal manner—watch me—and you blow out the smoke. It takes a couple of seconds. Then you see the person's face again. What could be more natural?"

The group of men clustered in the corner began to drift out of the office. "Say, Hugh!" Denove called out to Rogers, the production chief, a young man with a splendid head of hair and a diagonally striped collegiate tie. "I had a sudden ulcer at nine-twenty-eight last night. People could have tuned out 'Lights Out' and switched stations to 'The Goldbergs' without knowing there was a Montgomery show on the air. Typical problem," he said sidewise to me. "We start the show with the words 'Robert Montgomery Presents' on a title card. His name is too long! It won't fit into one line that will show up on that small screen. People can hardly read the lettering."

"We're reviewing the title-card situation now," said Rogers. Denove then suggested that I talk with Rogers about the problems involved in producing television commercials, and that I sit in with Campbell and Schloat, the writers, while they wrestled with ideas for commercials for the next Montgomery show. I said I'd enjoy doing that.

AFTER lunch, I went to Rogers' office. On one of its walls was pinned a large floor plan of a television studio. A two-foot-high cardboard cutout of a pack of Lucky Strikes, the sides of which slanted down in false perspective, stood on the floor against another wall. "I used to be with C.B.S.," Rogers said when I asked him about himself. "I was a T.D.—television director. I helped build up 'Mr. I. Magination' as competition to 'Kukla, Fran and Ollie,' on N.B.C. High-class kid show. I helped build up 'Lucky Pup' from a ten to a twenty-nine Hooper. Got out of the network deal just at the right time. When television was getting under way after the war, the networks decided that they, and not the advertising agencies, were going to control sponsored programs. After a while, it became obvious that the same thing was going to happen that happened in radio—the agencies were going to have the say. I gave it a lot of thought and decided to go over to the agency end. What a business! Everything you do in television is new. No matter what you try, it's never been done before."

I asked him how things were going on the Lucky Strike program.

"The rough puff is a damn difficult thing to make anything visual out of," he said. "By the way, we had quite a session over whether to spell it 'r-u-f-f.' It seemed more symmetrical. I was all for it, but Jack Denove overruled me. As a matter of fact, a small, simple, inanimate object like a cigarette can't just be exhibited. With commercials for some consumer goods, like refrigerators, you just change the words and the actors every week and keep your set the same, and the refrigerator can just sit there, while its features are pointed out. You don't *have* to move it around. With cigarettes, you can't point out features, you have to show more than the cigarette itself; we have to change the basic set every time. Everything we do runs into a terrifying amount of dough. In fact, everything anybody does in television runs into a terrifying amount of dough. In radio, you could put a show on with five people, outside of the actors. Now, consider the Lucky Strike show on television. I figured out that in the Montgomery show there are two hundred and fourteen separate jobs to be done. These are carried out through the combined facilities of N.B.C., the Montgomery organization (that's Neptune Productions), and B.B.D.O."

Rogers ticked off the jobs on his fingers. "First," he said, "you have thirty-nine property men and technicians on the studio floor. You have five men in the film studio, which is over in Radio City, to run off films. You have seven cameramen and five cameras—two of them push camera dollies. You have eight electricians and electrical-prop men, two dressers, a makeup man, and a scene painter—and he just touches up what someone else has already done. In the control room, you have an audio man, a technical director, an assistant technical director, a turntable man, a sound-effects man, the show director, the commercial director, and a few fellows from B.B.D.O. And then you have whole departments behind these people—film-slide men, artists, shoppers for props, trucking concerns, scene designers, carpenters, and painters. And you have at least a dozen other B.B.D.O. men working back at the agency. You probably have a hundred and fifty people directly involved in just this one show. Plus, of course, the actors for the play and for the commercials."

Rogers pointed to the floor plan. "That's where we do the Lucky Strike show," he said. "The studio is on West Sixty-seventh Street. Used to be a stable. The ground floor is leased for two days a week by N.B.C., which leases it from A.B.C."

Only half of B.B.D.&O.'s commercials, Rogers told me, are presented "live." The other half are put on film. While costs vary a good deal, a one-minute live commercial costs B.B.D.&O. an average of about seven hundred and fifty dollars to produce, not including talent, whereas a one-minute commercial on film costs a thousand dollars. "A film spot is more expensive, but it's safer," he said. "If an actor makes a fluff, you can reshoot the scene. If he makes a boner on a live commercial, there's nothing you can do about it. Not long ago, Dennis James, the announcer, was over at Madison Square Garden covering the Dog Show over Du Mont. James had to deliver a pitch for dog food, so we got the cameras on this dog and James offered it a bowl of the dog food. The dog had taken it nicely during rehearsals, but when it came to the actual commercial, he refused to even look at the stuff. James practically had to ram it down the dog's throat." He went on to tell me about Morey Amsterdam, a comedian, who, while smoking a cigarette on the Chesterfield Supper Club show to demonstrate its mild qualities, had a violent fit of coughing. "Frankly, B.B.D.O. is pretty careful about that sort of thing," Rogers said. "Last summer, we had a rush film commercial for Luckies. We had it made by a commercial-film outfit in Detroit, and flown here. The spot featured a boy and a girl in the shad-

Does fragrance

stay with you?

■ Have you learned how to use fragrance artfully . . . how to make it a lingering, memorable part of you? *This is it:* As a background, splash, splash yourself all over with toilet water. Then accent ears, wrists, throat with perfume in the same fragrance. ■ And which fragrance? You'll be so nice to come close to if you wear Ciro's NEW HORIZONS—a soaring, spirited scent that carries you on and on. Use NEW HORIZONS Eau de Toilette and Perfume together always, and see how appealing, how stimulating you always are . . . how everything you wear snaps into focus. NEW HORIZONS Eau de Toilette was created for lavish use . . . the Perfume for that finishing touch. This way to use fragrance is as necessary to good grooming as gloves and lipstick. Make it your *nicest daily habit!*

CIRO EAU DE TOILETTE
new horizons

PARFUMS

CIRO

■ CIRO TOILET WATER (Eau de Toilette)

New Horizons, Danger, Reflexions, Surrender, $2.75, 4.50, 7.50

■ *CIRO PERFUMES . . . from $4.50 to 35.00*

■ *And in PETI-PATS for your purse, at $2.00*

prices plus tax

WEDGWOOD
A LIVING TRADITION

GREEN LEAF, Wedgwood's fresh, modern pattern in Queen's Ware, is just the dinnerware you have been searching for. Write for names of stores. Five piece place setting $5.75

Send 10c for Folder B showing additional illustrations

24 EAST 54TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
MADE IN BARLASTON, ENGLAND

MY SIN
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

IN A DUTCH CORNER

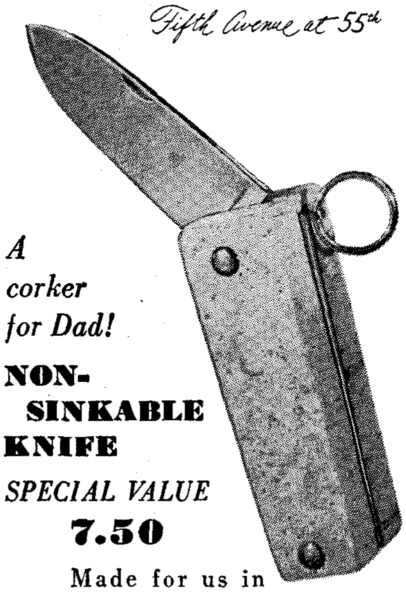
No better food in town!—'Round the crescent bar for cocktails; in front of old tiled fireplaces for luncheon; dinner in the nooks.
Cocktails; Luncheon Dishes; Dinner.
Dutch maidens to serve you.
HOLLAND HOUSE TAVERNE
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
AT 48th ST. • Circle 6-5800
IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

ows. They take out a couple of Luckies, light them, and you see their faces by the light. They're about to kiss when they look around, see the camera, look embarrassed, and pull down a shade in front of them. The shade has the Lucky bull's-eye on it. We looked at that film for an hour. There was something wrong; we didn't know what. Jack Denove and I decided to get out to Detroit right away. We set out for LaGuardia in a car, ran out of gas on the Queensboro Bridge, got to the airport without tickets, grabbed somebody else's seats, flew to Detroit, and went straight to the set. I talked to the girl model. I offered her a Lucky. 'Sorry,' she says, 'I don't smoke.' I realized right off what had gone wrong. The girl wasn't inhaling."

I complimented Rogers on his quick action. "We like everybody to both inhale *and* exhale on our commercials," he said. "Stanton and Morgan, our two announcers on the Montgomery show, are inveterate smokers. They can exhale and talk at the same time. It's good, because in a one-minute commercial, a puff takes a relatively long time, and by exhaling and talking at the same time, Stanton and Morgan can keep the action going at the clip we want."

The telephone rang. Rogers picked up the phone and talked into it for a few moments. "Those smoke rings don't look so hot," he finally remarked into the mouthpiece. "Can't we do something about it?" After he had hung up, I expressed interest in the smoke-ring problem. "We made a sixty-second film spot of a girl smoking a Lucky," Rogers explained. "She was supposed to blow smoke rings into the camera lens. She couldn't blow them the way we wanted her to, so we had phony rings dubbed into the film by optical printing. Smoke rings are a terrible problem. We turned up this guy in Detroit—Peterson, I think his name was—who claimed to be able to blow twenty-six smoke rings at a time. We had our production people check on him for a live commercial. It seemed like a swell idea, and everything was going nicely, when we realized that the studio air-conditioning and all the hot lights would set up air currents that would disintegrate the smoke rings as soon as they were out of Peterson's mouth. I talked to the Peterson guy over long distance. He said that if we would build him a glass cage to blow his smoke rings in, no air currents would bother him. That sounded reasonable enough until we realized that we couldn't photograph

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th



A corker for Dad!
NON-SINKABLE KNIFE
SPECIAL VALUE
7.50
Made for us in France, with a big chunk of cork for a handle, a razor-sharp blade of finest stainless steel. Knife controlled by a spring lock. It releases only when you pull the ring. All of it, 8½" long, opened. Smart gift for fisherfolk and sailing men.
SEND FOR MID-YEAR GIFT CATALOG
Write! Phone! Postage Prepaid

ARPEGE
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

FOR SALE TO PRIVATE OWNER
LONG ISLAND WATERFRONT PROPERTY
Clam Shell Point on Eatons Neck, L. I., N. Y. Magnificent view in three directions. Secluded high wooded bluff and long beach on Northport Bay and Duck Island Harbor. Approximately 18 acres. Protected anchorage. Asking $65,000. Brokers protected.
Box N, The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd St.

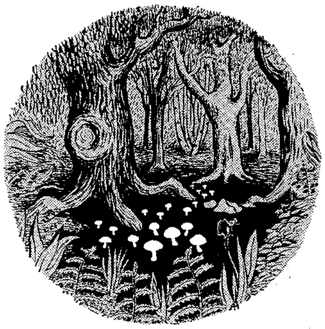
A True
NEW ENGLAND INN
at Intervale, N. H.
For those who appreciate the finer things in life.
Swimming, Activities. Cocktail lounge.
$10 a day with meals.
Open all year. Thomas Y. Martin II, Mgr.

through glass, on account of the reflections."

Rogers walked over to the Lucky Strike cutout. "This is one of our standard props," he said. "Notice the dull finish. A shiny surface causes terrific halation on the television screen. So does white. Notice that the pack has been painted in shades of gray. Can't use the Lucky Strike red. Some image-Orthicon pickup tubes in the television cameras are red-sensitive—everything goes to white. And white causes halation, too. We just had to knock out a white cow from the prop list of an upcoming show for that reason."

I asked about the false perspective of the cutout.

"That's a carry-over from our still ads," Rogers said. "When you see a picture of a Lucky pack in a magazine, it's drawn in false perspective so that you can see the 'L.S.—M.F.T.' on the bottom. The client spends millions of dollars on little touches like that in the magazines, so we have our display packs on television commercials made with the same false perspective. Have you ever noticed the way the cigarettes come out in a Lucky ad?" Almost every cigarette advertisement, of no matter what brand, shows a pack with a few cigarettes sticking out. Chesterfield sometimes has all the silver foil torn off and three cigarettes pulled out. Camel shows the foil unfolded, not torn, and a row of cigarettes in a pyramid arrangement. Lucky Strike has four cigarettes popping up asymmetrically. "Anyway, we like to see the big packs in our commercials in false perspective," Rogers said. He looked at his watch.



I said I was thinking of going over to talk to the television writers.

"We don't *have* any television writers yet," he said. "They're really radio writers trying to get the hang of a new medium. As soon as we get a writer in for television copy, the first thing he does is grab a dictionary of television terms, and then he throws everything at you. Triple superimpositions, involving three or four camera takes on half a dozen words—gee, the T. D. couldn't call the shots that fast—fancy dissolves, windshield wipes, pop-through wipes, iris wipes, barn-door wipes, double-barn-door wipes. That's for film. You can't do most of the wipes on live television. You know what wipes are—where one scene is taken off the screen by a moving line, revealing another scene. In a film, one wipe can cost you two hundred bucks. But you get a budget of a thousand dollars for a one-minute film commercial and the writers throw in a wipe every two seconds. It kills you! They ask you for crowds. In television, five people are a crowd! I've seen ten people in a television shot and I swear to God that on the screen they looked like a hundred milling around. Once, some writers wanted a giant pack of Luckies that everybody would climb out of through the Lucky bull's-eye. They called for one fourteen feet high. It sounded fine, but when it was viewed on the average set, the action would be so far away from the camera that you couldn't recognize the people climbing out of the pack. Anyway, you have to keep all the action in the center of the screen, away from the critical zone at the edges, where the image gets fuzzy. Usually, you have to count on losing eight per cent of the vertical image and thirteen per cent of the horizontal."

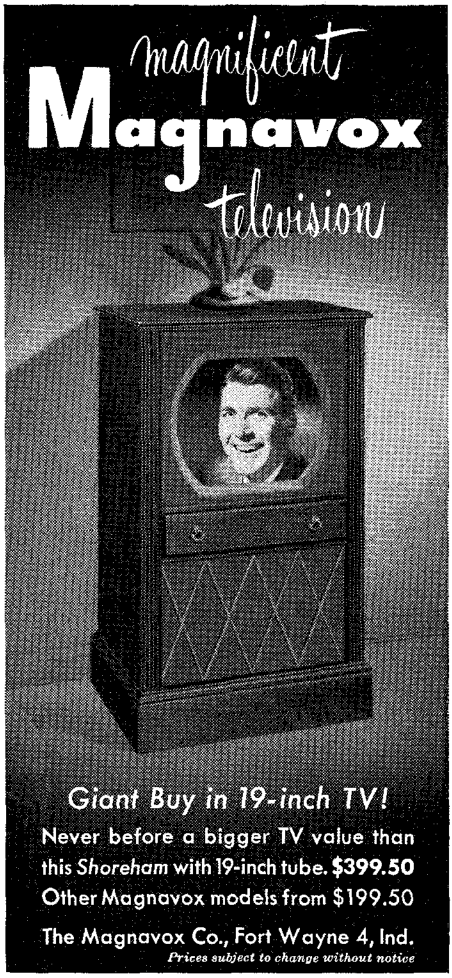
AFTER thanking Rogers for talking to me, I went to see Campbell and Schloat, the television, or radio, writers. They were huddled together at a desk in a tiny room. On one wall was a chart of what looked like Navy signal flags.

"That's a chart of wipes," said Campbell, a scholarly-looking man of about thirty. "This is a barn-door wipe, this is an iris in, this is an iris out."

"We use wipes a good deal for film spots," said Schloat, a round-faced man of around the same age.

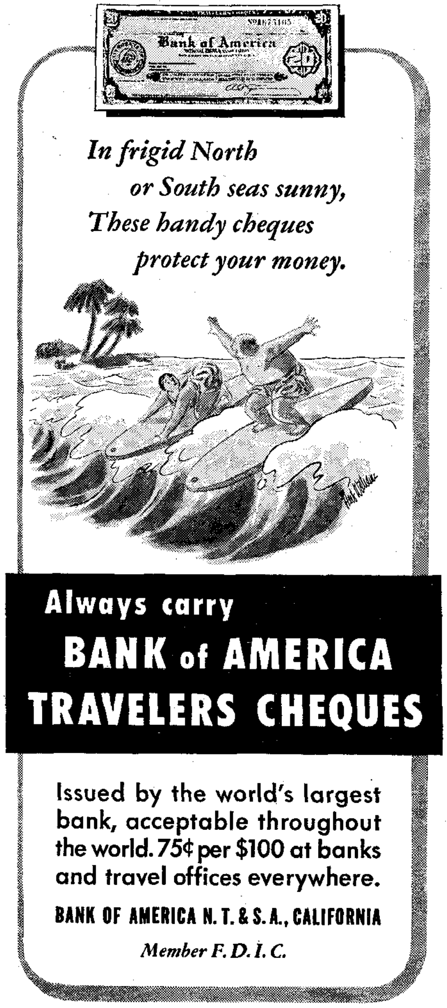
"I have a dictionary of television terms, if you'd like to go through it sometime," Campbell said. I thanked him and asked how he and Schloat were coming along with the next Lucky Strike television commercial.

Schloat said they had submitted several tentative scripts. "The first opens with Bob Stanton—he's one of our announcers—building his own props in the studio," Campbell said. "He's sawing away at something in a vise and chanting, in rhythm with the sawing, 'Never a rough puff, never a rough puff, never a rough puff.' That got thrown out downtown by Mr. Vincent Riggio himself. Mr. Riggio is chairman of the board of the American Tobacco Company. Then we tossed them a new



magnificent
Magnavox
television

Giant Buy in 19-inch TV!
Never before a bigger TV value than this *Shoreham* with 19-inch tube. **$399.50**
Other Magnavox models from $199.50
The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.
Prices subject to change without notice



In frigid North
or South seas sunny,
These handy cheques
protect your money.

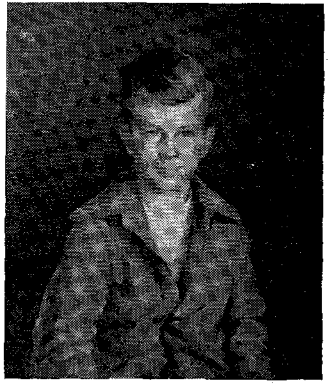
Always carry
BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Issued by the world's largest bank, acceptable throughout the world. 75¢ per $100 at banks and travel offices everywhere.
BANK OF AMERICA N. T. & S. A., CALIFORNIA
Member F. D. I. C.

For Sterling Hospitality

George III style tea service with superbly simple lines—made by leading English craftsmen. 6 pieces, attractively priced at $675, tax incl. From our selection of 18th century reproductions.

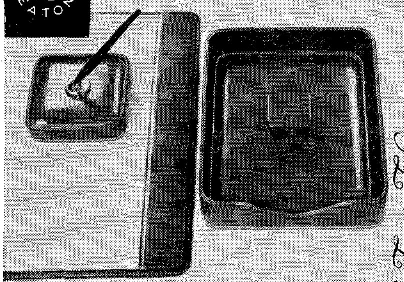
James Robinson INC.
716 FIFTH AVE., AT 56TH ST., N. Y. 19
Antique English Silver and China Reproductions



Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters

PORTRAITS, Inc.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
460 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read

L.L.L. EATON
Luxurious Leather accessories by Laura Lee Linder



Moulded desk ensemble in superb calfskin. Desk Pad 18" x 26", $19.50*. Correspondence Box; Parker 51 Pen and Base, $35 each*. Other matching pieces available. Made by Laura Lee Linder Fine Leather Division, Eaton Paper Corporation, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. *approx.

script, with the rough-puff line, to go with an animated film of a bunch of cigarettes doing a barn dance. Jack Denove has the thing downtown right now for approval."

"We did one that showed Ray Morgan—he's our other announcer—and Stanton at a cigarette counter," said Schloat. "They see a buyer undecided about which brand he's going to buy. They put on an act about smoothness and mildness, and the guy finally buys a pack of Lucky Strikes. And that got thrown out." He turned to Campbell. "We've got to get some ideas." Both men sat and thought for a few minutes. I didn't interrupt.

"I have one," Schloat finally said. "We'll get Morgan in a room—he's at home—with a picture behind him. The picture comes to life and delivers the commercial. We could do it through rear projection onto a movie screen."

"The production boys are going to kill us," said Campbell. "Maybe the picture could be a tobacco-growing scene. The picture starts to animate and you have a bunch of these independent tobacco experts delivering their opinions about Lucky Strike. Morgan says, 'Boy, they know what they're talking about!' and goes into the rough-puff pitch. Wait—I'm thinking of a topper. The picture dissolves to a shot of a girl. I don't know— Do we have a beautiful girl on film saying something good about Lucky Strike?"

"Maybe we could work in one of the early planters," Schloat suggested.

"Let's not go into tobacco history," Campbell said.

Bob Olds, the television-commercial "expediter," came into the office.

"Do we have a girl on film talking about Luckies?" asked Campbell.

"No," said Olds.

"When I worked for Walt Disney, I used to spend three months on a six-minute scene," said Schloat. "This pace staggers me."

"Do you see any possibilities in a thirty-thousand-buck coronet they crowned Dorothy Kirsten with at the Richmond Tobacco Bowl Festival?" asked Olds. "Sinatra in person, and stuff."

"No," said Campbell.

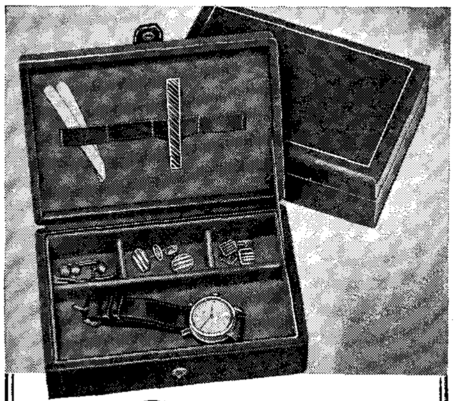
Olds walked out, and another man rushed in. "Just got back from downtown," he said. "They won't take the barn dance."

"My God!" Campbell cried.

"Geez!" said Schloat.

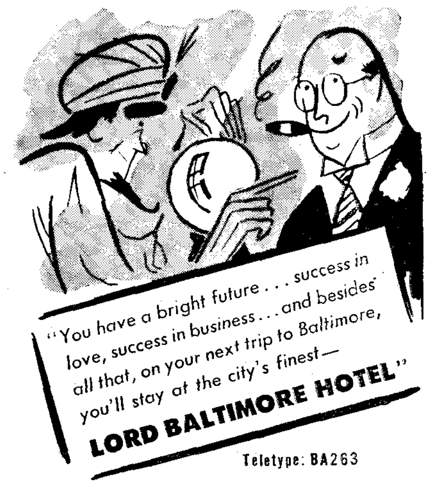
"What did he say?" Campbell asked.

"He said he didn't like it," replied the man from downtown. "He just



For a Well-Groomed Dad
A "natural" for Father's Day, Graduations, Usher's Gift, Birthdays
Here is a decidedly masculine jewel box, designed to hold tie clasps, collar pins and stays, studs, links, watches, rings. The Windsor, by Mele, is genuine chestnut colored leather, suede lined, 14 kt. gold tooling. Snap button closing. Looks smart on any dresser. 7" x 4½" x 2", postpaid............4.95
MAIL ORDERS FILLED • Free delivery within 150 miles • in N. Y. C. add 2% sales tax
Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57 St., New York 22, EL 5-4700
Send for latest catalogue, "N-1"

BRADFORD BACHRACH . . . PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN
CANDIDS BY... Bachrach
54 E. 52ND ST., NEW YORK—PL 5-6233


"You have a bright future . . . success in love, success in business . . . and besides all that, on your next trip to Baltimore, you'll stay at the city's finest—
LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL"
Teletype: BA263

said, 'Let your own taste and throat be the judge. For smoothness and mildness, there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike.' Said that four times."

"V.R. said that?" Campbell asked in a whisper.

"Four times," said the man from downtown, and vanished.

Campbell and Schloat looked harried. "We have a minute-long film around somewhere," said Campbell. "It isn't the cutest in the world, but it shows a lot of people smoking."

"We'll probably have to work nights this week," Schloat remarked.

"I'm on every girl I know's black list," Campbell said.

"Maybe Jack will think of something," Schloat said.

"Morgan is in the studio, and his fairy godmother goes 'Ping!' and delivers his commercial for him," Campbell suggested, a little desperately.

The telephone rang. Campbell picked it up. "Jack's back. Let's go see him," he said, and I trailed after them.

As Campbell, Schloat, and I walked into Denove's office, he was putting down on the floor beside his desk a huge zippered briefcase of the type called in the advertising profession a presentation case. A presentation case generally contains charts and is considered indispensable by topflight advertising men. "I would like you to hear something terrific," Denove said as we all sat down. He unzipped his case, took out a large acetate record, and put it on the turntable behind his desk. A blast of sound came out that shook me. A troupe was singing, in operatic style, a song about Lucky Strike's fine tobacco. "Wonderful, isn't it?" cried Denove, bouncing in his chair. "It hasn't been approved yet, but I think it'll go great on radio, and maybe we could do something with it on television."

Rogers walked in. Denove turned off the phonograph.

"We're thinking of a rear-projection scheme—" Schloat began.

"Morgan's at home," Campbell broke in. "He has this picture framed. The picture animates. Maybe we could have Joe Burnett—he's sold fine tobacco for Luckies. He says, 'I've sold millions of pounds of tobacco, but none so smooth and mild as Lucky Strike.' "

"No," said Rogers firmly. "None of that. We can't get the equipment."

Schloat and Campbell looked disappointed. For a few minutes, everyone thought intently. "An idea," Rogers said, finally. He paced up and down

**VIYELLA . . .
FOR NOW 'N LATER**

Wonder-soft, washable Viyella flannel (wool and cotton) for year 'round wear. We personally selected this English import with the care used in all Stearns Town and Country Fashions. "If it shrinks, we replace it." White, Melon, Deep Aqua, Yellow, Red, $7.95. Checks $8.95. Tartan Plaids $11.95. Sizes 32 to 40. Neckwear, Street Floor.

R. H. STEARNS CO.
RHS BOSTON

ACHIEVE THE NEW
EXOTIC EYE MAKE-UP
WITH Maybelline
PREFERRED BY REALLY SMART
WOMEN THE WORLD OVER
EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA
Maybelline

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

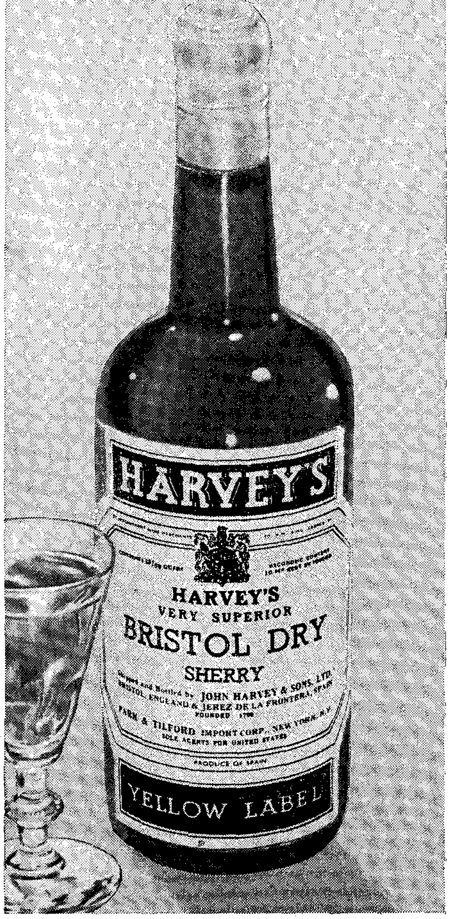
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL DRY

—the world's finest tasting
DRY *Sherry*

HARVEY'S *Bristol Dry* is the premium *dry* Sherry of the world-renowned Harvey's "Bristol" family.

It is a rare and magnificent *fino*—the perfect cocktail sherry, of just the right dryness and with a delightful after-taste.

Serve Harvey's *Bristol Dry—proudly.*



PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

through the deep carpet. "We open with a closeup of workmen's feet dangling in midair—" he said.

"He wants feet," Denove murmured to the room at large.

"From the feet," Rogers went on, "we pull the camera up to two workmen sitting on a girder five hundred feet in the air above New York. They take out their lunch, then light up with Luckies. Then right along the girder walks Morgan and delivers the commercial. It would make a sweet spot."

Denove shook his head slowly.

Undaunted, Rogers tried again. "Have Morgan and his wife rehearsing his commercial," he said. "She says, 'I think you ought to say, "There's *never* a rough puff in a Lucky." ' He says, 'No, dear, it's "There's never a *rough* puff." ' And so it goes."

"Good!" cried Denove. "Let's try that out. And for the second commercial let's get F. E. Boone, our independent tobacco auctioneer. Let him explain what his Lucky Strike chant is all about. And get a girl with him. I'll call F. E. down South and fix it up."

The meeting then broke up, with many expressions of optimism.

ON the way out of Denove's office, Rogers said it might be interesting for me to talk to Robert Foreman, vice-president in charge of radio and television copy. I said I would like to, and Rogers led me to another office and turned me over to Foreman, a short, dapper man wearing a crisp bow tie, who had been banging away at an ancient typewriter. "Sit down," said Foreman. "I've just been working on a company speech. Last year, the B.B.D.O. slogan was 'You've got to be good to be big.' This year, it's 'To stay ahead takes thinking ahead.' Now, if you don't mind listening awhile, I have some people to see." Foreman glanced past me toward the door, and two young men in shirtsleeves, their hands full of papers, came forward. "These are what we call story boards," Foreman said to me. "When we begin a television commercial, and particularly a film commercial, we rough out the action in a series of pictures on the left side of the page, and the audio text on the right. If the story board is approved, we send it to several commercial-film producers—there are hundreds of them waiting to grab business in television—for estimates."

One of the young men put his load of story boards on Foreman's desk. "This first set happens to be a series of television commercials we're preparing for Schaefer Beer on the Dodger games this season," Foreman told me. "We've done some good work for Schaefer in the past. We had the camera drink a glass of Schaefer. The beer pours right over the screen. For Meister Bräu, we had the camera drink a glass of beer *and* eat a hamburger. The hamburger rises, fills the screen, and comes down with a great bite out of it. On a Wildroot Cream-Oil spot, we had a girl kiss the lens. And for the American Tobacco Company, we had the lens smoke a Lucky. A very effective gimmick."

Foreman turned to the two young men. "You want to show the Cleveland Indians through a glass of beer after the second inning?" he said. "O.K. But can we use the names of the players during a commercial? Are we invading their right of privacy?" He picked up his phone. "That was one of our legal eagles," he said to me when he had finished. "You see the kind of thing we're up against. That gag about the wife who sees her husband over television at a baseball game with a blonde, it's a real problem for us. Where do we stand when we superimpose a beer bottle on a crowd scene? Can a guy in the crowd sue us? We have to be careful. I guess I'll decide about these Schaefer spots later."

The two young men left, and two others came in and sat down. They, too, were in shirtsleeves.

"Let's have it," Foreman said.

The two men cleared their throats and, tapping out time, loudly sang a jingle in praise of Calso, a gasoline.

"It'll do," said Foreman. The two young men departed. "Sung to the tune of 'Little Brown Jug,' " Foreman told me with satisfaction. "A public-domain tune. It saves us dough. We have them orchestrated on the outside. But on television we're only allowed to use orchestration—orchestration in the usual sense, that is—in our live commercials."

I asked Foreman what he meant. He explained that in 1944 James C. Petrillo forbade all members of the American Federation of Musicians to record music on film for television. Most of the jingles for television are therefore sung *a cappella* or to an accompaniment of instruments beneath the notice of Petrillo. "The ukulele, for instance, isn't recognized by Petrillo as a musical instrument," said Foreman. "We use ukes a good deal, as well as the tipple, which is a uke strung with steel strings and sounds somewhere between the guitar and the balalaika. We can use jew's-harps, kazoos, the goofus, kids' glass xylophones, toy pianos, and sand blocks, which are just a couple of pieces of sandpaper-covered wood you rub together for rhythm. As a matter of fact, I think Petrillo's cracked down on sand blocks lately. He claims they're a musical instrument. We also use human voices to imitate some instruments banned by Petrillo. Some of our people can dub in a bass fiddle by blowing a 'puck-puck-puck' sound close to the mike. There's one guy who does the snare drum, trumpet, and sax by breathing through his nose. He must be making a small fortune out of T.V. sound tracks."

Most of the lyrics B.B.D.&O. uses in television commercials are written there in the office. "We do everything from Gilbert-and-Sullivan-type things to Rodgers-and-Hammerstein-type things," Foreman said. "We do a swell Bromo-Seltzer train that puffs smoke. The smoke puffs have numbers—one, two, three. Fights headaches and stomach distress three ways—get it? We videoize the radio thing wherever we can. Of course, testimonials are something of a problem. On the radio, you can just quote them. On the Jack Benny program, for example, the announcer comes on, gives a pitch for Luckies, then says, 'As Ray Bolger recently remarked . . .' And another voice quotes Bolger on how he likes Luckies. You can't impersonate anyone on television. You have to get your people in person, and too many of them have contract clauses preventing them from appearing. We're working on that problem. We've had a plan to use Dorothy Kirsten on a Lucky Strike film spot. The commercial would open with the usual words, 'Let your own taste and throat be the judge;' then we'd switch to a shot of a judge on the bench, banging his gavel. I forget the rest of it." Foreman got up from his chair and pointed to a chart on the wall. "Do you know what these are?" he asked.

"Wipes," I said hastily. I thanked him and headed for the elevator.

ONE morning, I went up to the Sixty-seventh Street studios; "Your Lucky Strike Theatre" was going on the air that night. The studio it was to be broadcast from was a huge room crisscrossed halfway down from the ceiling with a complex of steel scaffolding from which hung scores of Klieg lights on lattices. Carpenters were hammering. Television cameras on dollies were being pushed around. A group of people were standing in the middle of the stage chatting. Rogers wasn't there, but I picked out Dan Lownsberry, the producer of television commercials—and

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two new ties
left ......Giotto 7.50
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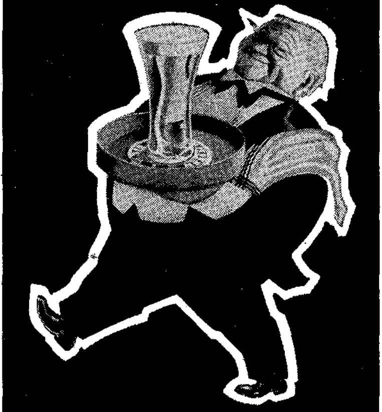
RAWLINGS



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MODERN INTERIORS Send 25 cents to Berne, Ind. for this profusely illustrated booklet on decorating your home successfully.

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CHICAGO: 1638 Merchandise Mart
BOSTON: 203 Clarendon Street
KANSAS CITY: 212 Merchandise Mart
NEW YORK: 227 East 56 Street
DUNBAR FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO. • BERNE, INDIANA

went up to him. "The actors for the commercials will be here in a few minutes," he said. "There have been some changes. The commercial with the emphasis in the rough-puff line was thrown out downtown at the last minute. We substituted another, and *that* was thrown out. The final one we worked out involves a cartoon film of marching tobacco leaves. We'll show Morgan and his wife watching the film on their television receiver, and Morgan delivering his pitch in the form of remarks about the leaves. That's the set, there." Lowsnberry pointed to a corner of the studio. The set consisted of a backdrop, painted to represent a living room, and two armchairs, a coffee table, and a low bookcase, which was evidently to serve as the television receiver. In the middle of the studio was a tremendous backdrop of blue paper. "F. E. Boone's setup for the second commercial," Lowsnberry said. "We'll have him do his chant in the middle of some big Lucky packs hung from the scaffolding. A sort of abstract idea. Something like a Dali painting."

A well-built man of about sixty, with white hair gray at the sides, came in. He turned out to be F. E. Boone himself. "Mighty glad to meet you," he said to me. He looked around. "My, my, what an interesting place! I've never done a television show before. They tell me the show starts at nine-thirty. I'm going to miss my ten-thirty train back to Richmond."

"F.E. doesn't really need a script," Lowsnberry whispered as Boone slid out of his topcoat. "He has this thing taped backward, forward, and sideways. On radio, we use him to warm up the audience before the 'Hit Parade' show. Ask him for a sixty-second spiel and he'll give you a minute on the button."

The studio began to fill up. One of the arrivals was Bob Stanton, a stocky man with a mustache. He was carrying a briefcase, which he threw on the floor. The other announcer, Ray Morgan, a tall, slender fellow, came in immediately afterward, and *he* threw a briefcase on the floor. Stanton cleared his throat and did an imitation of a tobacco auctioneer's chant. "Gee, I did a swell commercial for the Mohawk Carpet show on tele last week," he told Lowsnberry. "I had a girl sitting on my lap. She was dressed in harem-type pants. She stroked my hair while I delivered my pitch."

Two pretty girls walked onto the floor and said hello to Lowsnberry. They were Mary K. Wells and Patsy Jenkins. "Mary plays Morgan's wife," Lowsnberry told me. "Patsy works with F.E. Boone."

Rogers rushed in, his arms full of big cardboard imitations of packs of Luckies. "Get these strung up at different angles!" he yelled to the carpenters.

I approached F. E. Boone, who was standing in a corner, looking through his script. "My goodness," he muttered, "what's all this? 'Pack zooms to full screen, ECU Boone.' I never had anything like that on radio."

Lowsnberry, who had joined us, said, "It means 'extreme closeup.' "

"Thank you, sir," said Boone.

A lawyer for the American Tobacco Company came in, and glumly took a position near the set.

"All right, we'll take a run through the Boone commercial first!" cried Rogers. "Places!"

Miss Jenkins, Boone, and Stanton went over and stood before the blue-paper backdrop. Rogers squinted at them through a small range finder he was holding in one hand.

"L.S.—M.F.T.!" cried Stanton, with the urgency of a police-radio call. "L.S.—M.F.T.!"

F. E. Boone delivered the familiar Lucky Strike auctioneering chant.

"Gee, Mr. Boone, I think it sounds *terrific!*" Miss Jenkins said. "But—uh, what does it mean?"

"Just a minute, F.E.," said the American Tobacco Company lawyer. "Something just occurred to me. If you chanted that fast, would there be any implication that you were selling faster than the legal rate of four hundred baskets an hour?"

"Well, I chant at the rate of between six and seven hundred words a minute," Boone said.

"I don't want trouble with the F.T.C.," the lawyer said firmly. "The idea is you don't sell the tobacco farmers' crops like *that.*" He snapped his fingers.

"I don't try to nudge," Boone said defensively. "I just try to stay out of trouble."

"All right, let it pass," the lawyer said.

The rehearsal continued. Boone explained the meaning of his chant, reciting it slowly, then speeded it up again to an unintelligible babble. At its slow pace, the chant resolved itself into something like "At sixty, one dollar bid, and a one, and a one, and a one; at sixty-two, two dollars bid, and a two, and a two, and a two," and so forth. I timed his explanation at one minute flat.

I walked over to Ray Morgan, who

was lounging in one of the armchairs on his set.

"Smoking through all these hours of rehearsal is apt to dry you up," Morgan said, eying the furious puffing that was going on then over on the Boone set. "In the rehearsal for the first Montgomery show, I fogged. I had five pages of hard sell to do solo, and I had three drags to take. I wasn't easy about it. But I finally solved the problem. The trick is either to blow all the smoke out before you speak or get most of it out. I took it up with the production boys. 'Let's show relaxation,' I said. 'Let's wait a few seconds after I take a drag. Let me blow the smoke out.' The boys liked the idea. I blew the smoke out slowly, and it worked beautifully. It was a *relaxed* sell."

Morgan lit a Lucky, blew out a cloud of smoke, and observed that he would rather work TV than radio any day. "That camera is more like a face in front of you," he explained. "I'm on 'The Talent Search,' over N.B.C. Also the 'Magic Clown' show, over WNBT, on Sunday mornings, right after the Horn & Hardart show. 'Magic Clown' is sponsored by Bonomo's Turkish Taffy—I eat the stuff in the commercial. Regular cornball of a show. Working with kids is a cinch—you wiggle your eyes and hoke it up. I wear a fez and give out membership cards for the Bonomo Magic Club, certifying members as Junior Master Magicians. Next week, I'll be wearing guns. Never have to worry about blowing your lines on a kid show. I've got the thing woodshedded anyway. I can do the pitch backwards. As a matter of fact, this Bonomo Turkish Taffy is a damn good-tasting candy bar. It lasts forever. You'd wonder how the Bonomo people ever get any turnover with a product like that. But tele— Boy, what a selling medium! Since the show started, they've had to put on two extra shifts at the Bonomo factory, and they're still six or seven weeks behind on their orders."

I WANDERED off to look around the studio, which, I found, was divided into two sections, one housing the two commercial sets and the other several sets for the play that would be done that night on "Your Lucky Strike Theatre." As I finished my tour, I saw that Robert Montgomery had arrived and seated himself behind a highly authoritative-looking desk on the side where the commercial sets were. I was introduced to him, and he

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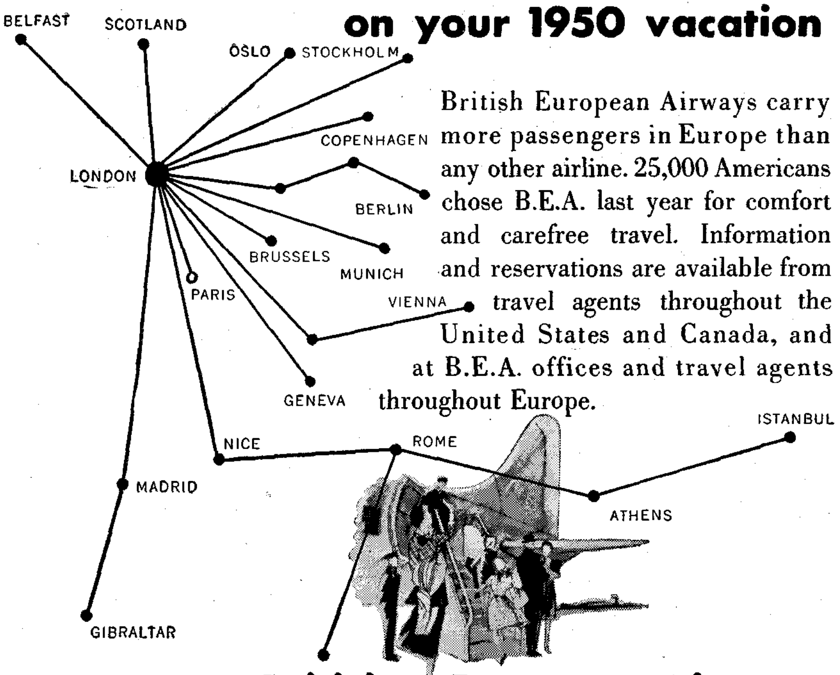
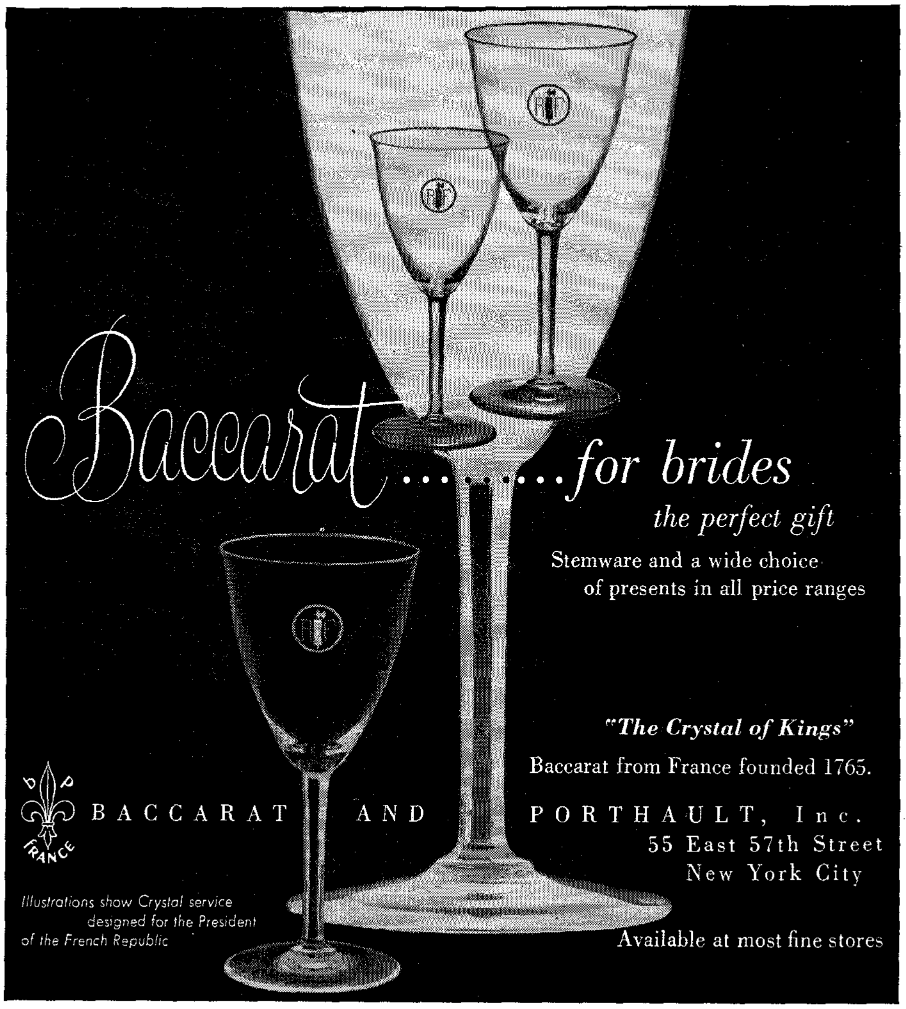


British European Airways



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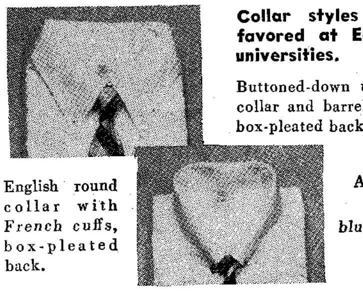
OUR WONDERFUL OXFORD SHIRTS
of unusually fine combed yarn, unshrinkable.



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invited me to sit down by his desk for a talk.

"Are you an expert yet?" Montgomery asked me. "This is what I call the era of the expert in television. After a couple of weeks in the business, you're an expert." He laughed. "It reminds me of the days in Hollywood when sound was new. Everybody fell in love with sound. We used to have beady-eyed experts who went around knocking on the walls of fifty-thousand-dollar sets and saying, 'You can't shoot sound with that in here.' Everything overwritten for sound. My God, you'd have a courtroom scene with a guy in the witness box—the lawyer would ask his name and he'd make a five-minute speech. You could just see the producer telling the writer, 'Gee, we've got to have him *say* something.' The same thing in TV, except he says, 'For God's sake, we've got to have him *do* something.' "

Rogers came up to us. "We have a terrific idea for a new commercial," he told Montgomery, "and we want to do it live, in the studio here soon. It would be the biggest commercial ever done. An operatic deal, where we sing out the rough-puff thing with a thirty-six-piece orchestra, a ballet troupe, and Dorothy Kirsten. Mr. Riggio loves it."

Montgomery looked stunned. "What—here?" he asked in a choked voice.

"Sure," Rogers said calmly.

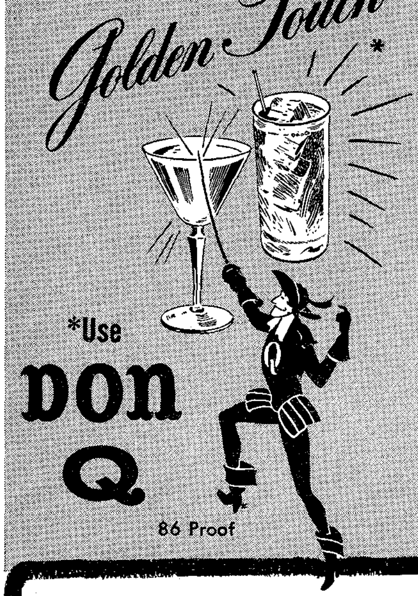
Montgomery passed a hand over his forehead. "How will the dramatic show look after an opening like that, huh? Like something out of Cedar Rapids. Oh, well, I guess we can underplay it, with competition like that."

"It was Jack Denove's idea," said Rogers, as though that settled everything, and then walked away.

A prop man came by, pushing a television camera on which was painted, in big letters, "L.S./M.F.T." Montgomery eyed it coolly. "You know," he said, "I was at a party the other night where people were split right down the line on whether they should buy television sets. Those who were against it gave all the stock arguments about not wanting their kids to be watching it all the time, but I really think they were fighting themselves. They're afraid of the temptation of this thing. And it *is* a tremendous temptation, isn't it?" He popped a stick of gum into his mouth.

A production assistant laid a carton of Lucky Strikes on Montgomery's desk and carefully arranged a few more packs in a sort of display. After he moved away, F. E. Boone came up and reached for a pack in the display. "Sorry, Mr.

Give Your Next Drinks *The Golden Touch**



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86 PROOF

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Boone," Montgomery said, "those are for my opening announcement."

"Ah'm all out," Boone said. "Need some more to rehearse with."

"I bring in twelve cartons of Luckies for the show and eight are missing already," a production man was shouting, a few feet away. "Those damned stagehands!"

A cameraman trained his lens on Montgomery. I hurriedly got up. "Take a look," said Montgomery, pointing to his desk. I looked, and, on a small television screen built into the top of his desk at a slight angle, I saw my image. "If I care to, I can watch myself on the monitor as I deliver the opening of the show," Montgomery said. "As it happens, I don't care to."

MORGAN was rehearsing on his set, puffing away at a Lucky in a relaxed manner. "Let your own taste and throat be the judge," he was telling Mary K. Wells, contentedly blowing smoke in her face.

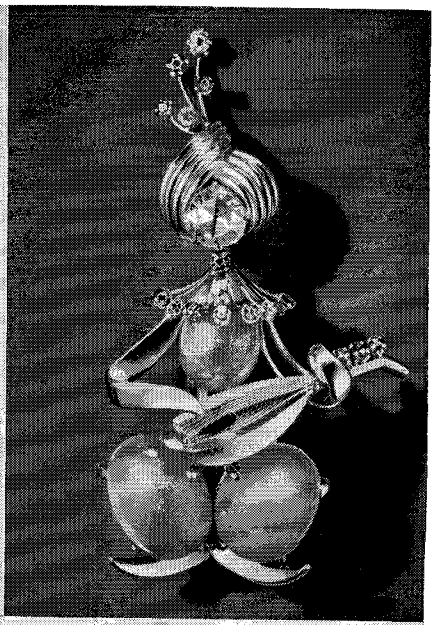
Rogers, who was watching this rehearsal, told me that he had a new commercial idea. "Stanton comes out and starts the rough-puff pitch," he said, "then asks, 'Where's Morgan?' Meanwhile, Stanton is reaching into his breast pocket for a Lucky. Right away we dissolve to a cloth setup that looks like a king-size pocket. Morgan pokes his head out and delivers *his* commercial. He finishes by pushing an eight-foot pack out of the pocket." Rogers stopped to listen to Morgan's commercial. "When you get to the sell, start pumping!" he cried a moment later.

I moved on to the other set, where Bob Olds and F. E. Boone were examining what appeared to be a tobacco leaf.

"What do you think, F. E.?" asked Olds.

"My goodness, it looks mighty fine," said Boone. "Could do with a little curl around the edges, though."

"We made this leaf out of latex," Olds said to me. "Up to the last show, we were using real tobacco leaves. The company sent them up from Richmond in a steam box. The stuff had to get here moist; otherwise the leaves were liable to crumble to pieces right in the middle of the commercial. The last batch they sent up got all dried out. I tried to connect the steam box to the pipes in the basement, but I couldn't. I hung them up behind the shower curtains in the bathroom and turned on the hot water in the tub, but they still seemed so dry I didn't dare risk putting them on the show. About four hours before air time,



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A **stronger** soft drink with more character

The big difference between Schweppes Ginger *Beer* and ordinary ginger *ale* is this: Schweppes Ginger Beer has much more *body* and contains more of that real *ginger* flavor.

Schweppes (rhymes with peps) have been making soft drinks since 1791. Today there are only three living souls who know Schweppes' secret formula.

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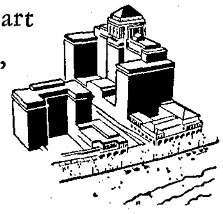

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
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Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 60 years
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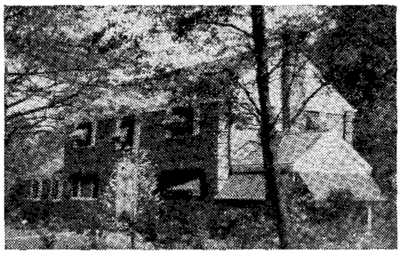

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I began to get really desperate, so I took the tobacco leaves down to the Luxor Baths in a cab. I arrived with the leaves sticking out of a bundle of newspapers and told the manager I wanted to take a Turkish bath. I took off my clothes, wrapped a sheet around me, and headed into the Turkish room. The attendant, a great big guy, wanted to know what I had with me. 'Tobacco leaves,' I told him. The guy just looked offended."

I turned to F. E. Boone and remarked that he must find it difficult to get away from his tobacco auctions. "Haven't sold tobacco for ten years," he said. "I'm on the 'Hit Parade' now, and starting soon I'll be with Frank Sinatra again. It takes me five and a half seconds to deliver my chant. I fly out to Hollywood or wherever the show is, deliver my five and a half seconds, then fly back to my farm in Kentucky. When I feel myself getting rusty, I practice my chant in the bathtub in the morning."

I asked Boone how long he had been smoking Lucky Strikes. "Luckies have been mah choice for eighteen years," he answered, and moved off to shake hands with a sound man, in a friendly way. "Why, hello," said the sound man. "Haven't seen you since the Fred Allen show."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. (AP)—THE UNITED STATES WAS PICTURED BY A FAMOUS MATHEMATICIAN TODAY AS "ON THRESHOLD OF A CATASTROPHIC SECOND INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE USE OF THE AUTOMATIC MACHINE."

DR. NORBERT WIENER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY SAID THAT "UNLESS WE PREPARE OURSELVES FOR IT OUR INDUSTRIAL CITIES FACE A VAST DECENTRALIZATION PROCESS, AND A SHIFTING OF POPULATION TO RURAL DISTRICTS BROUGHT ABOUT BY UNEMPLOYMENT."

DR. WIENER SAID IN AN INTERVIEW THAT MACHINERY CONTROLLED BY "ELECTRONIC BRAINS" COULD WITHIN A DECADE "COMPLETELY WIPE OUT THE (FACTORY) ASSEMBLY LINE."

DAIABNLICATED ELECTRONIC MAC JZVELECTRONIC BRAINS" COULD WITHIN A DECADE "COMPLETELY WIPE OUT THE (FACTORY) ASSEMBLY LINE."

"A COMPLICATED ELECTRONIC MACHINE XXX WILL DO THE SAME H

JJU GZASTER AB

LXRFF

EAKXFKPSMNDNOVZLQ LINE."

"A COMPLICATED ELECTRONIC MACHINE XXX WILL DO THE SAME WORXH FASTER AND BETTEXXKKJ

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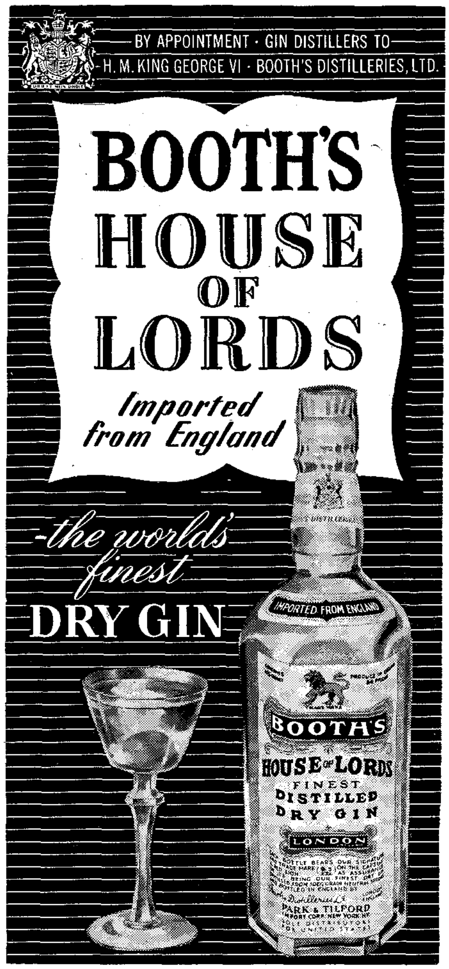

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THE RACE TRACK

D.P.s

As everybody knows who reads the *Racing Calendar*, the official monthly publication of the Jockey Club, the registrations of nine German horses were recently accepted by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association for, as the authorization quaintly puts it, "racing purposes only." This does a bit toward tying up another of those loose ends left by the war. You may recollect that at the windup of the war in Germany, the Army Remount Division brought a hundred and fifty or so German thoroughbreds to this country, to replenish its stock farm. Immediately, there was a lively to-do among American horse breeders, for the importations included some of the best blood in Central Europe; the stallions were so good they could command stunning stud fees, and the produce of the mares was likely to bring very high prices in the sales ring. However, at about that time the Jockey Club announced that it would not grant certificates of registration to any of the animals, which meant that they not only were barred from racing on the flat anywhere in America but—what was more important—were ineligible for the American Stud Book, and their progeny couldn't race, either, unless granted a special dispensation. The reason given for this was that the horses could not be identified to the satisfaction of the Jockey Club.

In case you've never bothered about such things, every thoroughbred has an identity paper—a combination birth certificate and passport, listing his pedigree, date of birth, color, and any distinguishing marks he may have. No photograph is required. The original document is kept by the owner, and a copy is filed in the thoroughbred-registry office in the country where the horse is foaled. The Jockey Club pointed out that in the confusion of an invasion these papers could well have fallen into the wrong hands or been fiddled with or something. For example, the Club said, a certificate listing a three-year-old bay colt with a white blaze on his nose by such-and-such a sire and dam might do for *any* three-year-old bay colt with similar markings. The Remount officers insisted that all the papers they had were correct, because, war or no war, the Germans were fussy about such things, and that the animals could be identified without question, but the Jockey Club stood pat, and that was that. For about a year, the horses lived at the Remount's depot at Front Royal, Virginia, and people began to forget about them. When the Remount was deactivated and its stations were transferred to the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture, the displaced dobbins were sold at auction, where they fetched far lower prices than they would have if their records had been clean.

Over the last several months, the Jockey Club decided, without giving any reason, to let down the bars a little. It and its colleague the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, the governing body of jumping races, are still pretty cagey about accepting the identity of six of the nine racers registered. The *Racing Calendar*, in announcing the approved registrations, listed a brown filly "said to be Heldensage," a bay gelding "said to be Auftakt," a brown mare "said to be Rosenlaube," a brown mare "said to be Kokarde," and Allflor, a bay gelding "said to be by Allgau." As for Wunderprinz, who won a hurdles race at Belmont recently, his dam isn't mentioned at all. On the other hand, unequivocal pedigrees are given for Friederike, Basalt, and Friese. I wouldn't know why.

Just for the record, Heldensage, Friederike, Rosenlaube, and Kokarde came from Altenfeld, one of the German government's breeding farms; Basalt and Friese were bred by Baron von Thyssen-Bornemisza, one of the big steel men, at Erlenhof; Auftakt (Upbeat) was bred by Baron Oppenheim at Schlenderhan, which was Germany's Calumet Farm twenty years ago; and Wunderprinz came from the Isarland Stud of Christian Weber, one of the Nazi bully-boys, who ran the race track at Munich. —Audax Minor

•

Edinburgh, Scotland, May 12.—"See to it that no American tourist gets back to his own country with a single dollar in his pocket."

This advice on how to help Britain's dollar gap was passed out at the Scottish Economic Conference today by Abbot Low Moffat, deputy chief of the Economic Co-operation Administration in the United Kingdom.

"Send the tourist back stripped bare—but give him something for his money," Mr. Moffat said.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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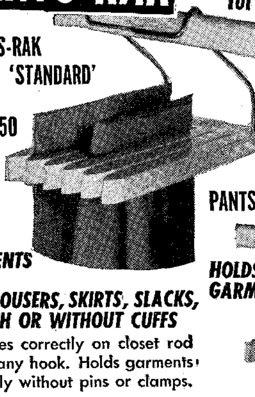

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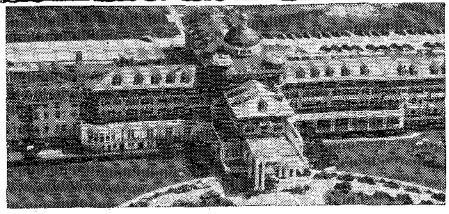

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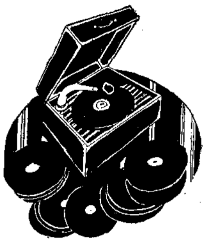
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



PROKOFIEV'S Sonata in F Minor for Violin and Piano, effectively presented by Joseph Szigeti and Joseph Levine on one side of a long-playing Columbia record, is a mature and entertaining piece of music. Moving easily within the framework of his characteristic style, which today seems more piquant than startling, Prokofiev has spun out another work distinguished for its rhythmic intensity and uniquely turned melodies. It is a more introspective work than the tuneful Sonata in D Major, issued a while back in an equally deft performance by Szigeti and Leonid Hambro, and now to be found on the other side of this new record. Of the Sonata in F Minor's four movements, two are outstanding—the coarsely comic second section and the delicate and lovely third. The first movement, an andante, is pensive, and the final one is brisk. Although marked "Opus 80," it was actually completed two years later (in 1946) than the Sonata in D Major, which is Opus 94. Both are respectable, rewarding concert pieces. I have come to think of Prokofiev as a kind of musical inventor, an enormously capable builder of serviceable machines that are less grand than original in design, and unmistakably the creations of one man, despite their interesting differences. They move, all of them. They have a remarkable logic and inner energy. They are not deliberately broad in their appeal—in the loose, amorphous manner of so much romantic music—and yet, because they are more communicative than recondite, they provide for the pleasure of all listeners. The worth of any given musical composition, it seems to me, is a combination of its individuality and its ability to sustain one's interest in this individuality all the way through. Prokofiev has a personality all his own and keeps interest intense. The only thing his music lacks is exaltation. It is the poorer for want of it, but it seeks and maintains an astonishingly high level of interest, all the same.

I was enchanted to run across a couple of other Prokofiev compositions, this time for piano alone, on one side of another recent long-playing Columbia single. These are the Sonata No. 3 in A Minor and "Suggestion Diabolique," very early works that reveal the formative stages of a spirited young composer with a phenomenal command of the keyboard. The short "Suggestion Diabolique" is a frolicsome bit of exhibitionism, a pianistic orgy of cheap effects that would have delighted early motion-picture audiences (Prokofiev played it when he made his first public appearance, in 1908), if any movie-house pianist had been able to play it. The sonata is a runaway piece, enlivening because of its sheer energy. Sigi Weissenberg, a young pianist new to records, plays both works with great verve. On the other side, Weissenberg offers a first-rate account of two nice Scriabin compositions, the Etude No. 11 in B-Flat Minor and the Nocturne for Left Hand Alone. They are tender and poetic in mood, and the pianist displays a warm instinct for their quality. There is, by the way, another new Scriabin recording, the Sonata No. 4 in F Sharp (Victor 45 r.p.m.), with William Schatzkamer as the pianist. It is a distinctive, graceful piece of music, admirably set forth.

WHAT is apparently the first complete recording of Schumann's "Fantasiestücke," a group of short, lyrical pieces, has been brought out in a winning and appropriately expansive performance by Artur Rubinstein (Victor 45 r.p.m.). And while we're on the subject of recent piano recordings, there are a couple of others worth mentioning. A Victor 45-r.p.m. single presents Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff in Milhaud's engaging two-piano suite "Scaramouche." This is exceedingly light stuff, almost cocktail music, but clever and charming. On another long single, this time by Columbia, Maryla Jonas does Handel's Passacaglia in G Minor and Rossi's Andantino in C Major, both soundly constructed pieces with solid themes worked out to exactly the right length.

IT probably should be noted that Dimitri Mitropoulos has conducted seven instrumentalists and one singer in a performance of Arnold Schoenberg's "Serenade," written in 1923, on a long-playing single for Esoteric Records, but after noting it I scarcely know what else to say. Poking around among the seven sections, I can report only that two of them—the "Dance Scene" and the "Song" (without words)—seemed to me to be mildly persuasive and diverting. Four—"March," "Minuet," "Variations," and "Finale"—I regret to say, meant nothing to me. The final one, in which the singer, a baritone, is employed, meant something because it consists of a sonnet by Petrarch, sung in an English translation. It is a pretty sonnet, but difficult to follow because of the anguished vocal line, spanning more than two octaves in a deadly way. I can't even tell whether the musicians (clarinet, bass clarinet, violin, viola, cello, guitar, and mandolin) go ably about their business. All I can pass along is that the general timbre of the ensemble is scratchy and thin. I'll have to let it go at that.

IT strikes me as interesting and curious—and it may so strike you—that Igor Stravinsky should have composed an uncommissioned Roman Catholic Mass a few years ago. Scored for a double wind quintet and a chorus of men and boys, it makes its first recorded appearance in a new Victor 45-r.p.m. set, with the composer conducting. The notes with the album say that Stravinsky has adopted the attitude of the Flemish composers toward sacred music rather than that of the Renaissance Italians, the baroque composers, or Bach or Palestrina. This attitude, as evidenced here, is meagre and joyless, and it is unlikely that it would have much more than a soporific effect upon a congregation.

ODDS AND ENDS: Paul Hindemith's Sonata in D Major and Aaron Copland's Sonata for Violin and Piano 1943 are presented, back to back, on a long-playing Allegro single by Fredell Lack, violinist, and Leonid Hambro, pianist. Both works are well played, and yet I didn't care much for either. Hindemith's sonata is the thoughtful expression of a serious, able musician, but I thought it a bit damp. The Copland sonata, on the other hand, is brittle, alert, and vacant. . . . Virgil Thomson's "Louisiana Story" suite, culled from the score for the documentary film and played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, takes up one side of a Columbia long-playing record. Its quotations from Acadian folk melodies and attractive orchestration make it appealing, but it doesn't quite stand on its own. Five Thomson "Portraits"—musical vignettes of Pablo Picasso, Alexander Smallens, and three less well-known persons—take up the opposite side, with the composer conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. They are brief and amusing, if inconsequential. . . . Jennie Tourel, a gifted

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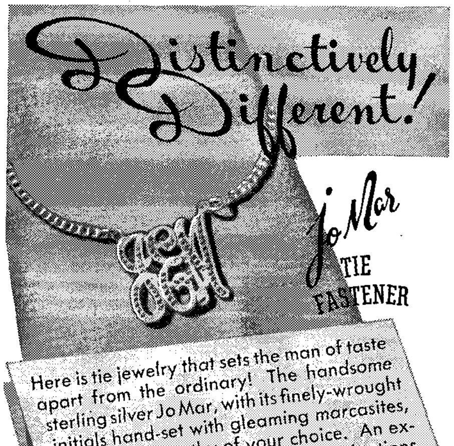

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mezzo-soprano, sings Ravel's "Schéhérazade" (three songs for voice and orchestra) and Moussorgsky's four "Songs and Dances of Death" on a Columbia long-playing single. She does both groups superbly in their original languages, but I *think* those who speak neither French nor Russian will get more enjoyment out of the Moussorgsky. The Ravel pieces are airy and inconclusive (I liked the third, "L'Indifférent," the best), and Moussorgsky's are firm and resolutely macabre. Leonard Bernstein conducts the orchestra in the Ravel set and plays the piano accompaniment for the others. . . . Erna Berger, the Metropolitan soprano, sings Mozart's "Martern Aller Arten," from the first act of "The Abduction from the Seraglio," exquisitely on a Victor 45-r.p.m. single. She is accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra. . . . Another fine vocal record offers Kirsten Flagstad in "Elizabeth's Prayer," from the third act of "Tannhäuser" (Victor 45-r.p.m. single). She, too, is accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra. . . . Lotte Lehmann sings a pair of Schubert songs, "Ständchen" and "An den Mond," with great artistry on still another Victor 45-r.p.m. single. Paul Ulanowsky provides the piano support. —D. W.

•

MIAMI, FLA. May 8 (UP)—President Truman praised Kiwanis International today for acting instead of just talking about improving the democratic way of life. . . .

J. Hugh Jackson, international president, in his report to the convention warned that the American people had been "so lulled into a sense of false security" that they failed to see the "great danger that faces us today in the form of socialism."

He urged Kiwanians to make certain that every citizen was a responsible member of the community. He cited the election of 1948 as an example of the election of "undesirable people to office" because "decent people are too lazy or too unconcerned to vote."—*The Times.*

Who spoke first?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Ottawa Citizen*]

Mrs. J. Mackintosh Bell was general convener of yesterday's garden party sponsored by the Ottawa branch, Canadian Mothercraft Society, held in the pouring rain on the lawns of the Australian High Commissioner's office while her sister, the late Mrs. Middleton Murray, under the pen name of Katherine Mansfield wrote one of the great short stories of the English language entitled "The Garden Party."

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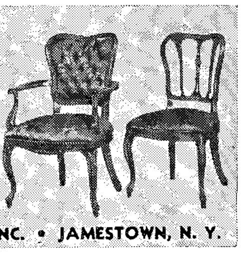

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WHAT'S LINDSAY GOT THAT CROUSE HASN'T GOT?

SOME time ago, I read a magazine article telling of a number of minor decisions and apparently unimportant acts that later turned out to have altered the whole course of people's lives. I think of that article often nowadays, because just such a little thing has evidently happened to me. I broke a shoelace as I was walking down Sixth Avenue, and when I went into a shoeshine-and-repair shop near Forty-sixth Street for first aid, I met Joe Dalton, whom I hadn't seen in years. If I hadn't met Joe, I wouldn't have gone to that party at his house, I wouldn't have met the girl I did meet, and I wouldn't be looking into the appalling future that seems to be in store for me. The girl sat, somewhat removed from the other guests, studying a moderately thick book. She looked up when I drew near, and her manner when she spoke was brisk and friendly. "What's Howard Lindsay got that Russel Crouse hasn't got?" she asked me.

I stared at her. She was smiling pleasantly. It was late in the evening, but she was certainly sober. I glanced at the book, which she had closed on one finger. "Dictionary," she said. "Webster's New Collegiate. The latest edition. Not the old one—the one that killed off André Gide. He's alive in this edition."

I nodded.

"You haven't answered my question," the girl said. "What's Howard Lindsay got that Russel Crouse hasn't got?"

"New game?" I asked.

"No, it's not a game, and you needn't look at me that way."

"Lindsay's got Dorothy Stickney," I said.

"It *might* make a game, at that," she said. "Somebody would have to work it out. What I'm trying to tell you is this: Webster's biographical section lists Lindsay but it doesn't list Crouse. Why?"

At that instant, my wife came along; the party was breaking up, and she was ready to leave. There was a sudden flurry of goodbyes, the guests dispersed, and I momentarily forgot about the girl. My wife reminded me of her as we drove home.

"You seemed to be fascinated," she said. "What was she telling you?"

"She's made a discovery," I said. "Lindsay's in the dictionary and Crouse isn't."

"No!" my wife exclaimed, "I don't believe it."

"That's what that girl told me," I said. "I'm going to check up as soon as we get home."

"It's late," my wife said. "You have to get up early."

"It'll take only a minute," I answered.

When I remember that remark now, it strikes me as strange that I was so naïve. Still, I could scarcely have guessed the perils involved in picking up a dictionary to see if Lindsay was there and Crouse wasn't. And I was tired, of course, and off my guard. When we got home, I went to the living-room bookshelves, found Webster's New Collegiate, and came face to face with the truth. The girl was right. For a moment, I stood there trying to comprehend the mystery. Lindsay, Howard, 1889- , Am. dram. & actor, was on page 1035 with Lindsay, (Nicholas) Vachel, 1879-1931, Am. poet; and Lindsay, Sir Ronald Charles, 1877-1945, Brit. diplomat. The nearest thing to Crouse, Russel McKinley, was Cross, Wilbur Lucius, or Croesus, King of Lydia.

My wife said something about getting to bed and went upstairs. I sat down, dictionary in hand. Two hours later, when I crawled up to bed, I had made a number of discoveries of my own in Webster's New Collegiate, and I slept badly.

THERE may have been a lot of big news in the papers the next morning, but if there was, I didn't pay much attention to it. I was too busy looking for names and wondering if I would find them in Webster's when I came to look them up. I'd read a name and it would remind me of another, and that one would remind me of a third, and so on. I remember seeing Vannevar Bush's name and immediately thinking of the Bush for whom Bush Terminal is named, and then of Joe Bush, the old Athletics star, and then of "tod" and "shaw," which "bush" suggested, and they led me to Mike Todd and Tod Sloan and John Sloan and George Bernard Shaw and T. E. Shaw, who was Lawrence of Arabia, and then James Lawrence, who said, "Don't give up the ship!" I had never realized how many names are in the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* every morning. Names swirled through my head all day, names of the living and of the dead, one begetting another—Presidents of the United States, kings,

CHAMPAGNE
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Champagne, because of its buoyant and aromatic qualities as well as its sparkling eye appeal, has come to be synonymous with wit and gaiety as well as with stateliness and wealth. During the nineteenth century, playwrights, novelists and essayists constantly introduced champagne, or as it was then known, and quite correctly too, "champagne wine" into their works to suggest not only affluence, but also brilliant intellectual qualities and vivacity on the part of those who consumed it. The novels of Gertrude Atherton and Edith Wharton, which were peopled by persons of intellectual importance as well as social standing, make frequent mention of sparkling wine to create atmosphere, while to magazine and newspaper writers no depiction of high life among the nabobs of Victorian society was complete without the introduction of champagne in impressive quantities.

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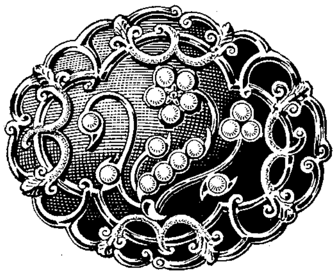
popes, statesmen, philosophers, inventors, baseball players, actors, scientists, writers, explorers, military figures. I looked forward eagerly to the evening, when I could get hold of the dictionary, and after dinner I settled down with it, a pad of paper, and a fountain pen. My wife watched me suspiciously. "What *did* that girl tell you?" she asked.

"Only about Lindsay and Crouse," I said. "But there's more to it than that. A lot more. For instance, Katharine Cornell is in but Tallulah Bankhead isn't. Otto Kahn isn't in but an Otto Hahn—"

"Well," said my wife, "if you don't mind, I'll turn on the radio and listen to 'The Fat Man.' "

The Fat Man! A new category sprang to my mind, and I plunged into the book in search of fat actors. Sydney Greenstreet was missing. Charles Laughton was present, but John Bunny and Fatty Arbuckle weren't. Neither was Alfred Hitchcock, I found, moving on to directors.

During the day, I had determined to proceed in an orderly way, going slowly and methodically through the forty-four pages of names that begin with Abbey, Edwin Austin, 1852-1911, Am. painter & illustrator, and end with Zwingli, Huldreich *or* Ulrich, 1484-1531, Swiss Reformation leader. I dropped this plan almost as soon as I began. Too many names suggested other names; too many raised baffling questions. How, for instance, had the selections been made? Abbey and Zwingli and approximately five thousand others make up what the preface to the dictionary describes as "a selected list . . . of general interest." I found that the editor of the biographical section was Dr. Philip B. Gove. It was Dr. Gove, therefore, who must have decided that Lindsay was of more general interest than Crouse, and Laughton of more interest than Hitchcock. Presumably it was Dr. Gove, too, who not only had found Miss Cornell more interesting than Miss Bankhead but had found Helen Hayes, Eva Le Gallienne, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Katharine Hepburn, Jane Cowl, Ethel Barrymore, and Lynn Fontanne more interesting than Judith Anderson, Margaret Anglin, Grace George, Dorothy Stickney, Miriam Hopkins, the Gish sisters, and Mary Pickford. What was meant by "general interest"? Why, for example, among the American Princes of the Church, had Dr. Gove included Cardinals Gibbons of Baltimore, Hayes of New York, and Dougherty of Philadelphia, and omitted O'Connell of Bos-



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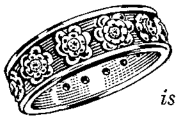

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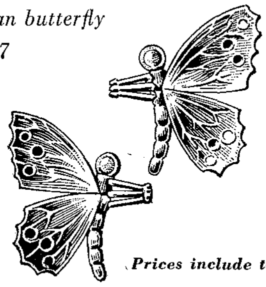

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ton, Spellman of New York, and Mundelein of Chicago? What had moved him to list Colonel Robert R. McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune*, and pass over Captain Joe Patterson, of the New York *Daily News*? Why had he listed Walter Lippmann and David Lawrence and ignored Mark Sullivan, Arthur Krock, the Alsops, Winchell, Pegler, Broun, O. O. McIntyre, Arthur Brisbane, and Dorothy Thompson? Why Bennett, Greeley, Dana, Pulitzer, and Munsey, and not Roy Howard?

I TRIED to picture Dr. Gove poring over his card files, selecting and rejecting, putting a mark of approval on Walt Disney's card and shaking his head regretfully when he saw the name of Charlie Chaplin, picking out Douglas Fairbanks and discarding Rudolph Valentino. Is Cecil B. DeMille of truly greater general interest than David Selznick or Mack Sennett? What influences were at work, I wondered, when Dr. Gove chose Maurice Evans and rejected Laurence Olivier, when he O.K.'d George S. Kaufman and tossed Marc Connelly aside, and when he saluted Olin Downes and turned his back on Virgil Thomson? Is Gertrude Lawrence more worthy of attention than Beatrice Lillie? Why recognize Wild Bill Hickok and scorn Jesse James? Why was there room for Cole Porter but not for Irving Berlin?

Now and then, I stopped to rest my tired eyes, but there was no rest for my mind. It was fairly bursting with names that had to be checked. The girl at the party had formed her question well. "What's Lauritz Melchior got that Ezio Pinza hasn't got?" I would ask myself. Or "What's John Dos Passos got that e. e. cummings hasn't got?"

The more I searched, the more I had to search. I found Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II but no trace of the Larry Hart who was Rodgers' first librettist—the man who did the lyrics for "Pal Joey," "A Connecticut Yankee," and "On Your Toes." Orson Welles was there but not Fredric March. I found Jan Struther, Rebecca West, Elinor Glyn, Clarence Budington Kelland, but not Marianne Moore, Katherine Anne Porter, or Robert Hillyer. For reasons I couldn't hope to guess, Dr. Gove had listed Admiral Richard E. Byrd but not his brother the Virginia Senator, Dorothy Dix but not Beatrice Fairfax, William Z. Foster but not Earl Browder, Howard Chandler Christy and James Montgomery Flagg

(*Advertisement*)

THE Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune COLUMN by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

I RECENTLY HAD ONE OF THE ODDEST experiences of my almost 48 years of life. Packed into the brief space of 12 hours, I went from downtown New York to downtown Magnolia, Minn. At 11 o'clock one night I was standing at the base of the Empire State building looking up. At 11 o'clock the next morning I was standing in front of the Magnolia State bank (or what used to be the bank) looking up. The Empire State building is quite a bit higher. One evening I was jostling with the crowds on Times Square. The next morning I was one of a half a dozen persons in evidence on the main street of my old home town. One night, believe it or not, I had the thrill of seeing my name in lights on Broadway. The next noon I found a fence at end of Magnolia's main street and on that fence was this carved legend: C.M.A. 1914 . . .

★

I'D BETTER EXPLAIN "my name in lights on Broadway." It isn't nearly as important as it sounds, but it was there, anyway. It was my first attempt at television on my own. Television operates something on the order of radio in that you hit upon an idea for a telecast show, whip up a cast, prepare a script, rehearse and then do what is called "a closed circuit performance." That corresponds to an audition performance in radio with the exception that in TV you have a live audience, which doesn't always exist in radio auditions. In order to hold the "closed circuit" tryout, CBS issued tickets to the performance and the show was held in the CBS television theater on Broadway. Title of the TV show is "Prize Performance." So, on the marquee of the theater, which is on Broadway, was this legend: CBS—Television Theater. Cedric Adams—Prize Performance. That was in lights. The theater is on Broadway. My name was there. So I was in lights on Broadway. Fooler, isn't it?

★

WHAT HAPPENS WITH the TV show is this. Our first night's performance didn't actually go out on the air. That's where the closed circuit term comes from. It was telecast only to our theater audience, but it was kinescoped, that is, put on film. As soon as that film is developed and printed, CBS then invites advertising agencies and clients, prospective sponsors to view it. Four of us began working on the script Monday afternoon. We wrote introductions, lead-ins, interviews, patter till our beards were out an inch. All day Tuesday was devoted to rehearsals up until two hours before "show time." Then came the final "dress" and then the show . . . Pattern of the production is somewhat a departure. Talent on the TV show is recruited from the Professional Children's school in New York, youngsters who have already made names for themselves in some branch of the theater or show business. There are four acts on the show. Each act competes in a prize performance.

★

GETTING BACK TO that contrast of downtown New York and downtown Magnolia. I wouldn't want either of them as a permanent diet. And I say that with kindness. There's something in between the two that's just exactly right—for me: downtown Minneapolis. Magnolia is a little quiet; New York is much too bustling. Minneapolis, ah, we have something here.

★

SPEAKING OF CHANGES FROM BROADWAY TO MAGNOLIA, I want to tell you about a change that's been made in Minneapolis. We've increased the size of our type in the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune—making our papers easier to read. In fact, these very lines are set in the new, larger type. Residents of the Upper Midwest know we constantly strive for improvement and increasingly superior newspapers. That's one more reason why, in this great prosperous area, the best-liked, most-respected newspapers are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 600,000).

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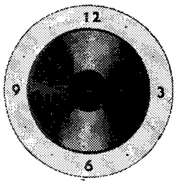

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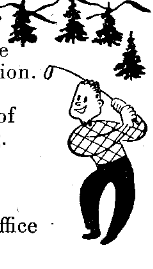

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but not John Marin or Edward Hopper. Why had he smiled on Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, and Sigmund Romberg and frowned on Vincent Youmans, Rudolf Friml, and Carrie Jacobs Bond? Why, from the vast field of sports—a field brilliant with names like Babe Ruth, Connie Mack, Jim Thorpe, and Bill Tilden, and so many others—why could I find only Knute Rockne?

In my feverish imagination, I tried to put myself in Dr. Gove's place. Here is an office, I thought, cluttered with files of names. The list must not go over five thousand. That means care must be exercised; the rule of general interest must be observed. Now what, I found myself asking myself, about these people—Jolson, Cantor, Jessel, Durante, Wynn? No room, I answered, speaking as Dr. Gove. And out with band leaders, while I'm at it, and the Hollywood glamour boys and girls. Space for Gabriel Heatter, Lowell Thomas, H. V. Kaltenborn, Elmer Davis, or Drew Pearson? Nope. And that goes for John Gunther, Vincent Sheean, William Shirer, and all the rest of those foreign correspondents. But though I could imagine myself, as Dr. Gove, arbitrarily choosing and discarding, I was never able to grasp his logic. Why would he list Henry Luce, of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, and not Malcolm Muir, of *Newsweek*? Why Kirsten Flagstad and not Gladys Swarthout? Why William Gropper and not Rollin Kirby? Why Dorothy Sayers and not Rex Stout?

I went to bed about four in the morning, and I remember saying to myself as I lay there that I had hardly started on my project and seeing, for a moment, my future with frightening clarity. When I was done with Webster's Collegiate, I would go on to Webster's New International (More Than Thirteen Thousand Five Hundred Names of Noteworthy Persons), and I was sure I would never be able to stop with that. The course of my life had been altered, all right. There would be other volumes, many others—big, unwieldy books, with lists too long to contemplate. I think it was the vision of myself hauling them, one after another, onto my lap that finally knocked me out.

—JOHN FERRIS

•

In 1937 the United Press sent Frederick C. Othman to California to cover some nudists.—*From a U.P. biographical release.*

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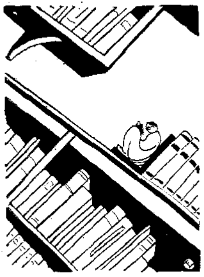
BOOKS

Another Go at F.D.R.



IN the foreword to "Roosevelt in Retrospect" (Harper), John Gunther declares that it was not his intention to write a full-dress history of the Roosevelt years or a biography in the orthodox manner. He describes his book as "an attempt at analysis as well as a mere narrative; a gathering of sources and an interpretation rather than a reminiscence or revelation." I am not altogether sure that I know what Mr. Gunther is trying to say (what is a "mere" narrative, how could it have been a reminiscence unless he has something to reminisce about, what does "revelation" mean in the context?), but I deduce that he wishes us to understand that his intention was (1) to accumulate all the material he could about Roosevelt, (2) to tell the story of his life, and (3) to investigate in some detail his character and personality.

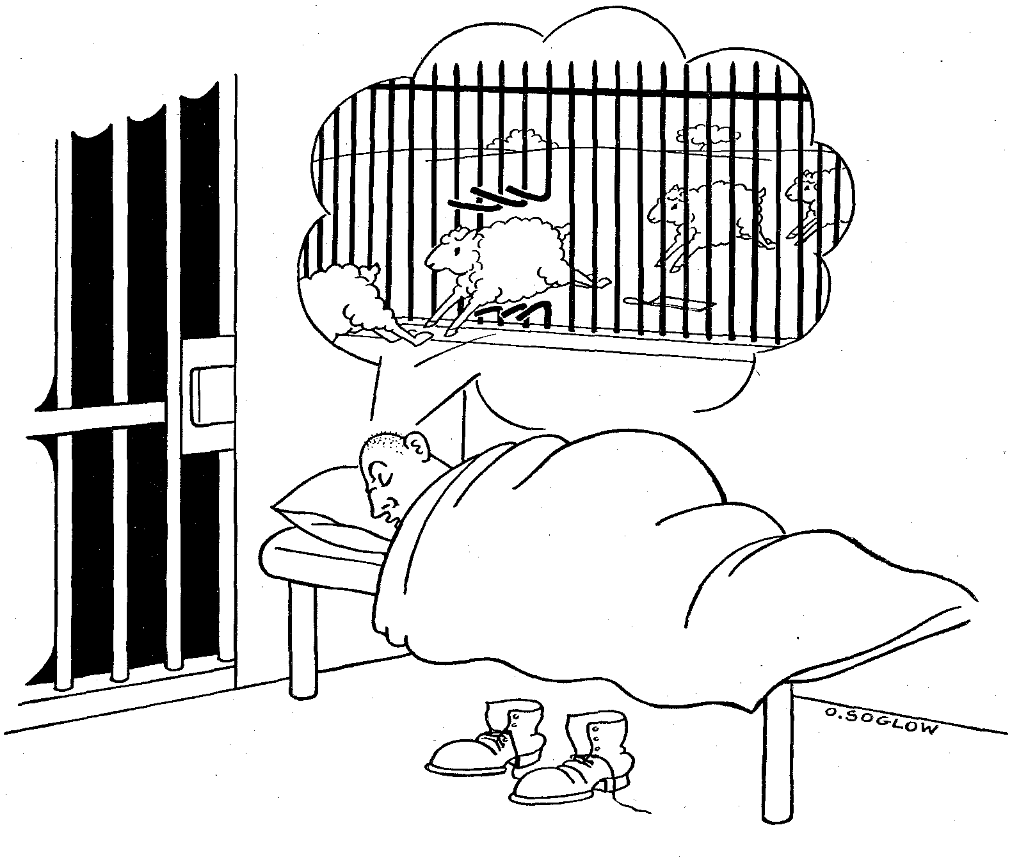
Mr. Gunther, in his "Inside" books, has already demonstrated his ability to accumulate masses of material, and he has also shown that he knows how to put a story together, but he is weak in the area of analysis and interpretation. He is the only man alive who can take on a whole continent without losing his breath, yet though I have always admired his journalistic muscularity, I invariably get the impression, after a continent has been made to say uncle, that we are still just where we started. And so it is with this book about Franklin D. Roosevelt. As a fact finder, a gossip gatherer, and an anecdote collector, Mr. Gunther is excellent; as an interpreter, he leaves a great deal to be desired.

Another thing that works against Mr. Gunther is that he is travelling over well-trodden ground. In his bibliography, he lists a hundred and twenty books, the large majority of which are mainly concerned with F.D.R. It is true that Mr. Gunther has gone out and found a considerable amount of material on his own, but it is the same *kind* of material. We have already had enough anecdotes about Roosevelt's humor, his garrulity, his interest in stamps, his fondness for the sea, and his ability to go to sleep as soon as he went to bed. Nor do we need any further information about his reluctance to fire the people he liked, his dependence on Harry Hopkins, the way he and his staff of eminent ghostwriters constructed his speeches, and his opinion of such men as Willkie, Hoover, and Dewey. It has been put into the record over and over again. What is now required is a real attempt at biography. After all this cutting of bait—quite necessary, I might add—the time has come for somebody to start to fish.

Mr. Gunther, in explaining why he wrote the book he did, asserts that a full-length biography must await what he calls "the slow sifting of years of scholarship." The same assertion has been made by others. I doubt, however, whether the difficulties that admittedly exist are so big a hump as he implies. We don't need the complete Roosevelt, in as many volumes as are now being assembled to present the complete Jefferson, to know Roosevelt thoroughly. All of the really essential information is in hand. What we don't know, of course, is the final effect his influence and long administration will have upon the United States and the rest of the world. But that is not a matter of research; it is a matter of waiting for history.

Partisanship is the chief obstacle in the way of a good, judicious biography of Roosevelt. The emotions he stirred up, pro and con, have not yet died down. The Democratic Party is still riding his coattails, and the Republicans are still forcefully doing battle with him. Mr. Gunther, it turns out, is one of the more uncritical of Roosevelt's admirers. He is in there all the time getting in his licks for his hero. Here is a sample, and a necessarily long one, of what I mean:

> On another occasion Mr. Steinhardt got a remarkable insight on the way the President's subtle mind worked. Home on leave from Istanbul, he asked FDR for a decision on a critical difference then developing between ourselves and the British on Lend Lease in Turkey. . . . Roosevelt hardly appeared to be listening, and brushed him off with a ten-minute monologue on, of all unrelated things, three impending appointments to the Federal judiciary in New York. . . . He had made up his mind on the first two, but not the third. The Democratic National Committee was supporting one . . . candidate, the state chairman another, and a powerful senator still another. FDR himself favored a fourth man, and he asked Steinhardt, with his wide experience of the New York bar, if he knew anything against him. "No," the Ambassador replied. Roosevelt then waved him out cheerfully, adding almost as an afterthought: "Oh—on that Lend Lease matter, see Hopkins." By this technique FDR had killed several birds. He avoided making a decision himself on the Lend Lease dispute, which was already the cause of a serious tussle between Hopkins and Sumner Welles. Moreover, by sending



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Steinhardt to Hopkins rather than Welles, he implied that he favored the Hopkins view, while not actually taking sides. Finally, he had obtained Steinhardt's opinion on an entirely different matter; the Ambassador had said no more than the single word "No," but Roosevelt was quite capable of using this so that, if anybody did oppose the man he favored, he could claim that Steinhardt had supported him.

Now, this is surely a peculiar performance by Roosevelt. He pays no attention to his Ambassador, he ducks out of making an important decision, he takes sides in a devious manner, and he prepares to hide behind another man's innocent, unsuspecting word. But Mr. Gunther doesn't see it that way; to him, it's a remarkable example of the workings of a subtle mind. And so it goes throughout the book. Item: Although Roosevelt collected everything he could about himself, including a complete newsreel history running to hundreds of thousands of feet of film, he wasn't vainglorious; "perhaps the best analysis would be to say that he had a passionate adhesive interest in history of any kind, and was therefore naturally interested in his own." Item: Although there may be some truth in the charge that Roosevelt got along by sabotaging his friends and placating his enemies, and although some good men "were thrown to the dogs without any thanks at all," there was a sound reason—"A president cannot always give thanks, because the president is an institution, not just a man."

But Mr. Gunther's book fails not only because he writes as a partisan apologist. Much more important is that lack of analytical ability. "I once heard it said that Roosevelt's most effective quality was receptivity," he writes. "But also he transmitted. He was like a kind of universal joint, or rather a switchboard, a transformer. The whole energy of the country, the whole power of one hundred and forty million people, flowed into him and through him; he not only felt this power, but he utilized it, he transmitted it. Why does a country, if lucky, produce a great man when he is most needed? Because it really believes in something and focuses the entire energy of its national desires into a single human being; the supreme forces of the time converge into a single vessel. Roosevelt could manipulate this power, shooting it out at almost any angle, to provoke response, to irradiate ideas and men, to search out enormous issues. He was like a needle, always quivering, oscillating, responding to new impulses, throbbing at the slightest variation in current—a magnetic instrument measuring cease-

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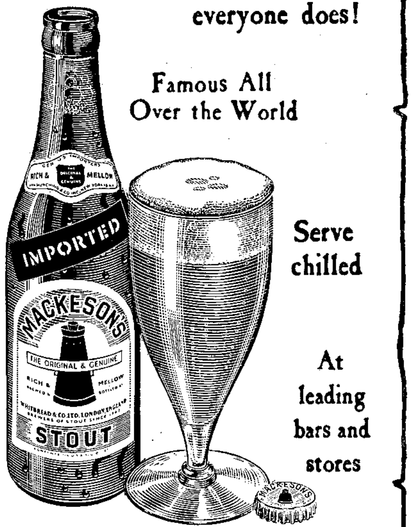

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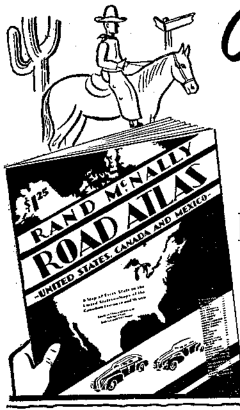
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lessly the tone and intensity of public impact. But no matter how much the needle quivered and oscillated, it seldom varied far from its own true north." This is a fair sample of Mr. Gunther's analytical method. But what does it mean? I don't know. Does Mr. Gunther? —HAMILTON BASSO

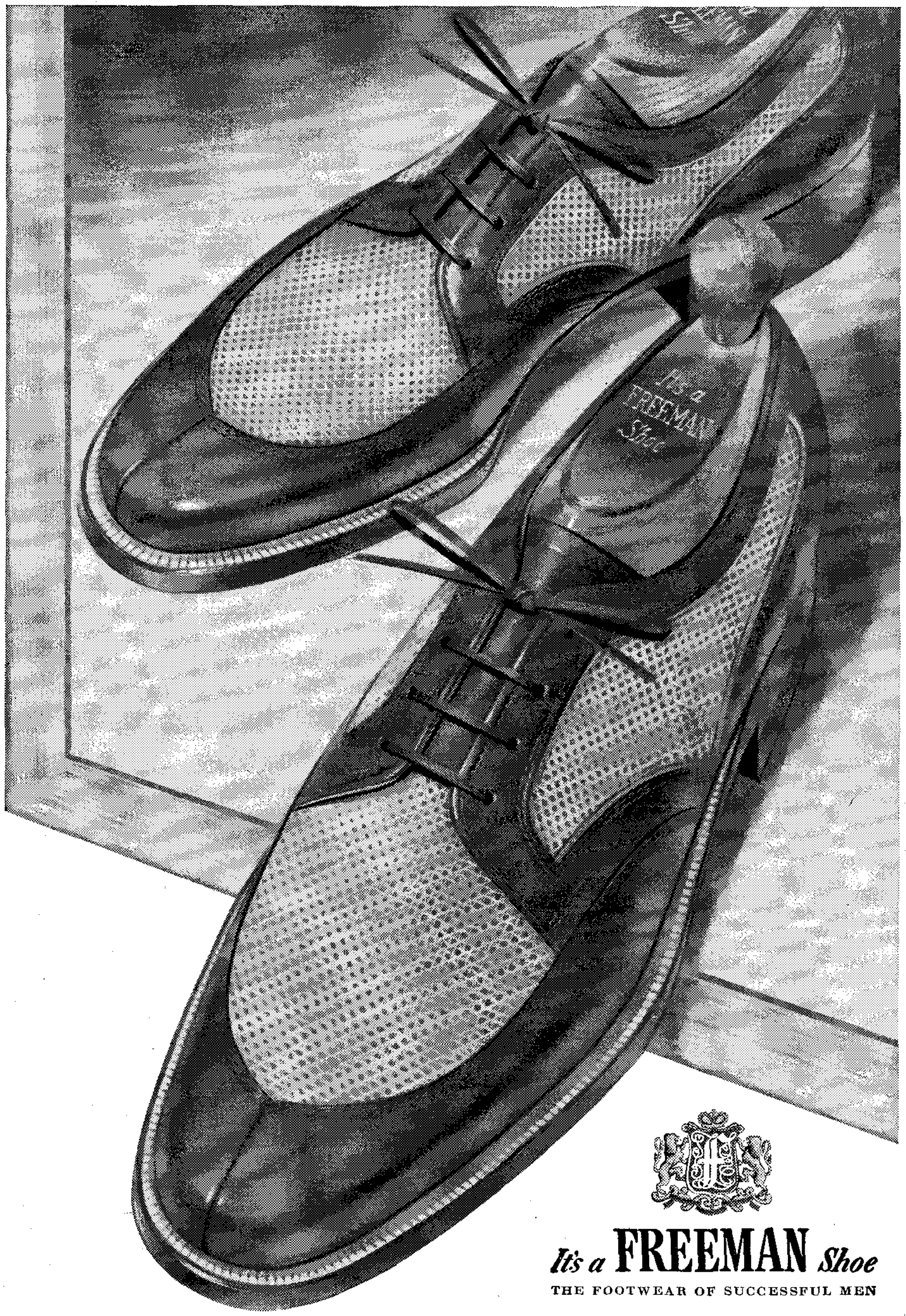
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CIRCLE OF THE DAY, by Helen Howe (Simon & Schuster). On the morning of her tenth wedding anniversary, Faith Millet, a young and pretty woman, is shocked to learn that her husband has had a love affair with a famous singer, Cherry Slate, and that she has a son by him. Naturally, Mrs. Millet goes into something of a spin, but after a crowded and eventful day, deftly stage-managed by Miss Howe, she arrives at a decision that is both sensible and good. It is impossible, however, not to feel a trifle dubious about the split-second precision of her short, tidy trial by fire. The Literary Guild selection for June.

SUNRISE TO SUNSET, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House). A massive romance, written with a certain bounce, about the rigorous life in and around the cotton mills of Troy, New York, in the eighteen-thirties. Mr. Adams' heroine is a perky young millworker named Obedience Webb, who marries her boss, a man named Gurdon Stockwell. Gurdon turns out to be a thorough villain, and meets a bad end, which is all to the good, as Obedience was really in love with someone else all the time. Anyway, the story, which is long, loud, and violent, has a cheerful ending.

WINTERTIME, by Jan Valtin (Rinehart). Mr. Valtin's title refers figuratively to the moral and economic barrenness of postwar Germany, and literally to several frigid months in an American-occupied North Sea port of that country. The survivors in the ruins are driven by two forces: fanaticism and greed. The first the author has embodied in a former S.S. man and some Communists, the second in various black-marketeers. Over these forces, the more humanistic values, haltingly upheld by a tugboat captain and a journalist, ultimately win a qualified and, unfortunately, slightly pat victory. Mr. Valtin's reporting of the human and inanimate rubble that fills the city is a commendable job, and if,



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in four hundred and thirty-nine pages, he has failed to fit the fragments he has examined into as meaningful a pattern as we might like, it is perhaps because this is as far beyond the powers of novelists as it is beyond those of governments.

HIGH VALLEY, by Charmian Clift and George Johnston (Bobbs-Merrill). Salom, a Chinese youth, tries to make a place for himself among the inhabitants of a high, isolated Tibetan valley called the Valley of the Dreaming Phoenix. For one reason or another, practically all these people are suspicious of him and refuse to have anything to do with him. One family—that of the headman of the community, Muhlam—befriends him, but at the end he is forced to run away, and dies in a blizzard with his sweetheart, Veshti, Muhlam's daughter. This story has an inevitable strangeness and as much adventure as anyone could ask for, but the writing stiffens up too often and the authors seem anxious to give the role of the appealing, ill-fated Salom much more significance than it actually has.

GRANT OF KINGDOM, by Harvey Fergusson (Morrow). A formless, rambling account of a great valley in New Mexico and of some men who once owned it. The valley is part of the dowry of a Mexican heiress, who marries a Yankee trader named Jean Ballard. Ballard develops the valley and makes it into a kingdom for himself. After his death, other men come up in his place, and Mr. Fergusson proceeds to write about these newcomers and their careers as coolly as if he had never led us to believe that his book has a hero, and that Ballard is it. Apart from that, it is a romantic work, full of the most intense action, with the bald, authentic atmosphere of a documentary thick about it, especially in the last hundred and fifty pages.

GENERAL

CAPTAIN SAM GRANT, by Lloyd Lewis (Little, Brown). The first part of what was to be a full-scale biography of Ulysses Simpson Grant—a project that came to an end with the author's death last year. This volume deals with Grant's boyhood in Ohio; his West Point career; his campaigns in the Mexican War, during which he served brilliantly under Zachary Taylor and was brevetted a captain; and, after he had resigned his Army

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commission, his hard and bitter years as an unsuccessful farmer in St. Louis and as an unsuccessful businessman in Galena, Illinois. It concludes with Grant's taking command of a recalcitrant Illinois regiment during the Civil War. (His first speech to the rowdy volunteers who composed the regiment was "Men, go to your quarters!") The book is, without question, the finest study of Grant's early years yet written; Mr. Lewis painstakingly documented every statement of fact but balanced this scholarship with straight narrative chapters that bring Grant very much to life. He makes it plain that Grant, whatever his failures in other lines, was a first-class soldier, a master of logistics with a keen mathematical mind, and a natural commander of men who only needed a war to prove himself.

ASSIGNMENT TO AUSTERITY, by Herbert and Nancie Matthews (Bobbs-Merrill). A New York *Times* correspondent and his British-born wife report, alternately, on the four and a half years they and their children recently spent in England. Mr. Matthews' chief concern is with the economic and political aspects of that country's changeover from "a nation of shopkeepers to a nation of trade-unionists," his wife's with the kind of personal detail that serves to illuminate the change—her experiences with rationing, travel, housing, and the education of their children. A good deal of their material is by this time on the familiar side, but both members of the team are skillful enough to give it fresh life. Their reactions to the English variety of Socialism are on the whole favorable, although both of them are distressed over the price the middle class is paying for the country's social transformation. The British character and the average Englishman's "high degree of civic discipline and tolerance" are also awarded their customary quota of well-deserved admiration.

PIVOT OF ASIA, by Owen Lattimore and others (Little, Brown). A study of the Chinese province of Sinkiang, written by Professor Lattimore on the basis of notes made at a seminar, sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation, at which he and seven Chinese and American associates discussed that remote but increasingly important part of the world. Sinkiang, which borders on the U.S.S.R., India, Tibet, Afghanistan, and the Mongo-

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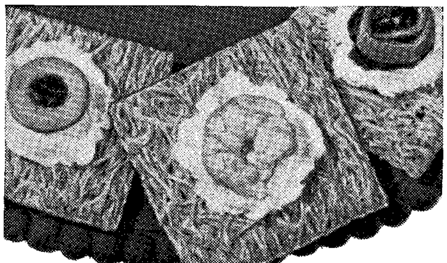
lian People's Republic, is portrayed as a new "pivotal region" of Asia, geographically, of the world, politically. Professor Lattimore describes the complex of races, languages, religions, and political loyalties that make up the province, and he fills in the province's historical background and takes a peek into its near future. The book is scholarly and temperate in tone, and the author's belief that this area is going to have a great deal of bearing on world politics is convincingly expounded.

THE AGE OF INDISCRETION, by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott). An attempt to snatch the blinkers from the eyes of the many individuals who, in the author's opinion, tend to look back with undue nostalgia on the small towns of their youth and to bewail the present-day cultural barbarism of America. It is Mr. Davis's contention that his home town of Chillicothe, Missouri, and, by extension, similar spots all over the country have improved immeasurably in almost every respect since the early nineteen-hundreds. To back this up, he has marshalled an imposing amount of factual information on the current status of Chillicothean education, art, music, and literature. Unfortunately for the point he is trying to make, the portions of the book devoted to his childhood and to his lamentable lack of cultural opportunity are written not only with vigor but with what at times sounds suspiciously like nostalgia, while a rather Scoutmasterish tone prevails in his description of the utopian conditions in Chillicothe today.

DRAGGERMAN'S HAUL, by Ellery Thompson (Viking). Reminiscences of a New England fishing captain who three years ago was the subject of a Profile, by Joseph Mitchell, in this magazine. Captain Thompson has been skipper and owner of draggers in Atlantic coastal waters and Long Island Sound since he was twenty; he is also a self-taught marine painter, a trumpet player, and, altogether, a man of originality. His more than thirty years at sea have provided him with a lot of good nautical tales—of rumrunners, hurricanes, whales, watery deaths, and so forth. He has added some stories of his personal life to round out a warm and entertaining book. The writing is comfortable, but it shows signs of having been tampered with by some editorial artisan; it would have been better to let the Captain



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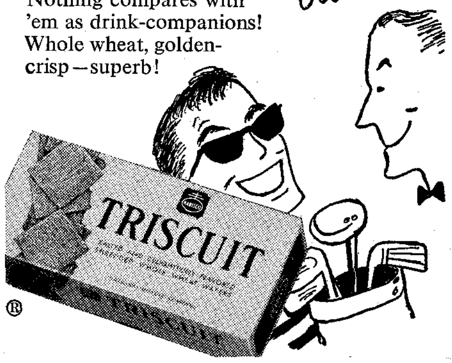

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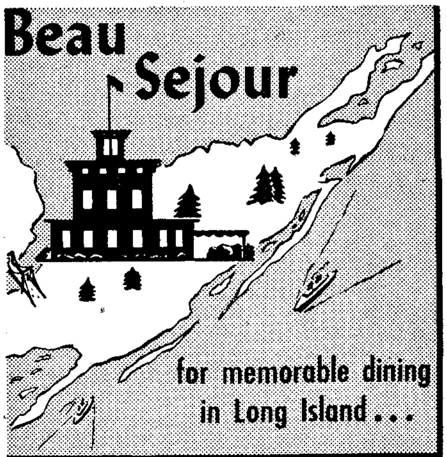
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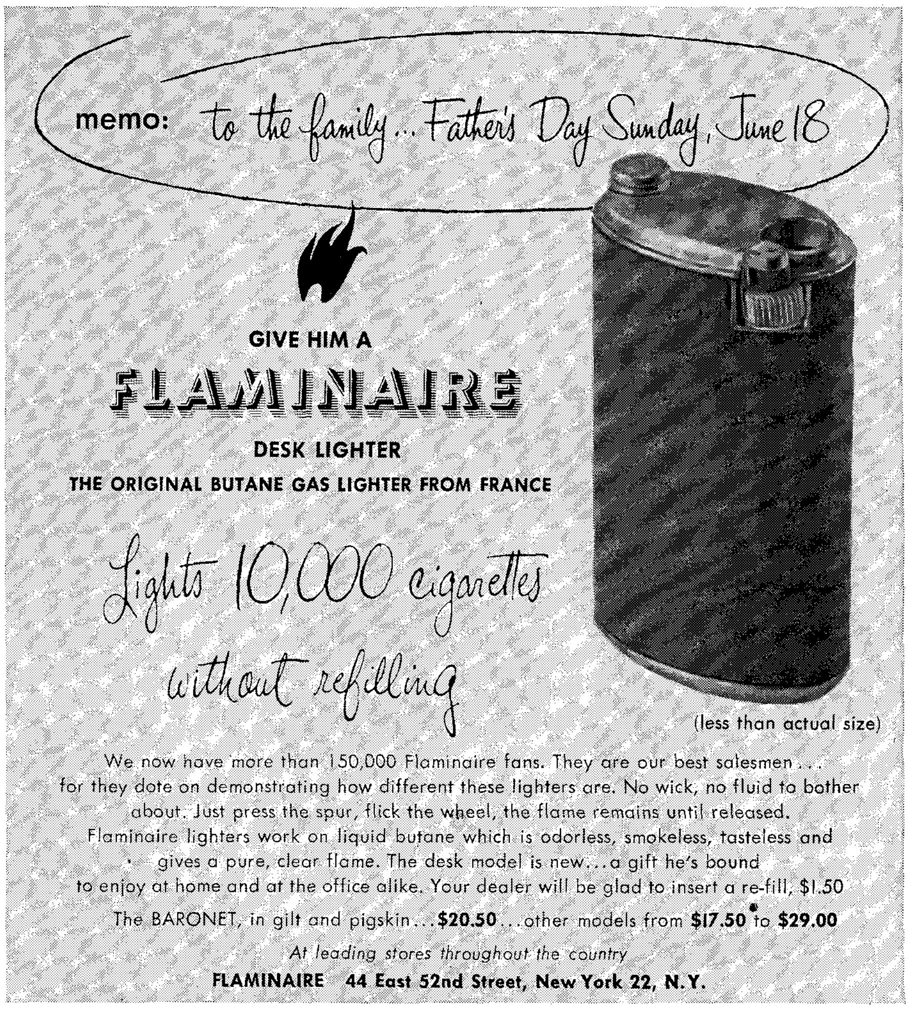
ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW: A CORRESPONDENCE (Theatre Arts Books). This is a needed reprint of a book first published nineteen years ago. It shows Shaw at his best as a letter writer, and, coincidentally, sheds light on the revolution that he led in the English theatre in the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds. The situation in the background of this interchange is given piquancy by the fact that at the time when Shaw was most interested in Ellen Terry and urging her to act in his plays she was actually appearing in those produced by Henry Irving, the great exemplar of the romantic mountebankery that Shaw was trying to kill. Ellen Terry herself, who was affectionately sympathetic to both men, had an unusual natural gift for expressing herself in letters with imagination, liveliness, and charm. The only new features of this edition are half a dozen illustrations, two of them curious photographs taken by Bernard Shaw—one a snapshot of Sidney and Beatrice Webb lying on the grass and the other a closeup of Mrs. Shaw.

LORCA: THE POET AND HIS PEOPLE, by Arturo Barea (Harcourt, Brace). The author of "The Forging of a Rebel" places the great modern Spanish poet, born in 1899, against his special background of twentieth-century Spain, a country that rather tardily became a part of industrialized Europe, but with religious, social, and personal mysticisms dating back to the seventeenth century. Lorca's relation, as a member of the educated class, to the popular Spanish and gypsy art of song, which he did so much to extend, is minutely traced, period by period. An appendix gives the Spanish text of whatever poems are quoted in English translation.

RACHMANINOFF, by Victor I. Seroff (Simon & Schuster). The late Sergei Rachmaninoff was something of a rarity among composers of his generation. He was, like many of the classical masters, a great virtuoso as well as a composer. He was an unabashed romantic and a brooding emotionalist in an era when romanticism and emotionalism were unfashionable. His compositions enjoyed enormous popularity with the general public at a time when that sort of popularity was regarded with suspicion in "advanced" musical circles. While the music of many of his most famous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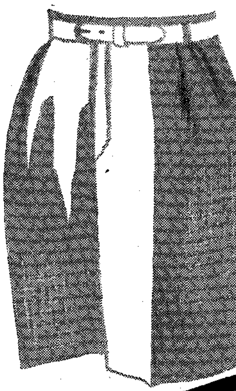

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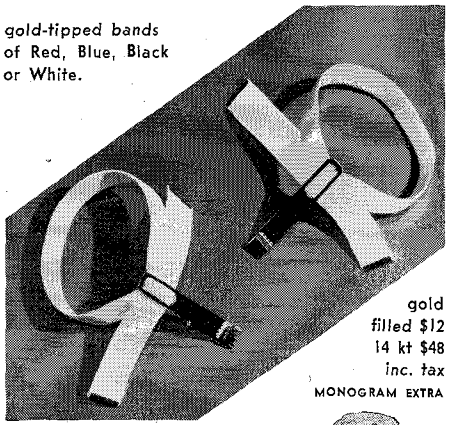

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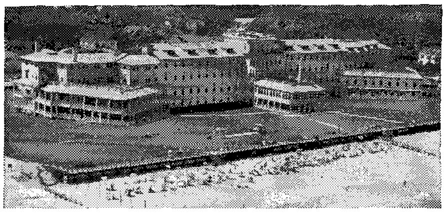

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contemporaries was hotly discussed but seldom loved, his was widely loved but seldom discussed. He was both musically and politically a conservative. Whatever rank posterity may give him as a composer, he will at least be remembered as a musician who wrote good melodies in a period that produced very few of them. As a man, he was remarkably reserved—a tall, gaunt, enigmatic individual with a personality known intimately to few, and described even by one of them as having something "all buttoned up" about it. Mr. Seroff does not entirely succeed in unbuttoning it, though he tackles the problem with a considerable fund of anecdotes, letters, and quotations, and gives an interesting picture of Rachmaninoff's musical surroundings in Moscow and later in New York and Hollywood. Behind his forbidding, rather funereal exterior, Rachmaninoff was apparently a devoted family man, a hypochondriac morbidly obsessed with the idea of death, and a fervently patriotic Russian, torn between love of his country and a distaste for Bolshevism that drove him into a quarter century of exile. Mr. Seroff illustrates these and other generalities, and tells Rachmaninoff's story conscientiously. In a final chapter, he notes the ironic fact that while Rachmaninoff during his lifetime was continually denounced and boycotted as a reactionary by Soviet musical officialdom, he has since, through a reversal of the Party aesthetic line, become one of Russia's most officially honored and frequently imitated composers.

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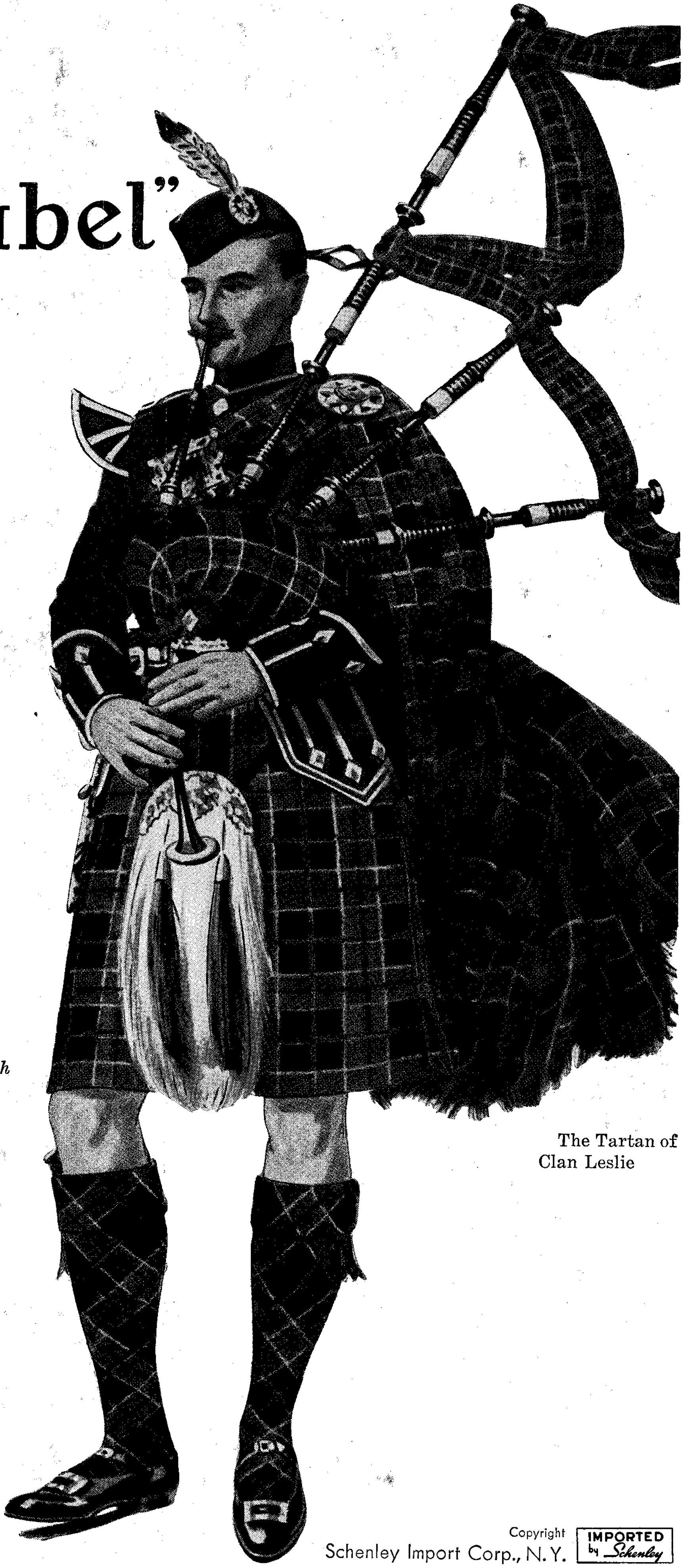

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